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HIS BOOK

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THE COMPLETE WORKS

OF

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

WITH

A LIFE OF THE POET, EXPLANATORY FOOT-NOTES, CRITICAL NOTES, AND A GLOSSARIAL INDEX.

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BY THE

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PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

FIRST heard of through an entry in the Stationers' Register by Edward Blount, dated the 20th of May, 1608. The next year, a quarto edition of it was published, the title-page reading as follows: "The late and much admired play, called *Pericles, Prince of Tyre:* with the true relation of the history, adventures, and fortunes of the said Prince; as also the no less strange and worthy accidents of the birth and life of his daughter Marina. As it hath been divers and sundry times acted by his Majesty's Servants at the Globe on the Bank-side. By William Shakespeare. Imprinted at London for Henry Gosson." The play was issued again in the same form in 1611; also in 1619, 1630, and 1635; but was not included in any collection of the Poet's dramas till the folio of 1664. In all these copies the text is shockingly corrupt and mangled throughout; each later issue being just like the earlier in this respect, only more so.

It is all but certain that the first issue of *Pericles* was "stolen and surreptitious"; and the state of the text naturally infers the copy to have been made up, at least in part, from short-hand reports taken at the theatre. Why the play was not included in the folio of 1623, as also how it came to be published by Gosson after being registered by Blount, are questions not likely to be settled. Blount was one of the publishers of the folio, and he may have transferred his right to Gosson, or the latter may have managed to get a copy in advance of the former. As the play was vastly popular on the stage, this would naturally render the company the more unwilling to have it printed, and at the same time sharpen the desire of publishers to get hold of it. And its exclusion from the folio may well have grown from the fact of its being a joint production of several authors. On this point, Collier writes as follows: "Ben Jonson, when printing the volume of his works, in 1616, excluded for this reason *The Case is*

Altered, and *Eastward Ho!* in the composition of which he had been engaged with others; and when the player-editors of the folio of 1623 were collecting their materials, they perhaps omitted *Pericles* because some living author might have an interest in it; and the fact that the publishers of the folio could not purchase the right of the bookseller, who had then the property in *Pericles*, may have been the real cause of its non-insertion."

As to the time of the writing, we have seen the title-page of 1609 describing *Pericles* as "the *late* and much admired play." It is also spoken of as "a *new* play," in a poetical tract entitled *Run Red-cap*, printed in 1609. But the most decisive item of evidence in this behalf is a novel by George Wilkins published in 1608, with a title-page reading as follows: "The Painful Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre; being the true History of the Play of Pericles, as it was lately presented by the worthy and ancient Poet, John Gower." As the novel was thus avowedly founded on the play, the latter could hardly have been written later than 1607; and the great popularity of the drama was probably what induced Wilkins to set forth the matter in another form. The novel, as may be seen from several extracts here given in the notes, is of considerable value in helping to clear up some points in the text of the play. And the greater completeness of some of the speeches, as there given, is further argument that the text of the play has reached us in a mangled and imperfect state.

The story on which *Pericles* was founded is very ancient, and is met with in various forms. It occurs in that old store-house of popular fiction the *Gesta Romanorum*, and its antiquity is shown by the existence of an Anglo-Saxon version. Latin manuscripts of it are said to be extant, dating as far back as the tenth century. The story was accessible to Shakespeare in at least two forms. One of these was a prose translation from the *Gesta Romanorum* by Laurence Twine, first printed in 1576, and again in 1607, with the following title: "The Pattern of Painful Adventures: Containing the most excellent, pleasant, and variable History of the strange accidents that befell unto Prince Apollonius, the Lady Lucina his wife, and Tharsia his daughter." The other of these forms was the version of old John Gower, who

rendered it into English verse, and made it a part of his *Confessio Amantis*, with the title "Appollinus, the Prince of Tyre." Gower, it scarce need be said, lived at the same time with Chaucer, and well deserves to be remembered and studied as one of the masters of English poetry in that age. His *Confessio Amantis* was first printed by Caxton in 1483. In Shakespeare's day it was very popular; but in later times the author has been well-nigh lost sight of in the outshining brightness of his great contemporary. In the story of Prince Appollinus, Gower avowedly took his incidents from a metrical version in the *Pantheon, or Universal Chronicle*, of Godfrey of Viterbo, which was made in the latter part of the twelfth century. The fact of the story being so well-known and so popular in Gower's poem was of course the reason why he was made to serve as Chorus in the play.

Touching the authorship of *Pericles*, there is room for a good deal of discussion. On the one hand, that Shakespeare did not write all, or even half, of the play, is abundantly certain; the style and manner of the most of it being utterly unlike his at any period. On the other hand, that portions of it were written by him, is not doubted. Even if there were no external evidence to the point, his mighty hand is too manifest in some parts to admit of any question on this score. And it is equally evident that wherever his hand is visible, the workmanship is clearly that of the master, not of the apprentice; the characteristics being the same as those of his other plays known to have been written between 1605 and 1610. But whether the whole were written by him and another person or other persons working together; or whether his part were written by way of altering and completing what had been done by others; or whether his part were written first, and then taken in hand by others, and interwoven with their own vastly inferior workmanship; — these are questions about which there have been, and will most likely continue to be, various opinions.

Of these three alternatives, Mr. F. G. Fleay takes the latter decidedly; and his judgment proceeds upon so close, so minute, and so exhaustive a study of the subject, that it may well challenge, if not carry, our full assent. I can but condense his pre-

sentation of the matter, retaining, as nearly as practicable his own language.

With regard to the authorship of this play, we may take for granted that the first two Acts are not Shakespeare's; this having been so long admitted by all critics of note, that it is not worth the while to repeat the evidence in detail. In order, however, to extinguish any lingering doubt, he gives the metrical evidence. The play consists of verse scenes, prose scenes, and the Gower chorus. Taking only the verse scenes, we find so marked a difference between the first two Acts and the last three, as to render it astonishing that they should ever have been supposed the work of one author. Total number of lines in the first two Acts, 835; of rhyme lines, 195; of double endings, 72: total number of lines in the last three Acts, 827; of rhyme lines, 14; of double endings, 106. The differences in the other items are of themselves conclusive; but the difference in the number of rhymes is such that the most careless critic ought long since to have noticed it. With regard to this main question, then, there can be no doubt: the last three Acts alone can be Shakespeare's; the other part is by some one of a different school. But we have minor questions of some interest to settle. The first of these is, Who wrote the scenes in the brothel, the second, fifth, and sixth of Act iv.? Not Shakespeare, decidedly; for these are totally unlike Shakespeare's in feeling on such matters. He would not have indulged in the morbid anatomy of such loathsome characters: he would have covered the ulcerous sores with a film of humour, if it were a necessary part of his moral surgery to treat them at all: above all, he would not have married Marina to a man whose acquaintance she had first made in a public brothel, to which *his* motives of resort were not recommendatory, however involuntary *her* sojourn there may have been. A still stronger argument is the absence of any allusion in the after-scenes to these three.

But, if these scenes are not Shakespeare's, the clumsy Gower chorus is not his either; and this brings us to the only theory that explains all the difficulties of the play. The usual theory has been that Shakespeare finished a play begun by some one else; that is, that he deliberately chose a story of incest, which, hav-

ing no tragic horror in it, would have been rejected by Ford or Massinger; and grafted on to this a filthy story, which, being void of humour, would even have been rejected by Fletcher. This arises from a fallacy caused by the inveterate habit of beginning criticism from the first pages of a book, instead of from the easiest and most central standpoint. The theory which I propose as certain, is this: Shakespeare wrote the story of Marina, in the last three Acts, minus the prose scenes and the Gower. This gives a perfect artistic and organic whole; and, in my opinion, ought to be printed as such in every edition of Shakespeare. But this story was not enough for filling the necessary five Acts from which Shakespeare never deviated; he therefore left it unfinished. The unfinished play was put into the hands of another of the "poets" attached to the same theatre, and the greater part of the present play was the result; this poet having used the whole story as given in Gower and elsewhere.

The late Sidney Walker, writing in 1843, has the following: "This play was the work of three hands. I am not able at present to assign each particular scene to its author; but the truth of my position may be tested by comparing the scenes at the Court of Simonides with the storm-scene, or that wherein Pericles recognizes his daughter, (both of which latter are incontestably Shakespeare's;) and, again, both the above with the dialogues in the brothel,—vigorous certainly, but not Shakespearian, either in the subject, or in the kind of power they display."

And Mr. Fleay in 1874 gave the same as his opinion, though he was not then aware of Walker's position; his main argument to the point being as follows: "The Gower parts in the fourth and fifth Acts are in lines of five measures, and not of four, as those in the earlier Acts are. Observe, also, that the brothel-scenes, though far from reaching to Shakespeare's excellence, are certainly superior to any thing in the first two Acts, so far as mere literature is concerned, and it will be almost certain that *three* authors were concerned in this play. The first author wrote the first two Acts, and arranged the whole so as to incorporate the Shakespeare part. The second wrote the five-measure Gower parts and the brothel-scenes in Acts iv. and v. in order

to lengthen out the play to the legitimate five Acts; and it was probably in order to make up for the want of poetic invention that the long dumb-show performances were introduced into the Gower parts."

The fact of George Wilkins being the avowed author of the novel founded on the play might naturally point him out as having had a hand in the latter; and I believe all are now agreed that such was the case. On this point, Mr. Fleay gives the following as the result of his examination:

"The general manager and supervisor of the whole work was, as Delius says, George Wilkins: he made the play as far as he *wrote* it, from Twine's novel: he calls it 'a poor infant of my brain'; he plumes himself on the arrangement of the Gower choruses as his own invention. In this, Delius is undoubtedly right. In confirmation of this theory, I give an analysis of the metre of the only play of G. Wilkins which we possess — *The Miseries of Inforced Marriage*, — which will be found to coincide very closely with that of Acts i. ii. of *Pericles*, and which is more like it than that of any other play among the hundreds I have tabulated. There are in this play 526 rhyming lines, 155 double endings, 15 Alexandrines, 102 short lines, 14 rhyming lines of less than five measures, and a good deal of prose, which, seeing that the play is about three times the length of the first two Acts of *Pericles*, gives a marvellously close agreement in percentage.

"The second author was, I think, unquestionably William Rowley. A comparison of the prose with that of *A Match at Midnight*, and of the verse with that of the plays he wrote in conjunction with Fletcher and Massinger, assures me absolutely of the truth of this conjecture. Indeed, the quantity of verse in the *Pericles* by Rowley is too small to build a tabulation on. One peculiarity of his work, however, gives us a strong confirmation; it is always detached, and splits off from his coadjutor's with a clean cleavage. In Fletcher's *Maid of the Mill*, the work of the two men might be published as two separate plays: so it is here. Rowley's scenes are useful for no dramatic purpose, and might be cut out as cleanly as his characters have been from the list of the actors' names."

Writing at a somewhat later time, Mr. Fleay adds the follow-

ing: "I find that, just about the time when *Pericles* was written, George Wilkins was joined with John Day and William Rowley in writing 'The Travels of the Three English Brothers, Sir Thomas, Sir Anthony, and Sir Robert Shirley, an Historical Play, printed in Quarto, 1607.' This makes assurance doubly sure, that Rowley and Wilkins were also joint-writers in the *Pericles*."

Here the question may, I think, be safely allowed to rest, though a good deal more might easily be said upon it. — There remains but to add, that in several of the preceding plays I have distinguished by asterisks the portions judged not to be Shakespeare's; but, in the present instance, as the Shakespeare portions are much smaller than the others, I reverse the previous order, leaving the Wilkins and Rowley portions unstarred. This has been to me a very easy task, Mr. Fleay having printed the Shakespeare portions by themselves, and these being withal so easily identified that there can hardly be any difference of judgment respecting them.

PERICLES, PRINCE OF TYRE.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

ANTIOCHUS, King of Antioch.
PERICLES, Prince of Tyre.
HELICANUS, ESCANES, } Lords of Tyre.
SIMONIDES, King of Pentapolis.
CLEON, Governor of Tarsus.
LYSIMACHUS, Governor of Mitylene.
CERIMON, a Lord of Ephesus.
THALIARD, a Lord of Antioch.
PHILEMON, Servant to Cerimon.
LEONINE, Servant to Dionyza.
A Marshal.
A Pandar, and his Wife.
BOULT, their Servant.
GOWER, as Chorus.

The Daughter of Antiochus.
DIONYZA, Wife to Cleon.
THAISA, Daughter to Simonides.
MARINA, Daughter to Pericles and Thaisa.
LYCHORIDA, Nurse to Marina.
DIANA.

Lords, Ladies, Knights, Gentlemen, Sailors, Pirates, Fishermen, and Messengers, &c.

SCENE. — *Dispersedly in various Countries.*[1]

ACT I.

Enter GOWER.

Before the Palace of Antioch.

To sing a song that old[2] was sung,
From ashes ancient Gower is come;

[1] To show into how many regions the scene is dispersed, it may be observed that *Antioch* was the metropolis of Syria; *Tyre*, a city of Phœnicia in Asia; *Tarsus*, the metropolis of Cilicia, a country of Asia Minor; *Mitylene*, the city of Lesbos, an island in the Ægean sea; *Ephesus*, the capital of Ionia, a country of the Lesser Asia.

[2] *Old* here means *anciently*, or, as we should say, *of old*.

Assuming man's infirmities,
To glad your ear and please your eyes.
It hath been sung at festivals,
On ember-eves and holy-ales;[3]
And lords and ladies in their lives
Have read it for restoratives:
The purchase[4] is to make men glorious;
Et bonum quo antiquius, eo melius.
If you, born in these latter times,
When wit's more ripe, accept my rhymes,
And that to hear an old man sing
May to your wishes pleasure bring,
I life would wish, and that I might
Waste it for you, like taper-light.
This Antioch, then, Antiochus the Great
Built up, this city, for his chiefest seat;
The fairest in all Syria, —
I tell you what mine authors say:
This King unto him took a fere,[5]
Who died and left a female heir,
So buxom, blithe, and full of face,[6]
As Heaven had lent her all his grace;
With whom the father liking took,
And her to incest did provoke:
Bad child; worse father! to entice his own
To evil should be done by none:
By custom, what they did begin
Was with long use account[7] no sin.
The beauty of this sinful dame

[3] *Holy-ales* was the name of certain rural festivals; sometimes also called *church-ales.* See vol. i. page 194, note 3.

[4] *Purchase* was sometimes used in the sense of *gain* or *profit.*

[5] *Fere* is an old word for *mate* or *companion;* here meaning *wife.*

[6] That is, *completely beautiful.*

[7] *Account* for *accounted.* Many preterites were so formed.

Made many princes thither frame,[8]
To seek her as a bed-fellow,
In marriage-pleasures play-fellow;
Which to prevent he made a law, —
To keep her still, and men in awe, —
That whoso ask'd her for his wife,
His riddle told not, lost his life:
So for her many a wight did die,
As yon grim looks do testify.[9]
What now ensues, to th' judgment of your eye
I give, my cause who [10] best can justify. [*Exit.*

SCENE I.—*Antioch. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter ANTIOCHUS, PERICLES, *and* Attendants.

Ant. Young Prince of Tyre,[1] you have at large received
The danger of the task you undertake.

Per. I have, Antiochus, and, with a soul
Embolden'd with the glory of her praise,
Think death no hazard in this enterprise.

Ant. Bring in our daughter, clothèd like a bride,
For the embracements even of Jove himself;
At whose conception, till Lucina reign'd,
Nature this dowry gave, to glad her presence,
The senate-house of planets all did sit,[2]

[8] That is, *shape* or *direct* their course thither.

[9] Referring to the heads of the unsuccessful suitors set up over the palace-gate, which is supposed to be in the sight of the audience.

[10] *Who* for *which*, referring to *eye*, or to "judgment of your eye."

[1] It does not appear that the father of Pericles is living. By *prince*, therefore, throughout this play, we are to understand prince *regnant*. In the *Gesta Romanorum*, Apollonius is *king* of Tyre; in Twine's translation he is repeatedly called *prince of Tyrus*, as he is in Gower.

[2] The words *whose* and *her* refer to the daughter of Antiochus. "Till Lucina reign'd" is till *the time of birth*. The construction is, "Nature this

To knit in her their best perfections.

Music. Enter the Daughter *of* ANTIOCHUS.

Per. See where she comes, apparell'd like the Spring,
Graces her subjects, and her thoughts the king
Of every virtue gives renown to men![3]
Her face the book of praises, where is read
Nothing but curious pleasures, as from thence
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be in her mild company.—
You gods that made me man, and sway in love,
That have inflamed desire in my breast
To taste the fruit of yon celestial tree,
Or die in the adventure, be my helps,
As I am son and servant to your will,
To compass such a boundless happiness!
Ant. Prince Pericles,—
Per. That would be son to great Antiochus.
Ant. —Before thee stands this fair Hesperides,[4]
With golden fruit, but dangerous to be touch'd;
For death, like dragons, here affrights thee hard:
Her face, like heaven, enticeth thee to view
Her countless glory, which desert must gain;
And which, without desert, because thine eye
Presumes to reach, all thy whole heap[5] must die.

dowry gave, that the senate-house of planets all *should* sit," &c. The leading thought may have been taken from Sidney's *Arcadia:* "The senate-house of the planets was at no time to *set*, for the decreeing of perfection in man"; that is, *because of* decreeing.

[3] "The Graces are her subjects, and her thoughts the sovereign of every virtue *that* gives renown to men."

[4] *Hesperides* is here put for the garden in which the golden apples were kept. See vol. ii. page 69, note 32.

[5] *Heap* for *bulk, body*, or *person*. An antithesis was probably intended: "Thy *whole* body must suffer for the offence of a *part*, the *eye*.

Yon sometime-famous princes, like thyself,
Drawn by report, adventurous by desire,
Tell thee, with speechless tongues and semblance pale,
That, without covering, save yon field of stars,
Here they stand martyrs, slain in Cupid's wars;
And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist
For going on death's met,[6] whom none resist.

Per. Antiochus, I thank thee, who hast taught
My frail mortality to know itself,
And by those fearful objects to prepare
This body, like to them, to what I must;[7]
For death remember'd should be like a mirror,
Who tells us life's but breath; to trust it, error.
I'll make my will, then; and, as sick men do,
Who know the world, see Heaven, but, feeling woe,
Gripe not at earthly joys, as erst they did;
So I bequeath a happy peace to you
And all good men, as every prince should do;
My riches to the earth from whence they came; —
[*To the Princess.*] But my unspotted fire of love to you.
Thus, ready for the way of life or death,
I wait the sharpest blow.

Ant. Scorning advice, read the conclusion, then;
Which read and not expounded, 'tis decreed,
As these before thee, thou thyself shalt bleed.

Daugh. Of all 'say'd yet,[8] mayst thou prove prosperous!

[6] *For going* means for *fear of* going, or *lest you should go.* *Met*, from the Latin *meta*, is *boundary* or *limit.* So in the *Mirror for Magistrates*, quoted by Nares:

> Untimely never comes the lives last *met*,
> In cradle death may rightly claime his det.

[7] "To prepare this body for that state to which I must *come*."

[8] That is, of all who have yet *assayed*, or *made the trial.* She means that of all her suitors thus far, he is the only one to whom she has wished success.

Of all 'say'd yet, I wish thee happiness!
Per. Like a bold champion, I assume the lists,
Nor ask advice of any other thought
But faithfulness and courage.[9] [*Reads the riddle.*

I am no viper, yet I feed
On mother's flesh which did me breed.
I sought a husband, in which labour
I found that kindness in a father:
He's father, son, and husband mild;
I mother, wife, and yet his child.
How this may be, and yet in two,
As you will live, resolve it you.

Sharp physic is the last:[10] but, O you powers
That give heaven countless eyes to view men's acts,
Why cloud they not their sights perpetually,
If this be true, which makes me pale to read it?—
Fair glass of light, I loved you, and could still,
[*Takes hold of the hands of the* Princess.
Were not this glorious casket stored with ill:
But I must tell you, now my thoughts revolt;
For he's no man on whom perfections wait[11]
That, knowing sin within, will touch the gate.
You're a fair viol, and your sense' the strings;
Who, finger'd to make man his lawful music,
Would draw heaven down, and all the gods, to hearken;
But, being play'd upon before your time,
Hell only danceth at so harsh a chime.
Good sooth, I care not for you.

[9] So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "*Asking advice of no other thought but faithfulnesse and courage*, he presently lighted from his own horse."

[10] The intimation in the last line of the riddle, that his life depends on resolving it.

[11] He is no *perfect* or *honest* man, that knowing, &c.

Ant. Prince Pericles, touch not,[12] upon thy life,
For that's an article within our law,
As dangerous as the rest. Your time's expired:
Either expound now, or receive your sentence.

Per. Great King,
Few love to hear the sins they love to act;
'Twould braid[13] yourself too near for me to tell it.
Who has a book of all that monarchs do,
He's more secure to keep it shut than shown:
For vice repeated is like the wandering wind,
Blows dust in others' eyes, to spread itself;
And yet the end of all is bought thus dear,
The breath is gone, and the sore eyes see clear
To stop the air would hurt them.[14] The blind mole casts
Copp'd hills towards heaven, to tell the Earth is throng'd
By man's oppression; and the poor worm doth die for't.[15]
Kings are earth's gods; in vice their law's their will;
And, if Jove stray, who dares say Jove doth ill?
It is enough you know; and it is fit,

[12] This is a stroke of nature. The incestuous king cannot bear to see a rival touch the hand of the woman he loves.

[13] To *braid* was sometimes used with the sense of to *upbraid.* So in Sir Thomas More's Works: "He bringeth to the mater neither any substaunciall learning, nor yet anye proofe of reason or natural wytte, but onely a rashe, maliciouse, franticke *braide.*"

[14] "The man who knows the ill practices of princes is unwise if he reveals what he knows; for the publisher of vicious actions resembles the wind, which, while it passes along, blows dust into men's eyes. When the blast is over, the eyes that have been affected by the dust, though sore, see clear enough to stop for the future the air that would annoy them."

[15] "*Copp'd* hills" are hills rising in a conical form, something of the shape of a sugar-loaf. Thus in Horman's *Vulgaria*, 1519: "Sometime men wear *copped* caps like a sugar loaf." So Baret: "To make *copped*, or sharpe at top; cacumino." — The mole is called *poor worm* as a term of commiseration. In *The Tempest*, Prospero, speaking to Miranda, says, "*Poor worm*, thou art infected." The mole remains secure till it has thrown up those hillocks which betray his course to the mole-catcher.

What being more known grows worse, to smother it.
All love the womb that their first being bred,
Then give my tongue like leave to love my head.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Heaven, that I had thy head! he has found the meaning:
But I will gloze[16] with him. — Young Prince of Tyre,
Though by the tenour of our strict edict,
Your exposition misinterpreting,
We might proceed to cancel of your days;
Yet hope, succeeding from so fair a tree
As your fair self, doth tune us otherwise.
Forty days longer we do respite you;
If by which time our secret be undone,
This mercy shows we'll joy in such a son;
And until then your entertain shall be
As doth befit our honour and your worth.

[*Exeunt all but* PERICLES.

Per. How courtesy would seem to cover sin,
When what is done is like an hypocrite,
The which is good in nothing but in sight!
If it be true that I interpret false,
Then were it certain you were not so bad
As with foul incest to abuse your soul;
Where[17] now you're both a father and a son
By your untimely claspings with your child,
Which pleasure fits a husband, not a father;
And she an eater of her mother's flesh
By the defiling of her parent's bed;
And both like serpents are, who though they feed
On sweetest flowers, yet they poison breed.
Antioch, farewell! for wisdom sees, those men

16 To *cajole*, to *wheedle*, to *flatter* are among the old meanings of to *gloze*. See vol. x. page 161, note 2.

17 *Where* for *whereas*. The two were often used indiscriminately.

Blush not in actions blacker than the night,
Will shun no course to keep them from the light.[18]
One sin, I know, another doth provoke;
Murder's as near to lust as flame to smoke:
Poison and treason are the hands of sin,
Ay, and the targets, to put off the shame:
Then, lest my life be cropp'd to keep you clear,
By flight I'll shun the danger which I fear. [*Exit.*

Re-enter ANTIOCHUS.

Ant. He hath found the meaning, for the which we mean
To have his head.
He must not live to trumpet forth my infamy,
Nor tell the world Antiochus doth sin
In such a loathèd manner;
And therefore instantly this Prince must die;
For by his fall my honour must keep high. —
Who attends us there?

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. Doth your Highness call?
Ant. Thaliard,
You're of our chamber, and our mind partakes
Her private actions to your secrecy;[19]
And for your faithfulness we will advance you.
Thaliard, behold, here's poison, and here's gold;
We hate the Prince of Tyre, and thou must kill him:
It fits thee not to ask the reason why,
Because we bid it. Say, is't done?
Thal. My lord,
'Tis done.

[18] The language is elliptical: "For wisdom sees *that* those men *who* do not blush to commit actions blacker than the night, will not shun any course to keep them from being known."

[19] To *partake* in the sense of to *impart*. See vol. vii. page 267, note 8.

Ant. Enough. —

Enter a Messenger.

Let your breath cool yourself, telling your haste.
Mess. My lord, Prince Pericles is fled. [*Exit.*
Ant. As thou
Wilt live, fly after; and, like[20] an arrow shot
From a well-experienced archer hits the mark
His eye doth level at, so thou ne'er return
Unless thou say *Prince Pericles is dead.*
Thal. My lord,
If I can get him within my pistol's length,
I'll make him sure enough: so, farewell to your Highness.
Ant. Thaliard, adieu! [*Exit* THAL.] Till Pericles be dead
My heart can lend no succour to my head. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Tyre. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter PERICLES.

Per. [*To* Lords *without.*] Let none disturb us. — Why should this charge of thoughts,[1]
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my so-used a guest, as[2] not an hour
In the day's glorious walk or peaceful night —
The tomb where grief should sleep — can breed me quiet?
Here pleasures court mine eyes, and mine eyes shun them,
And danger, which I fear'd, is at Antioch,
Whose arm seems far too short to hit me here:
Yet neither pleasure's art can joy my spirits,

[20] *Like* is here equivalent to *as*. See vol. iii. page 72, note 15.

[1] *Thought* or *thoughts* was often used for *grief.* See vol. v. page 178, note 12. — *Charge*, here, is *burden* or *weight.*

[2] *As* for *that.* The two were used indifferently.

Nor yet the other's distance comfort me.
Then it is thus: The passions of the mind,
That have their first conception by mis-dread,
Have after-nourishment and life by care;
And what was first but fear what might be done,
Grows elder now, and cares it be not done.
And so with me: The great Antiochus —
'Gainst whom I am too little to contend,
Since he's so great can make his will his act —
Will think me speaking, though I swear to silence;
Nor boots it me to say I honour him,
If he suspect I may dishonour him:
And what may make him blush in being known,
He'll stop the course by which it might be known;
With hostile forces he'll o'erspread the land,
And with th' ostent[3] of war will look so huge,
Amazement shall drive courage from the State;
Our men be vanquish'd ere they do resist,
And subjects punish'd that ne'er thought offence:
Which care of them, not pity of myself, —
Who am no more but as the tops of trees,
Which fence the roots they grow by, and defend them, —
Makes both my body pine and soul to languish,
And punish that before that he would punish.

Enter HELICANUS *and other* Lords.

1 Lord. Joy and all comfort in your sacred breast!
2 Lord. And keep your mind, till you return to us,
Peaceful and comfortable!
Hel. Peace, peace! and give experience tongue.
They do abuse the King that flatter him:
For flattery is the bellows blows up sin;
The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,

[3] *Ostent* is *show* or *display*. See vol. iii. page 145, note 34.

To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err.—
When Signior Sooth[4] here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.
Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt* Lords.]—Helicanus, thou
Hast movèd us: what see'st thou in our looks?
Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.
Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?
Hel. How dare the plants look up to Heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?
Per. Thou know'st I've power
To take thy life from thee.
Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I've ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.
Per. Rise, pr'ythee, rise.
Sit down: thou art no flatterer;
I thank thee for it: and Heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid![5]
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?
Hel. With patience bear
Such griefs as you yourself lay on yourself.

[4] *Signior* Sooth is a near kinsman of a gentleman mentioned in *The Winter's Tale*: "And his pond fish'd by his next neighbour, by *Sir Smile*."

[5] "Should *prevent* or *hinder* their ears *from hearing* their faults chid." The old *let*, now obsolete.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.[6]
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest — hark in thine ear — as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:[7] but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt[8] it, — as no doubt he doth, —
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope, —
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;

[6] The meaning is, "From whom I might propagate *such* issue *as* bring strength to princes, and joy to their subjects."

[7] To smooth is to *soothe, coax,* or *flatter.* So in *King Richard III.:* "Smile in men's faces, *smooth,* deceive, and cog." And in *Titus Andronicus:* "Yield to his humour, *smooth,* and speak him fair." The verb to *smooth* is frequently used in this sense by our elder writers; for instance, by Stubbes in his *Anatomie of Abuses,* 1583: "If you will learn to deride, scoffe, mock, and flowt, to flatter and *smooth,*" &c.

[8] To *doubt* in its old sense of to *fear* or *suspect.* So the noun a little after.

When all, for mine, if I may call't offence,
Must feel war's blow, who spares not innocence:
Which love to all, — of which thyself art one,
Who now reprovest me for it, —

Hel. Alas, sir!

Per. — Drew sleep out of mine eyes, blood from my cheeks,
Musings into my mind, with thousand doubts
How I might stop this tempest, ere it came;
And, finding little comfort to relieve them,
I thought it princely charity to grieve them.

Hel. Well, my lord, since you've given me leave to speak,
Freely will I speak. Antiochus you fear,
And justly too, I think, you fear the tyrant,
Who either by public war or private treason
Will take away your life.
Therefore, my lord, go travel for a while,
Till that his rage and anger be forgot,
Or till the Destinies do cut his thread of life.
Your rule direct to any; if to me,
Day serves not light more faithful than I'll be.

Per. I do not doubt thy faith;
But, should he wrong my liberties in my absence, —

Hel. We'll mingle our bloods together in the earth,
From whence we had our being and our birth.

Per. Tyre, I now look from thee, then, and to Tarsus
Intend my travel, — where I'll hear from thee;
And by whose letters I'll dispose myself.
The care I had and have of subjects' good
On thee I lay, whose wisdom's strength can bear it.
I'll take thy word for faith, not ask thine oath:
Who shuns not to break one will sure crack both:
But in our orbs[9] we'll live so round and safe,

[9] *Orbs* for *orbits*; a frequent usage. See vol. xviii. page 148, note 29.

That time of both this truth shall ne'er convince,[10]
Thou show'dst a subject's shine, I a true prince. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Tyre. An Ante-chamber in the Palace.*

Enter THALIARD.

Thal. So, this is Tyre, and this the Court. Here must I kill King Pericles; and, if I do it not, I am sure to be hang'd at home: 'tis dangerous. Well, I perceive he was a wise fellow and had good discretion, that, being bid to ask what he would of the king, desired he might know none of his secrets:[1] now do I see he had some reason for't; for, if a king bid a man be a villain, he's bound by the indenture of his oath to be one. Hush! here come the lords of Tyre.

Enter HELICANUS, ESCANES, *and other* Lords.

Hel. You shall not need, my fellow peers of Tyre,
Further to question me of your King's departure:
His seal'd commission, left in trust with me,
Doth speak sufficiently he's gone to travel.

Thal. [*Aside.*] How! the King gone!

Hel. If further yet you will be satisfied,
Why, as it were unlicensed of your loves,
He would depart, I'll give some light unto you.
Being at Antioch, —

Thal. [*Aside*]. What from Antioch?

Hel. — Royal Antiochus — on what cause I know not —
Took some displeasure at him, — at least he judged so;

[10] *Convince* here means *overcome.* See vol. xvii. page 38, note 17.

[1] Who this wise fellow was may be known from the following passage in Barnabie Riche's *Souldiers Wishe to Briton's Welfare*, 1604: "I will therefore commende the poet Philipides, who being demaunded by King Lisimachus, what favour he might doe unto him for that he loved him, made this answere to the king, That your majesty would never impart unto me *any of your secrets*."

And, doubting lest that he had err'd or sinn'd,
To show his sorrow, he'd correct himself;
So puts himself unto the shipman's toil,
With whom each minute threatens life with death.

Thal. [*Aside.*] Well, I perceive
I shall not be hang'd now, although I would;
But, since he's gone, the King's ears it must please,
He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.
I'll present myself. — Peace to the lords of Tyre!

Hel. Lord Thaliard from Antiochus is welcome.

Thal. From him I come
With message unto princely Pericles;
But since my landing I have understood
Your lord has betook himself to unknown travels:
My message must return from whence it came.

Hel. We have no reason to inquire of it,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire,
As friends to Antioch, we may feast in Tyre. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Tarsus. A Room in the* Governor's *House.*

Enter CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* Attendants.

Cle. My Dionyza, shall we rest us here,
And, by relating tales of others' griefs,
See if 'twill teach us to forget our own?

Dio. That were to blow at fire in hope to quench it;
For who digs hills because they do aspire
Throws down one mountain to cast up a higher.
O my distressèd lord, even such our griefs:
Here they are felt and seen with misery's eyes;
But, like to groves, being lopp'd, they higher rise.

Cle. O Dionyza,

Who wanteth food, and will not say he wants it,
Or can conceal his hunger till he famish?
Our tongues do sound our sorrows and deep woes
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; that,
If Heaven slumber while their[1] creatures want,
They may awake their helps to comfort them.
I'll, then, discourse our woes, felt several years;
And, wanting breath to speak, help me with tears.

Dio. I'll do my best, sir.

Cle. This Tarsus, o'er which I have government,
A city on whom Plenty held full hand;
Where Riches strew'd herself even in the streets;[2]
Whose towers bore heads so high they kiss'd the clouds,
And strangers ne'er beheld but wonder'd at;
Whose men and dames so jetted[3] and adorn'd,
Like one another's glass to trim them by:
Their tables were stored full, to glad the sight,
And not so much to feed on as delight;
All poverty was scorn'd, and pride so great,
The name of help grew odious to repeat.

Dio. O, 'tis too true.

Cle. But see what Heaven can do! By this our change,
Those mouths whom but of late, earth, sea, and air,
Were all too little to content and please,
Although they gave their creatures in abundance,
As houses are defiled for want of use,
They are now starved for want of exercise:
Those palates who, not yet two Summers younger,

[1] *Their* refers to *Heaven*, which is here a collective noun.

[2] That is, "Riches poured herself out even in the streets." *Riches* is here used as a noun singular, like the French *richesse*. The usage was common. So in the Poet's 87th Sonnet: "And for *that riches* where is my deserving?"

[3] To *jet* is to *walk proudly*, to *strut*. See vol. xviii. page 67, note 1.

To which that blast gives heat and stronger glowing;
Whereas reproof, obedient, and in order,
Fits kings, as they are men, for they may err. —
When Signior Sooth[4] here does proclaim a peace,
He flatters you, makes war upon your life.
Prince, pardon me, or strike me, if you please;
I cannot be much lower than my knees.

Per. All leave us else; but let your cares o'erlook
What shipping and what lading's in our haven,
And then return to us. [*Exeunt* Lords.] — Helicanus, thou
Hast movèd us: what see'st thou in our looks?

Hel. An angry brow, dread lord.

Per. If there be such a dart in princes' frowns,
How durst thy tongue move anger to our face?

Hel. How dare the plants look up to Heaven, from whence
They have their nourishment?

Per. Thou know'st I've power
To take thy life from thee.

Hel. [*Kneeling.*] I've ground the axe myself;
Do you but strike the blow.

Per. Rise, pr'ythee, rise.
Sit down: thou art no flatterer;
I thank thee for it: and Heaven forbid
That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid![5]
Fit counsellor and servant for a prince,
Who by thy wisdom makest a prince thy servant,
What wouldst thou have me do?

Hel. With patience
Such griefs as you yourself lay on yourself.

4 *Signior* Sooth is a near kinsman of a gent… *Winter's Tale*: "And his pond fish'd …

5 "Should *prevent* or *hinder* th… The old *let*, now obsolete.

Per. Thou speak'st like a physician, Helicanus,
That minister'st a potion unto me
That thou wouldst tremble to receive thyself.
Attend me, then: I went to Antioch,
Where, as thou know'st, against the face of death,
I sought the purchase of a glorious beauty,
From whence an issue I might propagate,
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects.[6]
Her face was to mine eye beyond all wonder;
The rest — hark in thine ear — as black as incest;
Which by my knowledge found, the sinful father
Seem'd not to strike, but smooth:[7] but thou know'st this,
'Tis time to fear when tyrants seem to kiss.
Which fear so grew in me, I hither fled,
Under the covering of a careful night,
Who seem'd my good protector; and, being here,
Bethought me what was past, what might succeed.
I knew him tyrannous; and tyrants' fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their years:
And should he doubt[8] it, — as no doubt he doth, —
That I should open to the listening air
How many worthy princes' bloods were shed,
To keep his bed of blackness unlaid ope, —
To lop that doubt, he'll fill this land with arms,
And make pretence of wrong that I have done him;

6 ... From whom I might propagate *such* issue *as* bring ... joy to their subjects."

... *oothe, coax,* or *flatter*. So in *King Richard III.:* ... *mooth,* de... og." And in *Titus Andronicus:* ... fair." The verb to *smooth* is ... ers; for instance, by Stubbes ... learn to deride, scoffe, mock,

... *suspect.* So the noun a little

Are stored with corn to make your needy bread,
And give them life whom hunger starved half dead.
All. The gods of Greece protect you!
And we'll pray for you.
Per. Rise, I pray you, rise:
We do not look for reverence, but for love,
And harbourage for ourself, our ships, and men.
Cle. The which when any shall not gratify,
Or pay you with unthankfulness in thought,
Be it our wives, our children, or ourselves,
The curse of Heaven and men succeed[9] their evils!
Till when, — the which I hope shall ne'er be seen, —
Your Grace is welcome to our town and us.
Per. Which welcome we'll accept; feast here awhile,
Until our stars that frown lend us a smile. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Here have you seen a mighty king
His child, I wis, to incest bring;
A better prince, and benign lord,
That will prove awful[1] both in deed and word.
Be quiet, then, as men should be,
Till he hath pass'd necessity.
I'll show you those in troubles reign,

think to be like the Trojan horse *which* was stuff'd with *living men*, are," &c. *Happily* was often used for *haply*, when the verse wanted a trisyllable. "*Bloody* veins" for *veins filled with blood.*

9 *Succeed* in the Latin sense of *follow;* a frequent usage.

1 *Awful* is full of *awe*, that is, *reverent.* The force of *you have seen* is continued over *a better prince.*

Losing a mite, a mountain gain.
The good in conversation —
To whom I gave my benison —
Is still at Tarsus, where each man
Thinks all is writ he speken can;[2]
And, to remember what he does,
Build his statue to make him glorious:
But tidings to the contrary
Are brought your eyes; what need speak I?

DUMB-SHOW.

Enter, from one side, PERICLES, *talking with* CLEON; *their Trains with them. Enter, from the other side, a* Gentleman, *with a letter to* PERICLES; *who shows the letter to* CLEON; *then gives the* Messenger *a reward, and knights him. Exeunt severally* PERICLES *and* CLEON, *with their Trains.*

Good Helicane hath stay'd at home,
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours, though[3] he strive
To killen bad, keep good alive;
And, to fulfil his Prince' desire,
Sends word of all that haps in Tyre:
How Thaliard came full bent with sin
And hid intent to murder him;
And that in Tarsus was not best
Longer for him to make his rest.
He, knowing so, put forth to seas,

[2] "The good prince (on whom I bestow my blessing) is still at Tarsus, where every man pays as much respect to all he can speak, as if it were holy writ." *Conversation* is *conduct*, or *behaviour*, as in the Bible.

[3] *Though* was not unfrequently used for *since*, *for*, *because*, or *inasmuch as;* and Shakespeare has it repeatedly in that sense. So that "*though* he *strive*" is simply equivalent to "*since* he strives," or "*for* he *strives*." See vol. xvii. page 230, note 13.

Where when men been, there's seldom ease;
For now the wind begins to blow;
Thunder above and deeps below
Make such unquiet, that the ship
Should house him safe is wreck'd and split;
And he, good prince, having all lost,
By waves from coast to coast is tost:
All perishen of man, of pelf,
Ne aught escapen but himself;
Till fortune, tired with doing bad,
Threw him ashore, to give him glad:
And here he comes. What shall be next,
Pardon old Gower; this 'longs the text.[4] [*Exit.*

SCENE I. — *Pentapolis. An open Place by the Sea-side.*

Enter PERICLES, *wet.*

Per. Yet cease your ire, you angry stars of heaven!
Wind, rain, and thunder, remember, earthly man
Is but a substance that must yield to you;
And I, as fits my nature, do obey you.
Alas, the sea hath cast me on the rocks,
Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left me breath
Nothing to think on but ensuing death:
Let it suffice the greatness of your powers
To have bereft a prince of all his fortunes;
And, having thrown him from your watery grave,
Here to have death in peace is all he'll crave.

Enter three Fishermen.

1 Fish. What, ho, Pilch![1]

[4] "Pardon old Gower from telling what ensues: that belongs to the text, not to his part as Chorus."

[1] *Pilch* is a leathern coat; of course here put for the wearer; as *Patch-breech* is just after.

2 Fish. Ho, come and bring away the nets!

1 Fish. What, Patch-breech, I say!

3 Fish. What say you, master?

1 Fish. Look how thou stirrest now! come away, or I'll fetch thee with a wanion.[2]

3 Fish. Faith, master, I am thinking of the poor men that were cast away before us even now.

1 Fish. Alas, poor souls, it grieved my heart to hear what pitiful cries they made to us to help them, when, well-a-day, we could scarce help ourselves.

3 Fish. Nay, master, said not I as much when I saw the porpus, how he bounced and tumbled? they say they're half-fish, half-flesh: a plague on them, they ne'er come but I look to be wash'd.[3] Master, I marvel how the fishes live in the sea.

1 Fish. Why, as men do a-land; the great ones eat up the little ones. I can compare our rich misers to nothing so fitly as to a whale; 'a plays and tumbles, driving the poor fry before him, and at last devours them all at a mouthful: such whales have I heard on o' the land, who never leave gaping till they've swallow'd the whole parish, church, steeple, bells, and all.

Per. [*Aside.*] A pretty moral.

3 Fish. But, master, if I had been the sexton, I would have been that day in the belfry.

2 Fish. Why, man?

3 Fish. Because he should[4] have swallow'd me too; and, when I had been in his belly, I would have kept such a jangling of the bells, that he should never have left, till he

[2] This expression, which is equivalent to *with a mischief*, or *with a vengeance*, is of very frequent occurrence in old writers.

[3] Sailors have observed, that the playing of porpoises round a ship is a certain prognostic of a violent gale of wind.

[4] "*Because* he *should*" is old language for *in order that he might.* Shakespeare has it several times so. See vol. xvi. page 268, note 21.

cast bells, steeple, church, and parish, up again. But, if the good King Simonides were of my mind, —

Per. [*Aside.*] Simonides!

3 Fish. —he would purge the land of these drones, that rob the bee of her honey.

Per. [*Aside.*] How from the finny subjects of the sea
These fishers tell th' infirmities of men;
And from their watery empire recollect
All that may men approve or men detect! —
Peace be at your labour, honest fishermen!

2 Fish. Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you, steal't out of the calendar,[5] and nobody'll look after it.

Per. You see the sea hath cast me on your coast.

2 Fish. What a drunken knave was the sea to cast thee in our way!

Per. A man whom both the waters and the wind,
In that vast tennis-court, have made the ball
For them to play upon,[6] entreats you pity him;
He asks of you, that never used to beg.

1 Fish. No, friend, cannot you beg? Here's them in our country of Greece gets more with begging than we can do with working.

2 Fish. Canst thou catch any fishes, then?

Per. I never practised it.

2 Fish. Nay, then thou wilt starve, sure; for here's nothing to be got now-a-days, unless thou canst fish for't.

Per. What I have been I have forgot to know;

5 The *lucky* and *unlucky* days were formerly marked down in almanacs; and Farmer thinks there may be an allusion in the text to the *dies honestissimus* of Cicero.

6 So in Sidney's *Arcadia*: "In such a shadow mankind lives, that neither they know how to foresee, nor what to feare, and are, *like tenis bals, tossed by the racket of the higher powers.*"

But what I am, want teaches me to think on;
A man throng'd up with cold:[7] my veins are chill,
And have no more of life than may suffice
To give my tongue that heat to ask your help;
Which if you shall refuse, when I am dead,
For that I am a man, pray see me buriéd.

1 Fish. Die quoth-a? Now gods forbid! I have a gown here: come, put it on; keep thee warm. Now, afore me, a handsome fellow! Come, thou shalt go home, and we'll have flesh for holidays, fish for fasting-days, and moreover puddings and flap-jacks;[8] and thou shalt be welcome.

Per. I thank you, sir.

2 Fish. Hark you, my friend: you said you could not beg.

Per. I did but crave.

2 Fish. But crave! Then I'll turn craver too, and so I shall 'scape whipping.

Per. Why, are all your beggars whipp'd, then?

2 Fish. O, no, not all, my friend, not all; for, if all your beggars were whipp'd, I would wish no better office than to be beadle. — But, master, I'll go draw up the net.

[*Exit with Third* Fisherman.

Per. [*Aside.*] How well this honest mirth becomes their labour!

1 Fish. Hark you, sir: do you know where ye are?

Per. Not well.

1 Fish. Why, I'll tell you: this is called Pentapolis, and our King the good Simonides.

Per. The good King Simonides, do you call him?

[7] *Throng'd up*, probably means *pressed* or *crushed*, as a man in a crowd. So in i. 1: "To tell the earth is *throng'd* by man's oppression."

[8] *Flap-jacks* are *pancakes*. So in Taylor's *Jack-a-Lent*: "Until at last, by the skill of the cooke, it is transformed into the form of a *flap-jack*, which, in our translation, is cald a *pancake*." The word is still used in New England.

1 Fish. Ay, sir; and he deserves so to be call'd for his peaceable reign and good government.

Per. He is a happy king, since he gains from his subjects the name of good by his government. How far is his Court distant from this shore?

1 Fish. Marry, sir, half a day's journey: and I'll tell you, he hath a fair daughter, and to-morrow is her birth-day; and there are princes and knights come from all parts of the world to just and tourney for her love.

Per. Were my fortunes equal to my desires, I could wish to make one there.

1 Fish. O, sir, things must be as they may; and what a man cannot get, he may lawfully deal for — his wife's soul.[9]

Re-enter Second *and* Third Fishermen, *drawing up a net.*

2 Fish. Help, master, help! here's a fish hangs in the net, like a poor man's right in the law; 'twill hardly come out. Ha! bots on't,[10] 'tis come at last, and 'tis turn'd to a rusty armour.

Per. An armour, friends! I pray you, let me see it. —
Thanks, Fortune, yet, that, after all my crosses,
Thou givest me somewhat to repair myself;
An-though[11] it was mine own, part of my heritage,
Which my dead father did bequeath to me,
With this strict charge, even as he left his life,
Keep it, my Pericles; it hath been a shield
'Twixt me and death: and pointed to this brace,[12] —
For that it saved me, keep't; in like necessity, —

[9] "Things must be as they are appointed to be; and what a man is not sure to accomplish, he may nevertheless attempt." The conclusion of this speech passes my comprehension. The text is probably mutilated.

[10] A comic execration; *bots* being a well-known disease of horses.

[11] *An-though* is an old equivalent for *although*. Pericles thanks Fortune for casting the armour in his way, although the armour is his own.

[12] *Brace* is armour for the arm. See vol. xvi. page 226, note 42.

Which gods protect thee from ! — it may defend thee.
It kept where I kept,[13] I so dearly loved it;
Till the rough seas, that spare not any man,
Took it in rage, though calm'd have given't again:
I thank thee for't; my shipwreck now's no ill,
Since I have here my father's gift in's will.

1 Fish. What mean you, sir?

Per. To beg of you, kind friends, this coat of worth,
For it was sometime target to a king;
I know it by this mark. He loved me dearly,
And for his sake I wish the having of it;
And that you'd guide me to your sovereign's Court,
Where with't I may appear a gentleman;
And, if that ever my low fortunes better,
I'll pay your bounties; till then rest your debtor.

1 Fish. Why, wilt thou tourney for the lady?

Per. I'll show the virtue I have borne in arms.

1 Fish. Why, do ye take it, and the gods give thee good on't!

2 Fish. Ay, but hark you, my friend; 'twas we that made up this garment through the rough seams of the waters: there are certain condolements, certain 'vails.[14] I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had it.

Per. Believe't, I will.
Now, by your furtherance, I am clothed in steel;
And, spite of all the rapture [15] of the sea,
This jewel holds his biding on my arm:
Unto the value I will mount myself
Upon a courser, whose delightful steps
Shall make the gazer joy to see him tread.

13 "It *lodged* where I *lodged*," or *dwelt*. *Kept* was often used so.

14 *Condolements* here seems to mean *sharings*, *doles* or *dolings in common*; and *'vails* is *perquisites* or *avails*.

15 *Rapture* was used for any *violent seizure*.

Only, my friends, I yet am unprovided
Of a pair of bases.[16]

2 Fish. We'll sure provide thee: thou shalt have my best gown to make thee a pair: and I'll bring thee to the Court myself.

Per. Then honour be but goal unto my will,
This day I'll rise, or else add ill to ill. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. — *The Same. A public Way or Platform leading to the Lists. A Pavilion by the side of it for the reception of the* King, Princess, Lords, &c.

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Lords, *and Attendants.*

Sim. Are the knights ready to begin the triumph?

1 Lord. They are, my liege;
And stay your coming to present themselves.

Sim. Return them, we are ready;[1] and our daughter,
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, whom Nature gat
For men to see, and seeing wonder at. [*Exit a* Lord.

Thai. It pleaseth you, my royal father, to express
My commendations great, whose merit's less.

Sim. It's fit it should be so; for princes are
A model, which Heaven makes like to itself:
As jewels lose their glory if neglected,
So princes their renown if not respected.
'Tis now your honour, daughter, to explain
The labour of each knight in his device.

Thai. Which, to preserve mine honour, I'll perform.

[16] *Bases* is thus explained by Nares: "A kind of embroidered mantle which hung down from about the middle to about the knees or lower, worn by knights on horseback." So in Massinger's *Picture*: "It appears, your petticoat serves for *bases* to this warrior."

[1] Meaning "return them *word* that we are ready."

Enter a Knight; *he passes over, and his* Squire *presents his shield to the* Princess.

Sim. Who is the first that doth prefer himself?
Thai. A knight of Sparta, my renownèd father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is a black Æthiop reaching at the Sun;
The word,[2] *Lux tua vita mihi.*
Sim. He loves you well that holds his life of you.
[*The Second* Knight *passes over.*
Who is the second that presents himself?
Thai. A prince of Macedon, my royal father;
And the device he bears upon his shield
Is an arm'd knight that's conquer'd by a lady;
The motto thus, in Spanish, *Piu por dulzura que por fuerza.*[3]
[*The Third* Knight *passes over.*
Sim. And what's the third?
Thai. The third of Antioch;
And his device, a wreath of chivalry;
The word, *Me pompæ provexit apex.*[4]
[*The Fourth* Knight *passes over.*
Sim. What is the fourth?
Thai. A burning torch that's turnèd upside down;
The word, *Quod me alit, me extinguit.*[5]
Sim. Which shows that beauty hath his power and will,
Which can as well inflame as it can kill.
[*The Fifth* Knight *passes over.*

[2] *The word* is the *mot*, or *motto* inscribed on the shield. Here the motto is, "Thy light is life to me."

[3] "More by sweetness than by force."—The first word of this motto is Italian; the rest Spanish. "That the author," says Dyce, "should commence his *Spanish* motto with an *Italian* word will appear strange only to such readers as are not aware how frequently our early writers jumble those two languages together."

[4] "A crown of honour carries me onward."

[5] "I am extinguished by that which nourishes me."

Thai. The fifth, an hand environèd with clouds,
Holding out gold that's by the touchstone tried;
The motto thus, *Sic spectanda fides.*[6]

[*The Sixth* Knight (PERICLES) *passes over.*

Sim. And what's
The sixth and last, the which the knight himself
With such a graceful courtesy deliver'd?

Thai. He seems to be a stranger; but his present is
A wither'd branch, that's only green at top;
The motto, *In hac spe vivo.*[7]

Sim. A pretty moral;
From the dejected state wherein he is,
He hopes by you his fortunes yet may flourish.

1 Lord. He had need mean better than his outward show
Can any way speak in his just commend;
For, by his rusty outside, he appears
T' have practised more the whipstock than the lance.

2 Lord. He well may be a stranger, for he comes
To an honour'd triumph strangely furnishèd.

3 Lord. And on set purpose let his armour rust
Until this day, to scour it in the dust.

Sim. Opinion's but a fool, that makes us scan
The outward habit by the inward man.[8]
But stay, the knights are coming: we'll withdraw
Into the gallery. [*Exeunt.*

[*Great shouts within, all crying* The mean knight!

6 "So fidelity is to be tested."

7 "In this hope do I live."

8 "That makes us scan the inward man by the outward habit," is the meaning. Such inversions are not uncommon in old writers.

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Hall of State; a Banquet prepared.*

Enter SIMONIDES, THAISA, Ladies, Lords, Knights, *and* Attendants.

Sim. Knights,
To say you're welcome were superfluous.
To place upon the volume of your deeds,
As in a title-page, your worth in arms,
Were more than you expect, or more than's fit,
Since every worth in show commends itself.
Prepare for mirth, for mirth becomes a feast:
You are princes and my guests.
Thai. But you, my knight and guest;
To whom this wreath of victory I give,
And crown you king of this day's happiness.
Per. 'Tis more by fortune, lady, than by merit.
Sim. Call it by what you will, the day is yours;
And here, I hope, is none that envies it.
In framing an artist, art hath thus decreed,
To make some good, but others to exceed;
And you're her labour'd scholar.—Come, queen o' the feast,—
For, daughter, so you are,—here take your place.—
Marshal the rest, as they deserve their grace.
Knights. We're honour'd much by good Simonides.
Sim. Your presence glads our days: honour we love;
For who hates honour hates the gods above.
Marshal. Sir, yonder is your place.
Per. Some other is more fit.
1 Knight. Contend not, sir; for we are gentlemen
That neither in our hearts nor outward eyes
Envy the great nor do the low despise.

Per. You are right courteous knights.
Sim. Sit, sir, sit. —
By Jove, I wonder, that is king of thoughts,
These cates resist me, he but thought upon.[1]
Thai. By Juno, that is queen
Of marriage, all viands that I eat
Do seem unsavoury, wishing him my meat.
Sure, he's a gallant gentleman.
Sim. He's but a country gentleman;
Has done no more than other knights have done;
Has broken a staff or so; so let it pass.
Thai. To me he seems like diamond to glass.
Per. Yon King's to me like to my father's picture,
Which tells me in that glory once he was;
Had princes sit, like stars, about his throne,
And he the sun, for them to reverence;
None that beheld him, but, like lesser lights,
Did vail[2] their crowns to his supremacy:
Where[3] now his son's like glow-worm in the night,
The which hath fire in darkness, none in light;
Whereby I see that Time's the king of men,
For he's their parent, and he is their grave,
And gives them what he will, not what they crave.
Sim. What, are you merry, knights?
1 Knight. Who can be other in this royal presence?

[1] The meaning is, "I cannot eat, for thinking on the stranger knight"; *he* referring to Pericles. So in Wilkins's novel: "As it were by some divine operation, both king and daughter at one instant were so strucke in love with the noblenesse of his woorth, that they could not spare so much time to satisfie themselves with the delicacie of their viands, for talking of his prayses."

[2] To *vail* is to *lower*, to *let fall*. See vol. xviii. page 253, note 14.

[3] *Where*, again, for *whereas*. — This, also, is in the novel: "Pericles, on the other side, observing the dignity wherein the king sate, that so many princes came to honour him, so many peeres stoode ready to attend him, hee was strucke with present sorrow by remembering the losse of his owne."

Sim. Here, with a cup that's stored unto the brim, —
As you do love, fill to your mistress' lips, —
We drink this health to you.
Knights. We thank your Grace.
Sim. Yet pause awhile :
Yon knight doth sit too melancholy,
As if the entertainment in our Court
Had not a show might countervail his worth. —
Note it not you, Thaisa?
Thai. What is it
To me, my father?
Sim. O, attend, my daughter :
Princes, in this, should live like gods above,
Who freely give to every one that comes
To honour them :
And princes not doing so are like to gnats,
Which make a sound, but still ne'er wonder'd at.
Therefore, to make his entertain more sweet
Here, say we drink this standing-bowl of wine to him.
Thai. Alas, my father, it befits not me
Unto a stranger knight to be so bold :
He may my proffer take for an offence,
Since men take women's gifts for impudence.
Sim. How!
Do as I bid you, or you'll move me else.
Thai. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, he could not please me better.
Sim. And further tell him, we desire to know
Of whence he is, his name and parentage.
Thai. The King my father, sir, has drunk to you ; —
Per. I thank him.
Thai. — Wishing it so much blood unto your life.
Per. I thank both him and you, and pledge him freely.
Thai. And further he desires to know of you,

Of whence you are, your name and parentage.
Per. A gentleman of Tyre; my name is Pericles;
My education's been in arts and arms;
Who, looking for adventures in the world,
Was by the rough seas reft of ships and men,
And, after shipwreck, driven upon this shore.
Thai. He thanks your Grace; names himself Pericles,
A gentleman of Tyre, who only by
Misfortune of the sea has been bereft
Of ships and men, and cast upon this shore.
Sim. Now, by the gods, I pity his misfortune,
And will awake him from his melancholy.—
Come, gentlemen, we sit too long on trifles,
And waste the time, which looks for other revels.
Even in your armours, as you are address'd,[4]
Will very well become a soldier's dance.
I will not have excuse, with saying this
Loud music is too harsh for ladies' heads,
Since they love men in arms as well as beds.
[*The* Knights *dance.*
So, this was well ask'd, 'twas so well perform'd.—
[*To* PERICLES.] Come, sir;
Here is a lady that wants breathing[5] too:
And I have heard, you knights of Tyre
Are excellent in making ladies trip;
And that their measures are as excellent.
Per. In those that practise them they are, my lord.
Sim. O, that's as much as you would be denied
Of your fair courtesy.— [*The* Knights *and* Ladies *dance.*
Unclasp, unclasp:
Thanks, gentlemen, to all; all have done well,—

[4] As you are *prepared* for combat. A frequent use of *address'd.*
[5] *Breathing* is *exercise.* Often so. See vol. xiv. page 307, note 36.

[*To* PERICLES.] But you the best. — Pages and lights, to conduct
These knights unto their several lodgings! — [*To* PERICLES.] Yours, sir,
We've given order to be next our own.
Per. I am at your Grace's pleasure.
Sim. Princes, it is too late to talk of love;
And that's the mark I know you level at:
Therefore each one betake him to his rest;
To-morrow all for speeding do their best. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *Tyre. A Room in the* Governor's *House.*

Enter HELICANUS *and* ESCANES.

Hel. No, Escanes; know this of me,
Antiochus from incest lived not free:
For which, the most high gods not minding longer
To withhold the vengeance that they had in store,
Due to this heinous capital offence,
Even in the height and pride of all his glory,
When he was seated in a chariot of
Inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their bodies, even to loathing; for they so stunk,
That all those eyes adored them ere their fall
Scorn now their hand should give them burial.
Esca. 'Twas very strange.
Hel. And yet but justice; for, though
This King were great, his greatness was no guard
To bar Heaven's shaft, but sin had his reward.
Esca. 'Tis very true.

Enter two or three Lords.

1 Lord. See, not a man in private conference

Or council has respect with him but he.

2 Lord. It shall no longer grieve without reproof.

3 Lord. And cursed be he that will not second it.

1 Lord. Follow me, then. — Lord Helicane, a word.

Hel. With me? and welcome. — Happy day, my lords!

1 Lord. Know that our griefs are risen to the top,
And now at length they overflow their banks.

Hel. Your griefs! for what? wrong not the Prince you love.

1 Lord. Wrong not yourself, then, noble Helicane;
But, if the Prince do live, let us salute him,
Or know what ground's made happy by his breath.
If in the world he live, we'll seek him out;
If in his grave he rest, we'll find him there;
And be resolved[1] he lives to govern us,
Or, dead, gives cause to mourn his funeral,
And leaves us to our free election.

2 Lord. Whose death's indeed the strongest in our censure:[2]
And, knowing this kingdom, if without a head, —
Like goodly buildings left without a roof, —
Will soon to ruin fall, your noble self,
That best know'st how to rule and how to reign,
We thus submit unto, — our sovereign.

All. Live, noble Helicane!

Hel. For honour's cause, forbear your suffrages:
If that you love Prince Pericles, forbear.
Take I your wish, I leap into the seat,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease.
A twelvemonth longer, let me you entreat
Still to forbear the absence of your King;

1 *Resolved* is *assured* or *satisfied.* Often so.

2 Here, as usual, *censure* is *judgment* or *opinion.* *Strongest* for *most probable.*

If in which time expired he not return,
I shall with agèd patience bear your yoke.
But, if I cannot win you to this love,
Go search like noblemen, like noble subjects,
And in your search spend your adventurous worth;
Whom if you find, and win unto return,
You shall like diamonds sit about his crown.

1 Lord. To wisdom he's a fool that will not yield;
And, since Lord Helicane enjoineth us,
We with our travels will endeavour it.

Hel. Then you love us, we you, and we'll clasp hands:
When peers thus knit, a kingdom ever stands. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*Pentapolis. A Room in the Palace.*

Enter SIMONIDES, *reading a letter: the* Knights *meet him.*

1 Knight. Good morrow to the good Simonides.

Sim. Knights, from my daughter this I let you know,
That for this twelvemonth she'll not undertake
A married life.
Her reason to herself is only known,
Which yet from her by no means can I get.

2 Knight. May we not get access to her, my lord?

Sim. Faith, by no means; she hath so strictly tied her
To her chamber, that it is impossible.
One twelve moons more she'll wear Diana's livery;
This by the eye of Cynthia hath she vow'd,
And on her virgin honour will not break it.

3 Knight. Loth to bid farewell, we take our leaves.
[*Exeunt* Knights.

Sim. So,
They're well dispatch'd; now to my daughter's letter.
She tells me here, she'll wed the stranger knight,
Or never more to view nor day nor light.

Mistress, 'tis well; your choice agrees with mine;
I like that well: nay, how absolute she's in't,
Not minding whether I dislike or no!
Well, I do commend her choice;
And will no longer have it be delay'd.
Soft! here he comes: I must dissemble it.

Enter PERICLES.

Per. All fortune to the good Simonides!
Sim. To you as much, sir! I'm beholding to you
For your sweet music this last night: I do
Protest, my ears were never better fed
With such delightful pleasing harmony.
Per. It is your Grace's pleasure to commend;
Not my desert.
Sim. Sir, you are music's master.
Per. The worst of all her scholars, my good lord.
Sim. Let me ask you one thing:
What do you think of my daughter, sir?
Per. A most virtuous princess.
Sim. And she is fair too, is she not?
Per. As a fair day in Summer,—wondrous fair.
Sim. Sir, my daughter thinks very well of you;
Ay, so well, that you must be her master,
And she will be your scholar: therefore look to it.
Per. I am unworthy for her schoolmaster.
Sim. She thinks not so; peruse this writing else.
Per. [*Aside.*] What's here?
A letter, that she loves the knight of Tyre?
'Tis the King's subtlety to have my life.—
O, seek not to entrap me, gracious lord,
A stranger and distressèd gentleman,
That never aim'd so high to love your daughter,
But bent all offices to honour her.

Sim. Thou hast bewitch'd my daughter, and thou art
A villain.
Per. By the gods, I have not:
Never did thought of mine levy offence;
Nor never did my actions yet commence
A deed might gain her love or your displeasure.
Sim. Traitor, thou liest.
Per. Traitor!
Sim. Ay, traitor.
Per. Even in his throat — unless it be the King —
That calls me traitor, I return the lie.
Sim. [*Aside.*] Now, by the gods, I do applaud his courage.
Per. My actions are as noble as my thoughts,
That never relish'd of a base descent.
I came unto your Court for honour's cause,
And not to be a rebel to your State;
And he that otherwise accounts of me,
This sword shall prove he's honour's enemy.
Sim. No?
Here comes my daughter, she can witness it.

Enter THAISA.

Per. Then, as you are as virtuous as fair,
Resolve your angry father, if my tongue
Did e'er solicit, or my hand subscribe
To any syllable that made love to you.
Thai. Why, sir, say if you had,
Who takes offence at that would make me glad?
Sim. Yea, mistress, are you so perémptory? —
[*Aside.*] I am glad on't with all my heart. —
I'll tame you; I'll bring you in subjection.
Will you, not having my consent,
Bestow your love and your affections

Upon a stranger? — [*Aside.*] who, for aught I know,
May be — nor can I think the contrary —
As great in blood as I myself. —
Therefore hear you, mistress: Either frame
Your will to mine, — and you, sir, hear you,
Either be ruled by me, or I will make you —
Man and wife.
Nay, come, your hands and lips must seal it too;
And, being join'd, I'll thus your hopes destroy; —
And, for a further grief, — God give you joy! —
What, are you both pleased?
Thai. Yes, — if you love me, sir.
Per. Even as my life, or blood that fosters it.
Sim. What, are you both agreed?
Both. Yes, if't please your Majesty.
Sim. It pleaseth me so well, that I will see you wed;
Then with what haste you can get you to bed. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Now sleep yslakèd hath the rout;
No din but snores the house about,
Made louder by the o'er-fed breast
Of this most pompous marriage-feast.
The cat, with eyne of burning coal,
Now couches 'fore the mouse's hole;
And crickets sing at th' oven's mouth,
Aye the blither for their drouth.
Hymen hath brought the bride to bed,
Where, by the loss of maidenhead,
A babe is moulded. Be attent,

And time that is so briefly spent
With your fine fancies quaintly eche:[1]
What's dumb in show I'll plain with speech.

DUMB-SHOW.

Enter, from one side, PERICLES *and* SIMONIDES *with* Attendants; *a* Messenger *meets them, kneels, and gives* PERICLES *a letter: he shows it to* SIMONIDES; *the* Lords *kneel to* PERICLES.[2] *Then enter* THAISA *with child, and* LYCHORIDA. SIMONIDES *shows his Daughter the letter; she rejoices: she and* PERICLES *take leave of her Father, and depart with* LYCHORIDA *and their* Attendants. *Then exeunt* SIMONIDES *and the rest.*

By many a dern and painful perch,[3]
Of Pericles the careful search,
By the four opposing coigns[4]
Which the world together joins,
Is made with all due diligence
That horse and sail and high expense
Can stead the quest.[5] At last from Tyre —

[1] *Eche* is an old form of *eke*, found in Gower and Chaucer. Of course the meaning is *eke out.*

[2] The lords kneel to Pericles, because they are now, for the first time, informed by this letter, that he is King of Tyre. By the death of Antiochus and his daughter, Pericles has also succeeded to the throne of Antioch, in consequence of having rightly interpreted the riddle proposed to him.

[3] *Dearn* signifies *lonely, solitary.* A *perch* is *a measure of five yards and a half.* But I cannot see that the word has any use or meaning here, except to rhyme with *search.*

[4] *Coignes* is *corners;* so used twice by Shakespeare. The four corners of the world are here supposed to be joined or held together by what is between them, as the four corners of a building are. The meaning of the passage, reduced to plain English is, that a careful search after Pericles is made in all quarters of the world, and with all the diligence that art and nature furnish means for, or render possible.

[5] *Quest* is *search.* To *stead* is to *serve*, to *befriend*, to *aid.*

Fame answering the most strange inquire
To th' Court of King Simonides
Are letters brought, the tenour these:
Antiochus and his daughter dead;
The men of Tyrus on the head
Of Helicanus would set on
The crown of Tyre, but he will none:
The mutiny he there hastes t' oppress;[6]
Says to 'em, if King Pericles
Come not home in twice six moons,
He, obedient to their dooms,
Will take the crown. The sum of this,
Brought hither to Pentapolis,
Yravishèd the regions round,
And every one with claps can[7] sound,
Our heir-apparent is a king!
Who dream'd, who thought of such a thing?
Brief, he must hence depart to Tyre:
His Queen with child makes her desire —
Which who shall cross? — along to go:
Omit we all their dole and woe:
Lychorida, her nurse, she takes,
And so to sea. Their vessel shakes
On Neptune's billow; half the flood
Hath their keel cut: but fortune's mood
Varies again; the grisly North
Disgorges such a tempest forth,
That, as a duck for life that dives,
So up and down the poor ship drives:
The lady shrieks, and, well-a-near![8]

6 To *oppress* here means to *repress* or *put down;* to *quell.*

7 *Can*, in the sense of *gan* or *began*, was going out of use in Shakespeare's time; but Spenser has it repeatedly.

8 An exclamation equivalent to *well-a-day.*

Does fall in travail with her fear;
And what ensues in this fell storm
Shall for itself itself perform.
I nill relate, action may
Conveniently the rest convey;
Which might not what by me is told.
In your imagination hold
This stage the ship,[9] upon whose deck
The sea-tost Pericles appears, to speak. [*Exit.*

*SCENE I. — *On Shipboard.*

**Enter* PERICLES.

**Per.* Thou god of this great vast,[1] rebuke these surges,
*Which wash both heaven and hell! and thou, that hast
*Upon the winds command, bind them in brass,
*Having recall'd them from the deep! O, still
*Thy deafening, dreadful thunders! gently quench
*Thy nimble, sulphurous flashes! — O, how, Lychorida,
*How does my Queen? — Thou stormest venomously;
*Wilt thou spit all thyself?[2] — The seaman's whistle
*Is as a whisper in the ears of death,
*Unheard. — Lychorida! — Lucina, O
*Divinest patroness and midwife gentle
*To those that cry by night, convey thy deity

[9] It is clear from these lines that, when the play was originally performed, no attempt was made to exhibit either a sea or a ship.

[1] It should be remembered that Pericles is supposed to speak from the deck. Lychorida, on whom he calls, is supposed to be in the cabin beneath. — "This great *vast*" is this *wide waste* or *void;* like the Latin *vastus.* See vol. vii. page 140, note 4. — After the dull and dreary scenes that precede, how refreshing it is at last to strike upon a vein of genuine Shakespeare!

[2] "Spit *all* thyself" is equivalent to "spit *forth* thyself *altogether;* that is, *spend thy rage entirely.* Such is not unfrequently the force of *all.* See vol. xv. page 137, note 10.

*Aboard our dancing boat; make swift the pangs
*Of my Queen's travail! —

Enter LYCHORIDA, *with an* Infant.

*Now, Lychorida!
**Lyc.* Here is a thing too young for such a place,
*Who, if it had conceit,[3] would die, as I
*Am like to do: take in your arms this piece
*Of your dead Queen.
**Per.* How, how, Lychorida!
**Lyc.* Patience, good sir! do not assist the storm.
*Here's all that is left living of your Queen, —
*A little daughter: for the sake of it,
*Be manly, and take comfort.
**Per.* O you gods!
*Why do you make us love your goodly gifts,
*And snatch them straight away? We here below
*Recall not what we give, and therein may
*Vie honour with you.[4]
**Lyc.* Patience, good sir,
*Even for this charge.
**Per.* Now, mild may be thy life!
*For a more blusterous birth had never babe:
*Quiet and gentle thy conditions![5] for
*Thou art the rudeliest welcome to this world
*That e'er was prince's child. Happy what follows!
*Thou hast as chiding a nativity
*As fire, air, water, earth, and heaven can make,
*To herald thee from the womb:[6] even at the first

[3] *Conceit*, here, is *thought*, *knowledge*, or *consciousness*.

[4] "*Contend with* or *rival* you in honour." See vol. ii. page 184, note 15. Also, vol. xvi. page 147, note 12.

[5] *Conditions* are *qualities*, dispositions of mind.

[6] A part of this most Shakespearian passage is found in the novel. The words in Italic will show that one of the Poet's most characteristic expres-

*Thy loss is more than can thy portage quit,[7]
*With all thou canst find here. — Now, the good gods
*Throw their best eyes upon't !

**Enter two* Sailors*:*

**1 Sail.* What courage, sir? God save you!
**Per.* Courage enough: I do not fear the flaw;[8]
*It hath done to me the worst. Yet, for the love
*Of this poor infant, this fresh-new seafarer,
*I would it would be quiet.
**1 Sail.* Slack the bolins[9] there! —
*Thou wilt not, wilt thou? Blow, and split thyself!
**2 Sail.* But sea-room, an
*The brine and cloudy billow kiss the Moon
*I care not.
**1 Sail.* Sir, your Queen must overboard:
*The sea works high, the wind is loud, and will not
*Lie till the ship be clearèd of the dead.
**Per.* That is your superstition.
**1 Sail.* Pardon us, sir:
*With us at sea it hath been still observed;
*And we are strong in custom: therefore briefly
*Yield her, for she must o'erboard straight.

sions has been lost out of the text: "*Poor inch of nature!* quoth he, thou art as rudely welcome to the world, as ever princess' babe was; and hast as chiding a nativity, as fire, air, earth, and water can afford thee."

[7] That is, "thou hast already lost more by the death of thy mother, than thy safe arrival at the port of life can requite, with all to boot that we can give thee." *Portage* is here used for *conveyance* into life; and *quit* for *requite* is very frequent.

[8] A *flaw* is a stormy gust of wind. See vol. xviii. page 315, note 7.

[9] The *bolins*, or *bowlines*, are the ropes by which the sails of a ship are governed when the wind is unfavourable: they are slackened when it is high. — "Blow, and split thyself," refers to the old pictorial representation of the winds, which was an image of a man with his cheeks puffed out almost to cracking. So in *King Lear*, iii. 2: "Blow, winds, and *crack your cheeks!*" See, also, vol. vii. page 10, note 3.

*Per. As you
*Think meet. — Most wretched Queen !
*Lyc. Here she lies, sir.
*Per. A terrible childbed hast thou had, my dear ;
*No light, no fire : th' unfriendly elements
*Forgot thee utterly ; nor have I time
*To give thee hallow'd to thy grave, but straight
*Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd, in the ooze ;
*Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
*And aye-remaining lamps,[10] the belching whale
*And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
*Lying with simple shells. — O Lychorida,
*Bid Nestor bring me spices, ink and paper,
*My casket and my jewels ; and bid Nicander
*Bring me the satin coffer : lay the babe
*Upon the pillow : hie thee, whiles I say
*A priestly farewell to her ;
*Suddenly, woman. [*Exit* LYCHORIDA.
*2 *Sail.* Sir, we have a chest
*Beneath the hatches, caulk'd and bitumed ready.
*Per. I thank thee. Mariner, say what coast is this?
*2 *Sail.* We are near Tarsus.
*Per. Thither, gentle mariner,
*Alter thy course for Tyre.[11] When canst thou reach it?
*2 *Sail.* By break of day, if the wind cease.
*Per. O, make for Tarsus ! —
*There will I visit Cleon, for the babe
*Cannot hold out to Tyrus : there I'll leave it
*At careful nursing. — Go thy ways, good mariner :
*I'll bring the body presently. [*Exeunt.*

10 This is in accordance with the usages of ancient sepulture : within old monuments, lamps were supposed to be kept ever burning. — "*For* a monument" is *instead* of a monument.

11 "Change thy course, which is now *for Tyre*, and go to *Tarsus*."

*SCENE II. — *Ephesus. A Room in* CERIMON'S *House.*

**Enter* CERIMON, *a* Servant, *and some* Persons *who have been shipwrecked.*

**Cer.* Philemon, ho!

**Enter* PHILEMON.

**Phil.* Doth my lord call?
**Cer.* Get fire and meat for these poor men:
*'T has been a turbulent and stormy night.
**Serv.* I've been in many; but such a night as this,
*Till now, I ne'er endured.
**Cer.* Your master will be dead ere you return;
*There's nothing can be minister'd to nature
*That can recover him. — [*To* PHILEMON.] Give this to th' 'pothecary,
*And tell me how it works. [*Exeunt all but* CERIMON.

**Enter two* Gentlemen.

**1 Gent.* Good morrow, sir.
**2 Gent.* Good morrow to your lordship.
**Cer.* Gentlemen,
*Why do you stir so early?
**1 Gent.* Sir,
*Our lodgings, standing bleak upon the sea,
*Shook as the earth did quake;
*The very principals [1] did seem to rend,
*And all to-topple: pure surprise and fear
*Made me to quit the house.
**2 Gent.* That is the cause we trouble you so early;
*'Tis not our husbandry.[2]

[1] The *principals* are the strongest timbers in a building, such as the corner-posts. — In *all to-topple* both *all* and *to* are merely intensive or augmentative. See vol. vi. page 90, note 6.

[2] *Husbandry* is *thrift* or *economy; time-saving*. Repeatedly so.

**Cer.* O, you say well.
**1 Gent.* But, I much marvel that your lordship, having
*Rich tire about you, should at these early hours
*Shake off the golden slumber of repose.
*'Tis most strange,
*Nature should be so conversant with pain,
*Being thereto not compell'd.
**Cer.* I held it ever,
*Virtue and cunning[3] were endowments greater
*Than nobleness and riches: careless heirs
*May the two latter darken and expend;
*But immortality attends the former,
*Making a man a god. 'Tis known, I ever
*Have studied physic, through which secret art,
*By turning o'er authorities, I have —
*Together with my practice — made familiar
*To me and to my aid the blest infusions
*That dwell in vegetives, in metals, stones;
*And I can speak of the disturbances
*That Nature works, and of her cures; which gives me
*A more [4] content in course of true delight
*Than to be thirsty after tottering honour,
*Or tie my treasure up in silken bags,
*To please the Fool and Death.[5]

[3] *Wisdom, knowledge, skill* are among the old senses of *cunning.*

[4] *More* for *greater* was a common usage. See vol. x. page 19, note 5.

[5] Steevens had seen an old Flemish print in which *Death* was exhibited in the act of plundering a miser of his bags, and the *Fool* (discriminated by his bauble, &c.) was standing behind and grinning at the process. The Dance of Death appears to have been anciently a popular exhibition. A venerable and aged clergyman informed Steevens that he had once been a spectator of it. The dance consisted of *Death's* contrivances to surprise the *Merry-Andrew*, and of the *Merry-Andrew's* efforts to elude the stratagems of *Death*, by whom at last he was overpowered; his finale being attended with such circumstances as mark the exit of the Dragon of Wantley.

*2 *Gent.* Your honour has
*Through Ephesus pour'd forth your charity;
*And hundreds call themselves your creatures, who
*By you have been restored; and not[6] your knowledge,
*Your personal pain, but even your purse, still-open,
*Hath built Lord Cerimon such strong renown
*As time shall never raze.

Enter two or three Servants *with a chest.*

*1 *Serv.* So; lift there.
**Cer.* What is that?
*1 *Serv.* Sir, even now
*Did the sea toss upon our shore this chest:
*'Tis of some wreck.
**Cer.* Set't down, let's look upon't.
*2 *Gent.* 'Tis like a coffin, sir.
**Cer.* Whate'er it be,
*'Tis wonderous heavy. Wrench it open straight:
*If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold,
*It is a good constraint of fortune, that
*It belches upon us.
*2 *Gent.* 'Tis so, my lord.
**Cer.* How close 'tis caulk'd and bitumed! Did the sea
*Cast it up?
*1 *Serv.* I never saw so huge a billow, sir,
*As toss'd it upon shore.
**Cer.* Wrench't open; soft!
*It smells most sweetly in my sense.
*2 *Gent.* A delicate odour.
**Cer.* As ever hit my nostril. So, up with it.—
*O you most potent gods! what's here? a corse!
*1 *Gent.* Most strange!

[6] *Not* is here put for *not only*. See vol. xviii. page 275, note 7.

**Cer.* Shrouded in cloth of state; balm'd and entreasured
*With bags of spices full! A passport too!—
*Apollo, perfect me i' the characters! [*Reads from a scroll.*

**Here I give to understand,—*
**If e'er this coffin drive a-land,—*
**I, King Pericles, have lost*
**This Queen, worth all our mundane cost.*
**Who finds her, give her burying;*
**She was the daughter of a king:*
**Besides this treasure for a fee,*
**The gods requite his charity!*

*If thou livest, Pericles, thou hast a heart
*That even cracks for woe!—This chanced to-night.

**1 Gent.* Most likely, sir.

**Cer.* Nay, certainly to-night;
*For look how fresh she looks! They were too rough
*That threw her in the sea. Make fire within:
*Fetch hither all my boxes in my closet.— [*Exit a* Servant.
*Death may usurp on nature many hours,
*And yet the fire of life kindle again
*The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
*That had nine hours lien dead,
*Who was by good appliances recover'd.—

**Re-enter the* Servant, *with boxes, napkins, and fire.*

*Well said, well said;[7] the fire and cloths.—
*The rough and woeful music that we have,
*Cause it to sound, beseech you.
*The viol once more;—how thou stirr'st, thou block!—
*The music there!—I pray you, give her air.—
*Gentlemen, this Queen will live: nature awakes;
*A warmth breathes out of her: she hath not been

[7] *Well said* is a phrase of frequent occurrence for *well done.*

*Entranced above five hours: see how she 'gins
*To blow into life's flower again!
*1 *Gent.* The Heavens,
*Through you, increase our wonder, and set up
*Your fame for ever.
**Cer.* She's alive! behold,
*Her eyelids, cases to those heavenly jewels
*Which Pericles hath lost, begin to part
*Their fringes of bright gold; the diamonds
*Of a most prizèd water do appear,
*To make the world twice rich. — O, live, and make
*Us weep to hear your fate, fair creature,
*Rare as you seem to be! [*She moves.*
**Thai.* O dear Diana,
*Where am I? Where's my lord? What world is this?
*2 *Gent.* Is not this strange?
*1 *Gent.* Most rare.
**Cer.* Hush, gentle neighbours!
*Lend me your hands; to the next chamber bear her.
*Get linen: now this matter must be look'd to,
*For her relapse is mortal. Come, come;
*And Æsculapius guide us! [*Exeunt, carrying out* THAISA.

*SCENE III. — *Tarsus. A Room in the* Governor's *House.*

**Enter* PERICLES, CLEON, DIONYZA, *and* LYCHORIDA *with* MARINA *in her arms.*

**Per.* Most honour'd Cleon, I must needs be gone:
*My twelve months are expired, and Tyrus stands
*In a litigious peace. You, and your lady,
*Take from my heart all thankfulness! The gods
*Make up the rest upon you!
**Cle.* Your shafts of fortune, though they hurt you mortally,

*Yet glance full wanderingly on us.
*Dion. O your sweet Queen!
*That the strict Fates had pleased you had brought her hither,
*T' have bless'd mine eyes with her!
*Per. We cannot but obey
*The powers above us. Could I rage and roar
*As doth the sea she lies in, yet the end
*Must be as 'tis. My gentle babe Marina — whom,
*For she was born at sea, I've named so — here
*I charge your charity withal, leaving her
*The infant of your care; beseeching you
*To give her princely training, that she may be
*Manner'd as she is born.
*Cle. Fear not, my lord, but think
*Your Grace, that fed my country with your corn, —
*For which the people's prayers still fall upon you, —
*Must in your child be thought on. If neglection
*Should therein make me vile, the common body,
*By you relieved, would force me to my duty:
*But if to that my nature need a spur,
*The gods revenge it upon me and mine,
*To th' end of generation!
*Per. I believe you;
*Your honour and your goodness teach me to't,
*Without your vows. — Till she be married, madam,
*By bright Diana, whom we honour, all
*Unscissar'd shall this hair of mine remain,
*Though I show ill in't. So I take my leave.
*Good madam, make me blessèd in your care
*In bringing up my child.
*Dion. I've one myself,
*Who shall not be more dear to my respect
*Than yours, my lord.

**Per.* Madam, my thanks and prayers.
**Cle.* We'll bring your Grace e'en to the edge o' the shore,
*Then give you up to the vast Neptune and
*The gentlest winds of heaven.
**Per.* I will embrace
*Your offer. — Come, dearest Madam. — O, no tears,
*Lychorida, no tears!
*Look to your little mistress, on whose grace
*You may depend hereafter. — Come, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE IV. — *Ephesus. A Room in* CERIMON'S *House.*

**Enter* CERIMON *and* THAISA.

**Cer.* Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,
*Lay with you in your coffer; which are now
*At your command. Know you the character?
**Thai.* It is my lord's.
*That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,
*Even on my eaning time; but whether there
*I was deliver'd, by the holy gods,
*I cannot rightly say. But, since King Pericles,
*My wedded lord, I ne'er shall see again,
*A vestal livery will I take me to,
*And never more have joy.
**Cer.* Madam, if this you purpose as ye speak,
*Diana's temple is not distant far,
*Where, till your date expire, you may abide.
*Moreover, if you please, a niece of mine
*Shall there attend you.
**Thai.* My recompense is thanks, that's all;
*Yet my good-will is great, though the gift small. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

Enter GOWER.

Gow. Imagine Pericles arrived at Tyre,
Welcomed and settled to his own desire.
His woeful Queen we leave at Ephesus,
Unto Diana there a votaress.
Now to Marina bend your mind,
Whom our fast-growing scene must find
At Tarsus, and by Cleon train'd
In music, letters; who hath gain'd
Of education all the grace,
Which makes her both the heart and place
Of general wonder. But, alack,
That monster envy, oft the wrack
Of earnèd praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife,
And in his kind.[1] Cleon doth own
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; this maid
Hight[2] Philoten: and it is said
For certain in our story, she
Would ever with Marina be:
Be't when she weaved the sleided silk[3]
With fingers long, small, white as milk;
Or when she would with sharp neeld wound

[1] *His* for *its*, referring to *envy*. *In his kind* means, apparently, *as its manner is*, or *according to its nature*. *Kind* in the sense of *nature* occurs repeatedly. See vol. xvi. page 156, note 31.

[2] *Hight* is an old word for *is called*. See vol. iii. page 82, note 13.

[3] *Sleided* silk, according to Percy, is "untwisted silk, prepared to be used in the weaver's *sley* or *slay*."

The cambric, which she made more sound
By hurting it; or when to th' lute
She sung, and made the night-bird mute,
That still records [4] with moan; or when
She would with rich and constant pen
Vail [5] to her mistress Dian; still
This Philoten contends in skill
With absolute [6] Marina: so
With the dove of Paphos might the crow
Vie feathers white. Marina gets
All praises, which are paid as debts,
And not as given. This so darks
In Philoten all graceful marks,
That Cleon's wife, with envy rare,
A present murderer does prepare
For good Marina, that her daughter
Might stand peerless by this slaughter.
The sooner her vile thoughts to stead,
Lychorida, our nurse, is dead:
And cursèd Dionyza hath
The pregnant [7] instrument of wrath
Prest for this blow. Th' unborn event
I do commend to your content: [8]
Only I carry wingèd time
Post on the lame feet of my rhyme;

[4] The reference is to the nightingale; and *records* is *sings*, or *warbles*. See vol. i. page 239, note 1.

[5] *Vail*, here, probably means *do homage*; a sense kindred to that in which it has occurred before. See page 42, note 2.

[6] That is, *highly accomplished, perfect*. So in Green's *Tu Quoque*: "From an *absolute* and most complete gentleman, to a most absurd, ridiculous, and fond lover."

[7] *Pregnant* here means *prompt* or *apt*. *Prest* is *ready*.

[8] *Content* for *contentment*. The meaning seems to be, "I recommend you to be satisfied with the final result."

Which never could I so convey,
Unless your thoughts went on my way.
Dionyza does appear,
With Leonine, a murderer. [*Exit.*

*SCENE I.— *Tarsus. An open Place near the Sea-shore.*

**Enter* DIONYZA *and* LEONINE.

**Dion.* Thy oath remember; thou hast sworn to do't:
*'Tis but a blow, which never shall be known.
*Thou canst not do a thing i' the world so soon,
*To yield thee so much profit. Let not conscience,
*Which is but cold, enforcing law, thy bosom
*Inform too nicely;[1] nor let pity, which
*Even women have cast off, melt thee, but be
*A soldier to thy purpose.
**Leon.* I'll do't; but yet she is a goodly creature.
**Dion.* The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here
*She comes still weeping her old nurse's death.
*Thou art resolved?
**Leon.* I am resolved.

**Enter* MARINA, *with a basket of flowers.*

**Mar.* No, no, I will rob Tellus of her weed,[2]
*To strew thy green with flowers; the yellows, blues,
*The purple violets, and marigolds,
*Shall, as a chaplet, hang upon thy grave,
*While summer-days do last. — Ah me! poor maid,
*Born in a tempest, when my mother died,
*This world to me is like a lasting storm,

[1] "Too *nicely*" is too *scrupulously*, or too *squeamishly*.
[2] *Weed* is *garment* or *dress;* meaning the flowers.

*Whirring[3] me from my friends.
*_Dion._ How now, Marina! why keep you alone?
*How chance my daughter is not with you? Do not
*Consume your blood with sorrowing: you have
*A nurse of me. Lord, how your favour's[4] changed
*With this unprofitable woe! Come, come,
*Give me your flowers: on the sea-margent walk
*With Leonine; the air is quick there, and
*It pierces, and will sharp the stomach.[5] — Come,
*Leonine, take her by the arm, walk with her.
*_Mar._ No, I pray you;
*I'll not bereave you of your servant.
*_Dion._ Come, come;
*I love the King your father and yourself
*With more than foreign heart. We every day
*Expect him here: when he shall come, and find
*Our paragon to all reports[6] thus blasted,
*He will repent the breadth of his great voyage;
*Blame both my lord and me, that we have taken
*No care to your best courses. Go, I pray you,
*Walk, and be cheerful once again; reserve[7]
*That excellent complexion, which did steal
*The eyes of young and old. Care not for me;
*I can go home alone.
*_Mar._ Well, I will go;
*But yet I've no desire to it.
*_Dion._ Come, come,

[3] _Whirring, whirrying,_ formerly meant the same as _hurrying._ A bird that flies swiftly is still said to _whirr_ away.

[4] _Favour_ is _countenance, look,_ or _features._

[5] Here, as often, _stomach_ is put for _appetite._

[6] One that _equals_ or _rivals_ all that fame reports of her.

[7] _Reserve_ has the same sense as _preserve,_ only somewhat stronger: preserve _carefully._

*I know 'tis good for you. —
*Walk half an hour, Leonine, at the least:
*Remember what I've said.

*Leon. I warrant you, madam.

*Dion. I'll leave you, my sweet lady, for a while.
*Pray you, walk softly, do not heat your blood:
*What! I must have a care of you.

*Mar. My thanks, sweet madam.—

*[Exit DIONYZA.

*Is this wind westerly that blows?

*Leon. South-west.

*Mar. When I was born, the wind was north.

*Leon. Was't so?

*Mar. My father, as nurse said, did never fear,
*But cried *Good seamen!* to the sailors, galling
*His kingly hands with haling of the ropes;
*And, clasping to the mast, endured a sea
*That almost burst the deck.

*Leon. When was this?

*Mar. When I was born:
*Never was waves nor wind more violent;
*And from the ladder-tackle washes off
*A canvas-climber.[8] *Ha!* says one, *wilt out?*
*And with a dropping industry they skip
*From stem to stern: the boatswain whistles, and
*The master calls, and trebles their confusion.

*Leon. Come, say your prayers.

*Mar. What mean you?

*Leon. If you require a little space for prayer,
*I grant it: pray; but be not tedious, for
*The gods are quick of ear, and I am sworn
*To do my work with haste.

[8] A *sailor;* one who climbs the mast to furl or unfurl the *canvas.*

*Mar. Why will you kill me?
*Leon. To satisfy my lady.
*Mar. Why would she have me kill'd?
*Now, as I can remember, by my troth,
*I never did her hurt in all my life:
*I never spake bad word, nor did ill turn
*To any living creature: believe me, la,
*I never kill'd a mouse, nor hurt a fly:
*I trod upon a worm once 'gainst my will,
*But I wept for it. How have I offended,
*Wherein my death might yield her profit, or
*My life imply her danger?
*Leon. My commission
*Is not to reason of the deed, but do it.
*Mar. You will not do't for all the world, I hope.
*You are well-favour'd, and your looks foreshow
*You have a gentle heart. I saw you lately,
*When you caught hurt in parting two that fought:
*Good sooth, it show'd well in you: do so, now
*Your lady seeks my life; come you between,
*And save poor me, the weaker.
*Leon. I am sworn,
*And will dispatch.

*Enter Pirates, whilst MARINA is struggling.

*1 Pirate. Hold, villain! [LEONINE runs away.
*2 Pirate. A prize! a prize!
*3 Pirate. Half-part, mates, half-part. Come, let's have
*her aboard suddenly. [Exeunt Pirates with MARINA.

*Re-enter LEONINE.

*Leon. These roving thieves serve the great pirate Valdes;[9]

[9] The Spanish Armada perhaps furnishes this name. Don Pedro de *Valdes* was an admiral in that fleet, and had the command of the great

*And they have seized Marina. Let her go:
*There's no hope she'll return. I'll swear she's dead,
*And thrown into the sea. But I'll see further:
*Perhaps they will but please themselves upon her,
*Not carry her aboard. If she remain,
*Whom they have ravish'd must by me be slain. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *Mytilene. A Room in a Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Boult, —

Boult. Sir?

Pand. Search the market narrowly; Mytilene is full of gallants. We lost too much money this mart by being too wenchless.

Bawd. We were never so much out of creatures. We have but poor three, and they can do no more than they can do; and they with continual action are even as good as rotten.

Pand. Therefore let's have fresh ones, whate'er we pay for them. If there be not a conscience to be used in every trade, we shall never prosper.

Bawd. Thou say'st true: 'tis not our bringing up of poor bastards, — as, I think, I have brought up some eleven, —

Boult. Ay, to eleven; and brought them down again.[1] But shall I search the market?

Bawd. What else, man? The stuff we have, a strong wind will blow it to pieces, they are so pitifully sodden.

galleon of Andalusia. His ship being disabled, he was taken by Sir Francis Drake on the 22d of July, 1588, and sent to Dartmouth. This play was not written, we may conclude, till after that period. The making one of this Spaniard's ancestors a pirate was probably relished by the audience in those days. There is a particular account of this *Valdes* in Robert Greene's *Spanish Masquerado*, 1589. He was then prisoner in England.

[1] Brought them up to *the age* of eleven, and then ruined them.

Pand. Thou say'st true; they're too unwholesome o' conscience. The poor Transylvanian is dead, that lay with the little baggage.

Boult. Ay, she quickly poop'd him;[2] she made him roast-meat for worms. But I'll go search the market. [*Exit.*

Pand. Three or four thousand chequins[3] were as pretty a proportion to live quietly, and so give over.

Bawd. Why to give over, I pray you? is it a shame to get when we are old?

Pand. O, our credit comes not in like the commodity, nor the commodity wages not with the danger:[4] therefore, if in our youths we could pick up some pretty estate, 'twere not amiss to keep our door hatch'd.[5] Besides, the sore terms we stand upon with the gods will be strong with us for giving over.

Bawd. Come, other sorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we! ay, and better too; we offend worse. Neither is our profession any trade; it's no calling. But here comes Boult.

Re-enter BOULT, *with* MARINA *and the* Pirates.

Boult. [*To* MARINA.] Come your ways. — My masters, you say she's a virgin?

1 Pirate. O, sir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Master, I have gone through[6] for this piece, you see: if you like her, so; if not, I have lost my earnest.

[2] To *poop* is a nautical term; used of a ship that has been struck in the stern by another ship's stem.

[3] The *chequin*, or *zecchino*, so called from *zecca*, was a gold coin of Venice, equal to about two dollars.

[4] Does not stand in just proportion to the danger; that is, is not *equal* to it. See vol. xvi. page 139, note 5.

[5] "Keep our door hatch'd" here means *shut up shop*, or *give over our trade.*

[6] *Through* for *thorough*, which is but another form of the same word. Boult means that he has *bid a high price.*

Bawd. Boult, has she any qualities?

Boult. She has a good face, speaks well, and has excellent good clothes: there's no further necessity of qualities can make her be refused.

Bawd. What's her price, Boult?

Boult. It cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.

Pand. Well, follow me, my masters, you shall have your money presently. — Wife, take her in; instruct her what she has to do, that she may not be raw in her entertainment.

[*Exeunt* Pander *and* Pirates.

Bawd. Boult, take you the marks of her, — the colour of her hair, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity; and cry, *He that will give most shall have her first.* Such a maidenhead were no cheap thing, if men were as they have been. Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance shall follow. [*Exit.*

Mar. Alack, that Leonine was so slack, so slow!
He should have struck, not spoke; or that these pirates —
Not enough barbarous — had not o'erboard thrown me
For to seek my mother!

Bawd. Why lament you, pretty one?

Mar. That I am pretty.

Bawd. Come, the gods have done their part in you.

Mar. I accuse them not.

Bawd. You are light into my hands, where you are like to live.

Mar. The more my fault [7]
To 'scape his hands where I was like to die.

Bawd. Ay, and you shall live in pleasure.

Mar. No.

Bawd. Yes, indeed shall you, and taste gentlemen of all fashions: you shall fare well; you shall have the difference of all complexions. What! do you stop your ears?

[7] *Fault* here means *misfortune.* See vol. vi. page 11, note 12.

Mar. Are you a woman?

Bawd. What would you have me be, an I be not a woman?

Mar. An honest woman, or not a woman.

Bawd. Marry, whip thee, gosling: I think I shall have something to do with you. Come, you're a young foolish sapling, and must be bow'd as I would have you.

Mar. The gods defend me!

Bawd. If it please the gods to defend you by men, then men must comfort you, men must feed you, men must stir you up. Boult's return'd. —

Re-enter BOULT.

Now, sir, hast thou cried her through the market?

Boult. I have cried her almost to the number of her hairs; I have drawn her picture with my voice.

Bawd. And I pr'ythee tell me, how dost thou find the inclination of the people, especially of the younger sort?

Boult. Faith, they listen'd to me as they would have hearken'd to their father's testament. There was a Spaniard's mouth so water'd, that he went to bed to her very description.

Bawd. We shall have him here to-morrow with his best ruff on.

Boult. To-night, to-night. But, mistress, do you know the French knight that cowers[8] i' the hams?

Bawd. Who, Monsieur Veroles?

Boult. Ay: he offer'd to cut a caper at the proclamation; but he made a groan at it, and swore he would see her to-morrow.

Bawd. Well, well; as for him, he brought his disease

[8] To *cower* is to sink or crouch down. So a *coward* is, properly, one who has *cower'd* before an enemy.

hither: here he does but repair it. I know he will come in our shadow, to scatter his crowns in the sun.[9]

Boult. Well, if we had of every nation a traveller, we should lodge them with this sign.

Bawd. [*To* MARINA.] Pray you, come hither awhile. You have fortunes coming upon you. Mark me: you must seem to do that fearfully which you commit willingly; despise profit where you have most gain. To weep, that you live as you do, makes pity in your lovers: seldom but that pity begets you a good opinion, and that opinion a mere[10] profit.

Mar. I understand you not.

Boult. O, take her home, mistress, take her home: these blushes of hers must be quench'd with some present practice.

Bawd. Thou say'st true; i'faith, so they must; for your bride goes to that with shame which is her way to go with warrant.

Boult. Faith, some do, and some do not. But, mistress, if I have bargain'd for the joint,—

Bawd. Thou mayst cut a morsel off the spit.

Boult. I may so.

Bawd. Who should deny it?—Come, young one, I like the manner of your garments well.

Boult. Ay, by my faith, they shall not be changed yet.

Bawd. Boult, spend thou that in the town: report what a sojourner we have; you'll lose nothing by custom. When Nature framed this piece, she meant thee a good turn; therefore say what a paragon she is, and thou hast the harvest out of thine own report.

[9] The allusion is to the French coin *écus de soleil, crowns of the sun.* The meaning of the passage is merely this, that the French knight will seek the shade of their house to scatter his *money* there.

[10] *Mere* in its old sense of *absolute* or *entire;* a frequent usage.

Boult. I warrant you, mistress, thunder shall not so awake the beds of eels[11] as my giving out her beauty stir up the lewdly-inclined. I'll bring home some to-night.

Bawd. Come your ways; follow me.

Mar. If fires be hot, knives sharp, or waters deep,
Untied I still my virgin knot will keep. —
Diana, aid my purpose!

Bawd. What have we to do with Diana? Pray you, will you go with us? [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE III. — *Tarsus. A Room in the* Governor's *House.*

**Enter* CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

**Dion.* Why, are you foolish? Can it be undone?

**Cle.* O Dionyza, such a piece of slaughter
*The Sun and Moon ne'er look'd upon!

**Dion.* I think
*You'll turn a child again.

**Cle.* Were I chief lord of all this spacious world
*I'd give it to undo the deed. — O lady,
*Much less in blood than virtue, yet a princess
*To equal any single crown o' the Earth
*I' the justice of compare! — O villain Leonine!
*Whom thou hast poison'd too:
*If thou hadst drunk to him,[1] 't had been a kindness

[11] Thunder was supposed to have the effect of rousing eels from the mud, and so render them more easy to take in stormy weather. Marston alludes to this in his *Satires*:

> They're nought but eeles, that never will appeare
> Till that tempestuous winds, or thunder, teare
> Their slimy beds.

[1] "If thou hadst drunk of the cup first." To *drink to him* is here used with an implied allusion to the office of taster at royal tables in old times. — *Fact*, here, is, strictly, *deed*, but is equivalent to *crime*. Repeatedly so. See Vol. vi. page 209, note 16.

*Becoming well thy fact: what canst thou say
*When noble Pericles shall demand his child?
**Dion.* That she is dead. Nurses are not the Fates,
*To foster it, nor ever to preserve.
*She died at night; I'll say so. Who can cross it?
*Unless you play the pious innocent,
*And for an honest attribute cry out
**She died by foul play.*
**Cle.* O, go to. Well, well,
*Of all the faults beneath the heavens, the gods
*Do like this worst.
**Dion.* Be one of those that think
*The pretty wrens of Tarsus will fly hence,
*And open this to Pericles. I do shame
*To think of what a noble strain[2] you are,
*And of how coward a spirit.
**Cle.* To such proceeding
*Who ever but his approbation added,
*Though not his prime consent, he did not flow
*From honourable sources.
**Dion.* Be't so, then:
*Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,
*Nor none can know now, Leonine being gone.
*She did distain[3] my child, and stood between
*Her and her fortunes: none would look on her,
*But cast their gazes on Marina's face;
*Whilst ours was blurted at, and held a malkin,
*Not worth the time of day.[4] It pierced me through;
*And though you call my course unnatural,

[2] *Strain* is *stock*, *lineage*, or *descent*. See vol. xiv. page 109, note 11.

[3] To *distain* was often used in the sense of to *sully by contrast*, to *eclipse*, or to *throw into the shade*.

[4] A coarse wench, not worth a good-morrow. See vol. xviii. page 227, note 23.

*You not your child well loving, yet I find
*It greets me [5] as an enterprise of kindness
*Perform'd to our sole daughter.
*Cle. Heavens forgive it!
*Dion. And as for Pericles,
*What should he say? We wept after her hearse,
*And yet we mourn: her monument
*Is almost finish'd, and her epitaphs
*In glittering golden characters express
*A general praise to her, and care in us
*At whose expense 'tis done.
*Cle. Thou'rt like the harpy,
*Which, to betray, doth use an angel's face,
*Then seize with eagle's talons.
*Dion. You are like one that superstitiously
*Doth swear to th' gods that Winter kills the flies: [6]
*But yet I know you'll do as I advise. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the monument of* MARINA *at Tarsus.*

Gow. Thus time we waste, and longest leagues make short;
Sail seas in cockles; have, an wish but for't; [7]
Making — to take imagination —
From bourn to bourn, region to region.
By you being pardon'd, we commit no crime
To use one language in each several clime

[5] "It *greets* me" is it *salutes* me, or is grateful to me.

[6] "You are so affectedly humane, that you would appeal to Heaven against the cruelty of Winter in killing the flies."

[7] That is, we but wish a wide change of place, and we have it. — In *The Taming of the Shrew*, iv. 3, Petruchio, speaking of the cap that has been made for Catharine, says, "Why, 'tis a *cockle*, or a walnut-shell." — *Making* is the same as in the sea-phrase still in use, "*making* so many knots an hour." — To *take* the imagination answers exactly to the present phrase, "to *take* one's fancy."

Where our scenes seem to live. I do beseech you
To learn of me, who stand i' the gaps to teach you,
The stages of our story. Pericles
Is now again thwarting the wayward seas,[8]
Attended on by many a lord and knight,
To see his daughter, all his life's delight.
Old Helicanus goes along: behind
Is left to govern it,[9] you bear in mind,
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in Tyre to great and high estate.
Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought
This King to Tarsus (think his pilot thought;[10]
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on)
To fetch his daughter home, who first is gone.[11]
Like motes and shadows see them move awhile;
Your ears unto your eyes I'll reconcile.

DUMB-SHOW.

Enter, from one side, PERICLES *with his Train; from the other,* CLEON *and* DIONYZA. CLEON *shows* PERICLES *the tomb of* MARINA; *whereat* PERICLES *makes lamentation, puts on sackcloth, and in a mighty passion*[12] *departs. Then exeunt* CLEON *and* DIONYZA.

See how belief may suffer by foul show!

[8] *Going athwart* the seas, or *crossing* them. So in *King Henry V.*: "Heave him away upon your winged thoughts *athwart the seas.*"

[9] "To govern *it*" here means simply to *govern*, *it* being used absolutely. So, in *The Taming of the Shrew*, we have *bride it* for *be a bride*, also, in *The Winter's Tale*, *queen it* for *be a queen*; and, in *King Lear*, *monsters it* for *be a monster*. See vol. xi. page 102, note 18.

[10] "His pilot thought" is the thought that pilots him, that shapes or directs his course. The meaning seems to be, "Keep in mind his master-purpose, and then your thoughts will readily proceed whither he is steering, and accompany him in his voyage."

[11] Is gone from Tarsus before her father starts in quest of her.

[12] *Passion* in its Greek sense, *suffering*, *anguish*, *distress*.

This borrow'd passion stands for true old woe;
And Pericles, in sorrow all devour'd,
With sighs shot through and biggest tears o'ershower'd,
Leaves Tarsus, and again embarks. He swears
Never to wash his face, nor cut his hairs;
He puts on sackcloth, and to sea. He bears
A tempest, which his mortal vessel [13] tears,
And yet he rides it out. Now please you wit [14]
The epitaph is for Marina writ
By wicked Dionyza.

[*Reads the inscription on* MARINA'S *monument.*

The fairest, sweet'st, and best lies here,
Who wither'd in her spring of year.
She was of Tyrus the King's daughter,
On whom foul death hath made this slaughter;
Marina was she call'd; and at her birth,
Thetis, being proud, swallow'd some part o' the earth:
Therefore the earth, fearing to be o'erflow'd,
Hath Thetis' birth-child on the Heavens bestow'd:
Wherefore she does — and swears she'll never stint —
Make raging battery upon shores of flint.[15]

No visor doth become black villainy
So well as soft and tender flattery.
Let Pericles believe his daughter's dead,
And bear his courses to be orderéd

[13] His *mortal vessel* is the same that Cleopatra calls her *mortal house;* that is, his *body.*

[14] *Wit*, for *understand*, or *know*. Thus in Gower:

> In which the lorde hath to him writte,
> That he would understande and *witte*.

[15] The author ascribed the swelling of the sea to the pride which Thetis felt at the birth of Marina in her element; and supposes that the earth, being afraid to be overflowed, bestowed this birth-child of Thetis on the Heavens; and Thetis, in revenge, makes raging battery against the shores. — MASON.

By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilen. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Mytilene. A Street before the Brothel.*

Enter, from the brothel, two Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Did you ever hear the like?

2 Gent. No, nor never shall do in such a place as this, she being once gone.

1 Gent. But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

2 Gent. No, no. Come, I am for no more bawdy-houses. Shall's go hear the vestals sing?

1 Gent. I'll do any thing now that is virtuous; but I am out of the road of rutting for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Same. A Room in the Brothel.*

Enter Pander, Bawd, *and* BOULT.

Pand. Well, I had rather than twice the worth of her she had ne'er come here.

Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the Devil, if he should cheapen[1] a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

[1] To *cheapen* is, properly, to *trade*, to *purchase*, or *bargain for*.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

Bawd. Faith, there's no way to be rid on't but by the way to the pox. — Here comes the Lord Lysimachus disguised.

Boult. We should have both lord and lown, if the peevish baggage would but give way to customers.

Enter LYSIMACHUS.

Lys. How now! How a dozen of virginities?[2]

Bawd. Now, the gods to-bless[3] your Honour!

Boult. I am glad to see your Honour in good health.

Lys. You may so; 'tis the better for you that your resorters stand upon sound legs. How now, wholesome iniquity! Have you that a man may deal withal, and defy the surgeon?

Bawd. We have here one, sir, if she would — but there never came her like in Mytilene.

Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your Honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth. [*Exit* BOULT.

Bawd. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but—

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Bawd. O, sir, I can be modest.

Lys. That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a maiden to be chaste.

Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never pluck'd yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT *with* MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

[2] This is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different sort of commodity: "*How* a score of ewes now?"

[3] Another instance of the usage explained page 57, note 1.

By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
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Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers pri[illegible]

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Lys. If she'd do the deed of darkness, thou wouldst say.

Bawd. Your Honour knows what 'tis to say well enough.

Lys. Well, call forth, call forth. [*Exit* BOULT.

Bawd. For flesh and blood, sir, white and red, you shall see a rose; and she were a rose indeed, if she had but —

Lys. What, pr'ythee?

Bawd. O, sir, I [illegible] modest.

Lys. That dign[illegible] own of a bawd, no less than it gives a good rep[illegible]n to be chaste.

[illegible] Here [illegible]ich grows to the stalk; never [illegible]

[illegible] *with* M[illegible]RINA.

[illegible] a different sort of [illegible]

[illegible]te 1.

O, that the gods
Would set me free from this unhallow'd place,
Though they did change me to the meanest bird
That flies i' the purer air!

Lys. I did not think
Thou couldst have spoke so well; ne'er dream'd thou couldst.
Had I brought hither a corrupted mind,
Thy speech had alter'd it. Hold, here's gold for thee:
Perséver in that clear way thou goest,
And the gods strengthen thee!

Mar. The good gods preserve you!

Lys. For me, be you thoughten
That I came with no ill intent; for to me
The very doors and windows savour vilely.
Fare thee well. Thou art a piece of virtue, and
I doubt not but thy training hath been noble.
Hold, here's more gold for thee.
A curse upon him, die he like a thief,
That robs thee of thy goodness! If thou dost
Hear from me, it shall be for thy good.

Re-enter BOULT.

Boult. I beseech your Honour, one piece for me.

Lys. Avaunt, thou damnèd doorkeeper!
Your house, but for this virgin that doth prop it,
Would sink, and overwhelm you. Away! [*Exit.*

Boult. How's this? We must take another course with you. If your peevish chastity, which is not worth a breakfast in the cheapest country under the cope,[7] shall undo a whole household, let me be gelded like a spaniel. Come your ways.

Mar. Whither would you have me?

[7] That is, under the cope or *canopy of heaven.*

Boult. I must have your maidenhead taken off, or the common hangman shall execute it. Come your ways. We'll have no more gentlemen driven away. Come your ways, I say.

Re-enter Bawd.

Bawd. How now! what's the matter?

Boult. Worse and worse, mistress; she has here spoken holy words to the Lord Lysimachus.

Bawd. O abominable!

Boult. She makes our profession as it were to stink afore the face of the gods.

Bawd. Marry, hang her up for ever!

Boult. The nobleman would have dealt with her like a nobleman, and she sent him away as cold as a snowball; saying his prayers too.

Bawd. Boult, take her away; use her at thy pleasure: crack the glass of her virginity, and make the rest malleable.[8]

Boult. An if she were a thornier piece of ground than she is, she shall be plough'd.

Mar. Hark, hark, you gods!

Bawd. She conjures: away with her! Would she had never come within my doors! — Marry, hang you! — She's born to undo us. — Will you not go the way of women-kind? Marry, come up, my dish of chastity with rosemary and bays![9] [*Exit.*

[8] Steevens thinks that there may be some allusion here to a fact recorded by Dion Cassius, and by Pliny. A skilful workman, who had discovered the art of *making glass malleable*, carried a specimen of it to Tiberius, who asked him if he alone was in possession of the secret. He replied in the affirmative; on which the tyrant ordered his head to be struck off immediately, lest his invention should have proved injurious to the workers in gold, silver, and other metals. The same story, however, is told in the *Gesta Romanorum.*

[9] Anciently many dishes were served up with this garniture, during the season of Christmas. The Bawd means to call her a piece of ostentatious virtue.

By Lady Fortune; while our scene must play
His daughter's woe and heavy well-a-day
In her unholy service. Patience, then,
And think you now are all in Mytilen. [*Exit.*

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1 Gent. But to have divinity preach'd there! did you ever dream of such a thing?

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Bawd. Fie, fie upon her! she's able to freeze the god Priapus, and undo a whole generation. We must either get her ravish'd or be rid of her. When she should do for clients her fitment, and do me the kindness of our profession, she has me her quirks, her reasons, her master reasons, her prayers, her knees; that she would make a puritan of the Devil, if he should cheapen[1] a kiss of her.

Boult. Faith, I must ravish her, or she'll disfurnish us of all our cavaliers, and make all our swearers priests.

[1] To *cheapen* is, properly, to *trade*, to *purchase*, or *bargain for*.

Pand. Now, the pox upon her green-sickness for me!

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Bawd. Here comes that which grows to the stalk; never pluck'd yet, I can assure you.

Re-enter BOULT *with* MARINA.

Is she not a fair creature?

[2] This is Justice Shallow's mode of asking the price of a different sort of commodity: "*How* a score of ewes now?"

[3] Another instance of the usage explained page 57, note 1.

Her inkle,[2] silk, twin with the rubied cherry:
That pupils lacks she none of noble race,
Who pour their bounty on her; and her gain
She gives the cursèd bawd. Here we her place;
And to her father turn our thoughts again:
We left him on the sea; we there him lost:
Whence, driven before the winds, he is arrived
Here where his daughter dwells; and on this coast
Suppose him now at anchor. The city strived
God Neptune's annual feast to keep: from whence
Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,
Her banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense;
And to him in his barge with fervour hies.
In your supposing once more put your sight;[3]
Of heavy Pericles think this the bark;
Where what is done in action, more, if might,
Shall be discover'd;[4] please you, sit, and hark. [*Exit.*

*SCENE I. — *On board* PERICLES' *Ship, off Mytilene. A *Pavilion on deck, with a curtain before it;* PERICLES *within it, reclined on a couch. A barge lying beside the *Tyrian vessel.*

**Enter two* Sailors, *one belonging to the Tyrian vessel, the *other to the barge; to them* HELICANUS.

**Tyr. Sail.* [*To the* Sailor *of Mytilene.*] Where is Lord
*Helicane? he can resolve you.
*O, here he is. —
*Sir, there's a barge put off from Mytilene,

[2] *Inkle* is a species of *tape;* but here it seems to mean a particular kind of *silk thread* or *worsted* used in embroidery.

[3] "Make your eyes once more the organs of your imagination."

[4] "Where all that may be displayed in action shall be exhibited; and more should be shown, if our stage would permit."

*And in it is Lysimachus the governor,
*Who craves to come aboard. What is your will?
Hel. That he have his. Call up some gentlemen.
Tyr. Sail. Ho, gentlemen! my lord calls.

Enter two or three Gentlemen.

1 Gent. Doth your lordship call?
Hel. Gentlemen, there's some of worth would come *aboard:
*I pray ye, greet them fairly.
*[*The* Gentlemen *and the two* Sailors *descend, and* *go on board the barge.*

**Enter, from thence,* LYSIMACHUS *and* Lords, *with the* Gen- *tlemen *and the two* Sailors.

Tyr. Sail. Sir,
*This is the man that can, in aught you would,
*Resolve you.
Lys. Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!
Hel. And you, sir, to outlive the age I am,
*And die as I would do.
Lys. You wish me well.
*Being on shore, honouring of Neptune's triumphs,
*Seeing this goodly vessel ride before us,
*I made to it, to know of whence you are.
Hel. First, what is your place?
Lys. I am the governor of this place you lie before.
Hel. Sir,
*Our vessel is of Tyre, in it the King;
*A man who for this three months hath not spoken
*To any one, nor taken sustenance
*But to prorogue[1] his grief.
Lys. Upon what ground is his distemperature?

[1] To *lengthen* or *prolong* his grief.

**Hel.* 'Twould be too tedious to repeat;
*But the main grief springs from the loss
*Of a belovèd daughter and a wife.
**Lys.* May we not see him?
**Hel.* You may;
*But bootless is your sight; he will not speak
*To any.
**Lys.* Yet let me obtain my wish.
**Hel.* Behold him. [*Draws the curtain, and discovers* *PERICLES.] This was a goodly person,
*Till the disaster that, one mortal[2] night,
*Drove him to this.
**Lys.* Sir King, all hail! the gods preserve you!
*Hail, royal sir!
**Hel.* It is in vain; he will not speak to you.
**1 Lord.* Sir,
*We have a maid in Mytilen, I durst wager,
*Would win some words of him.
**Lys.* 'Tis well bethought.
*She, questionless, with her sweet harmony
*And other chosen attractions, would allure,
*And make a battery through his deafen'd parts,
*Which now are midway stopp'd:
*She is all happy as the fair'st of all,
*And, with her fellow maids, is now upon
*The leafy shelter[3] that abuts against
*The island's side. [*Whispers First* Lord; *who goes off in* **the barge of* LYSIMACHUS.
**Hel.* Sure, all's effectless; yet nothing we'll omit
*That bears recovery's name. But, since your kindness
*We've stretch'd thus far, let us beseech you

[2] *Mortal* is here used for *deadly, destructive.*
[3] "The leafy shelter" probably is the spot *shaded* by foliage.

*That for our gold we may provision have,
*Wherein we are not destitute for want,
*But weary for the staleness.
**Lys.* O, sir, a courtesy
*Which if we should deny, the most just gods
*For every graff would send a caterpillar,
*And so afflict our province. Yet once more
*Let me entreat to know at large the cause
*Of your King's sorrow.
**Hel.* Sit, sir; I'll recount it to you
*But, see, I am prevented.

**Re-enter, from the barge, First* Lord, *with* MARINA *and a*
**young* Lady.

**Lys.* O, here is
*The lady that I sent for. — Welcome, fair one! —
*Is't not a goodly presence?
**Hel.* She's a gallant lady.
**Lys.* She's such a one, that, were I well assured
*She came of gentle kind and noble stock,
*I'd wish no better choice, and think me rarely wed. —
*Fair one, all goodness that consists in bounty
*Expect even here, where is a kingly patient:
*If that thy prosperous-artificial feat[4]
*Can draw him but to answer thee in aught,
*Thy sacred physic shall receive such pay
*As thy desires can wish.
**Mar.* Sir, I will use
*My utmost skill in his recure, provided
*That none but I and my companion maid
*Be suffer'd to come near him.
**Lys.* Come, let's leave her;

[4] "Thy prosperous-artificial feat" means the successful exertion of thy skill or art. See vol. xv. page 197, note 9.

*And the gods make her prosperous! [MARINA *sings*.[5]
Lys. Mark'd he your music?
Mar. No, nor look'd on us.
Lys. See, she will speak to him.
Mar. Hail, sir! my lord, lend ear.
Per. Hum, ha!
Mar. I am a maid,
*My lord, that ne'er before invited eyes,
*But have been gazed on like a comet: she speaks,
*My lord, that, may be, hath endured a grief
*Might equal yours, if both were justly weigh'd.
*Though wayward fortune did malign my state,
*My derivation was from ancestors
*Who stood equivalent with mighty kings:
*But time hath rooted out my parentage,
*And to the world and awkward[6] casualties

[5] The following is Marina's song as given in the novel:

Amongst the harlots foul I walk,
Yet harlot none am I:
The rose amongst the thorns doth grow,
And is not hurt thereby.

The thief that stole me, sure I think,
Is slain before this time.
A bawd me bought, yet am I not
Defiled by fleshly crime.

Nothing were pleasanter to me
Than parents mine to know:
I am the issue of a king;
My blood from kings doth flow.

In time the Heavens may mend my state,
And send a better day;
For sorrow adds unto our griefs,
And helps not any way.

Show gladness in your countenance,
Cast up your cheerful eyes:
That God remains that once of nought
Created earth and skies.

[6] *Awkward* is here used in its primitive sense of *wrong* or *perverse*. So

*Bound me in servitude. — [*Aside.*] I will desist;
*But there is something glows upon my cheek,
*And whispers in mine ear, *Not till he speak.*
**Per.* My fortunes — parentage — good parentage —
*To equal mine! — was it not thus? what say you?
**Mar.* I said, my lord, if you did know my parentage,
*You would not do me violence.[7]
**Per.* I think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.
*You are like something that — What countrywoman?
*Here of these shores?
**Mar.* No, nor of any shores:
*Yet I was mortally brought forth, and am
*No other than I appear.
**Per.* I'm great with woe, and shall deliver weeping.
*My dearest wife was like this maid, and such a one
*My daughter might have been: my Queen's square brows;
*Her stature to an inch; as wand-like straight;
*As silver-voiced; her eyes as jewel-like,
*And cased as richly; in pace another Juno;
*Who starves the ears she feeds, and makes them hungry,
*The more she gives them speech. — Where do you live?
**Mar.* Where I am but a stranger: from the deck
*You may discern the place.
**Per.* Where were you bred?
*And how achieved you these endowments which
*You make more rich to owe?[8]

in Udal's translation of St. Matthew, v: "They with *aukewarde* judgement put the chiefe poynt of godliness in outward thynges." And again: "O blynde guydes, whiche, being of an *aukward* religion, do streyne out a gnat, and swalowe up a camell." See, also, vol. viii. page 194, note 3.

7 This probably refers to something that has got lost out of the text. And afterwards, Pericles says to Marina, "Didst thou not say, *when I did push thee back*, thou camest from good descending?" In the *Confessio Amantis*, and in the *Painful Adventures*, the discovery of Marina is not made till Pericles has broken forth into violence against her person.

8 *To owe* is equivalent to *by owning*. The meaning is, "These endow-

**Mar.* If I should tell my history, 'twould seem
*Like lies disdain'd in the reporting.
**Per.* Pr'ythee, speak:
*Falseness cannot come from thee; for thou look'st
*Modest as Justice, and thou seem'st a palace
*For the crown'd Truth to dwell in: I'll believe thee,
*And make my senses credit thy relation
*To points that seem impossible; for thou look'st
*Like one I loved indeed. What were thy friends?
*Didst thou not say, when I did push thee back,—
*Which was when I perceived thee,—that thou camest
*From good descending?
**Mar.* So indeed I did.
**Per.* Report thy parentage. I think thou said'st
*Thou hadst been toss'd from wrong to injury,
*And that thou thought'st thy griefs might equal mine,
*If both were open'd.
**Mar.* Some such thing
*I said, and said no more but what my thoughts
*Did warrant me was likely.
**Per.* Tell thy story:
*If thine consider'd prove the thousandth part
*Of my endurance, thou'rt a man, and I
*Have suffer'd like a girl: yet thou dost look
*Like Patience gazing on kings' graves, and smiling
*Extremity out of act.[9] What were thy friends?
*How lost thou them? Thy name, my most kind virgin?
*Recount, I do beseech thee: come, sit by me.
**Mar.* My name is Marina.
**Per.* O, I am mock'd,

ments, however valuable in themselves, are heightened by being in your possession: they acquire additional grace from their owner."

9 *Extremity* for *the extreme* or *utmost pitch* of suffering. *Act* for *action* or *effect.* "Smiling agony into happiness" is the meaning.

*And thou by some incensèd god sent hither
*To make the world to laugh at me.
*Mar. Patience, good sir,
*Or here I'll cease.
*Per. Nay, I'll be patient.
*Thou little know'st how thou dost startle me,
*To call thyself Marina.
*Mar. The name
*Was given me by one that had some power,—
*My father, and a king.
*Per. How! a king's daughter?
*And call'd Marina?
*Mar. You said you would believe me;
*But, not to be a troubler of your peace,
*I will end here.
*Per. But are you flesh and blood?
*Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?
*No motion? [10] Well; speak on. Where were you born?
*And wherefore call'd Marina?
*Mar. Call'd Marina
*For I was born at sea.
*Per. At sea! what mother?
*Mar. My mother was the daughter of a king;
*Who died the very minute I was born,
*As my good nurse Lychorida hath oft
*Deliver'd weeping.
*Per. O, stop there a little!—
*[*Aside.*] This is the rarest dream that e'er dull sleep
*Did mock sad fools withal: this cannot be:
*My daughter's buried — Well; where were you bred?
*I'll hear you more, to th' bottom of your story,
*And never interrupt you.

[10] A *puppet-show* was called a *motion*. See vol. vii. page 209, note 21.

**Mar.* You'll scarce believe me;
*'Twere best I did give o'er.
**Per.* I will believe you by the syllable
*Of what you shall deliver. Yet, give me leave:
*How came you in these parts? where were you bred?
**Mar.* The King my father did in Tarsus leave me;
*Till cruel Cleon, with his wicked wife,
*Did seek to murder me: and having woo'd
*A villain to attempt it, who having drawn to do't,
*A crew of pirates came and rescued me;
*Brought me to Mytilene. But, good sir,
*Whither will you have me? Why do you weep? It may be,
*You think me an impostor: no, good faith;
*I am the daughter to King Pericles,
*If good King Pericles be.
**Per.* Ho, Helicanus!
**Hel.* Calls my lord?
**Per.* Thou art a grave and noble counsellor,
*Most wise in general: tell me, if thou canst,
*What this maid is, or what is like to be,
*That thus hath made me weep?
**Hel.* I know not; but
*Here is the regent, sir, of Mytilene
*Speaks nobly of her.
**Lys.* She would never tell
*Her parentage; being demanded that,
*She would sit still and weep.
**Per.* O Helicanus, strike me, honour'd sir;
*Give me a gash, put me to present pain;
*Lest this great sea of joys rushing upon me
*O'erbear the shores of my mortality,
*And drown me with their sweetness. — O, come hither,
*Thou that begett'st him that did thee beget;
*Thou that wast born at sea, buried at Tarsus,

*And found at sea again! — O Helicanus,
*Down on thy knees, thank th' holy gods as loud
*As thunder threatens us: this is Marina! —
*What was thy mother's name? tell me but that,
*For truth can never be confirm'd enough,
*Though doubts did ever sleep.
*Mar. First, sir, I pray,
*What is your title?
*Per. I'm Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now
*My drown'd Queen's name, (as in the rest you've said
*Thou hast been godlike perfect,) and thou art
*The heir of kingdoms, and another life
*To Pericles thy father.
*Mar. Is it no more to be your daughter than
*To say my mother's name was Thaisa?
*Thaisa was my mother, who did end
*The minute I began.
*Per. Now, blessing on thee! rise; thou art my child. —
*Give me fresh garments. — Mine own, Helicanus;
*She is not dead at Tarsus, as she should have been,
*By savage Cleon: she shall tell thee all;
*When thou shalt kneel, and justify in knowledge
*She is thy very Princess. Who is this?
*Hel. Sir, 'tis the governor of Mytilene,
*Who, hearing of your melancholy state,
*Did come to see you.
*Per. I embrace you, sir. —
*Give me my robes. — I'm wild in my beholding. —
*O Heavens, bless my girl! — But, hark, what music? —
*Tell Helicanus, my Marina, tell him
*O'er, point by point, for yet he seems to doubt,
*How sure you are my daughter. But, what music?
*Hel. My lord, I hear none.
*Per. None!

*The music of the spheres ! — List, my Marina.
**Lys.* It is not good to cross him ; give him way. .
**Per.* Rarest sounds ! Do ye not hear?
**Lys.* Music, my lord?
**Per.* I hear most heavenly music :
*It nips me unto listening, and thick slumber
*Hangs upon mine eyes : let me rest. [*Sleeps.*
**Lys.* A pillow for his head. —
*So, leave him, all. — Well, my companion friends,
*If this but answer to my just belief,
*I'll well remember you. [*Exeunt all but* PERICLES.

*DIANA *appears.*

**Dia.* My temple stands in Ephesus : hie thee thither,
*And do upon mine altar sacrifice.
*There, when my maiden priests are met together,
*Before the people all,
*Reveal how thou at sea didst lose thy wife :
*To mourn thy crosses, with thy daughter's, call,
*And give them repetition to the life.
*Perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe ;
*Do't, and be happy, by my silver bow :
*Awake, and tell thy dream. [*Disappears.*
**Per.* Celestial Dian, goddess argentine,[11]
*I will obey thee. — Helicanus !

**Re-enter* HELICANUS, LYSIMACHUS, MARINA, *&c.*

**Hel.* Sir?
**Per.* My purpose was for Tarsus, there to strike
*Th' inhospitable Cleon ; but I am
*For other service first : toward Ephesus

[11] That is, regent of the silver Moon. In the language of alchemy, which was well understood when this play was written, *Luna* or *Diana* means *silver*, as *Sol* does *gold*.

*Turn our blown sails;[12] eftsoons I'll tell thee why.—
*[*To* LYSIM.] Shall we refresh us, sir, upon your shore,
*And give you gold for such provision
*As our intents will need?

**Lys.* Sir,
*With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,
*I have another suit.

**Per.* You shall prevail,
*Were it to woo my daughter; for it seems
*You have been noble towards her.

**Lys.* Sir, lend me your arm.

**Per.* Come, my Marina. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER, *before the Temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus.*

Gow. Now our sands are almost run;
More a little, and then dumb.
This my last boon, pray you, give me,—
For such kindness must relieve me,—
That you aptly will suppose
What pageantry, what feats, what shows,
What minstrelsy, and pretty din,
The regent made in Mytilin,
To greet the King. So he thrived,
That he is promised to be wived
To fair Marina; but in no wise
Till he has done his sacrifice,[13]
As Dian bade: whereto being bound,
The interim, pray you, all confound.[14]
In feather'd briefness[15] sails are fill'd,

12 "Our *blown* sails" is "our *swollen* sails."

13 "Till *Pericles* has done his sacrifice." The use of *he* twice, referring to different persons, somewhat darkens the passage.

14 *Confound* for *destroy* or *consume;* a frequent usage.

15 "In feather'd briefness" is *with winged swiftness*, or *quickness.*

And wishes fall out as they're will'd.
At Ephesus, the temple see,
Our King, and all his company.
That he can hither come so soon,
Is by your fancies' thankful boon.[16] [*Exit.*

*SCENE II. — *The Temple of* DIANA *at Ephesus;* THAISA *standing near the altar,* as *High-priestess; a number of* *Virgins *on each side;* CERIMON *and other Inhabitants of* *Ephesus attending.*

**Enter* PERICLES, *with his Train;* LYSIMACHUS, HELICANUS, MARINA, *and a* Lady.

**Per.* Hail, Dian! to perform thy just command,
*I here confess myself the King of Tyre;
*Who, frighted from my country, did wed
*The fair Thaisa at Pentapolis.
*At sea in childbed died she, but brought forth
*A maid-child call'd Marina; who, O goddess,
*Wears yet thy silver livery.[1] She at Tarsus
*Was nursed with Cleon; whom at fourteen years
*He sought to murder: but her better stars
*Brought her to Mytilene; 'gainst whose shore
*Riding, her fortunes brought the maid aboard us,
*Where, by her own most clear remembrance, she
*Made known herself my daughter.
**Thai.* Voice and favour![2] —
*You are, you are — O royal Pericles! — [*Faints.*

[16] *Thankful* is used here in the sense of *thankworthy.* Such interchanges of the *subject* and the *object* were common.

[1] That is, her white robes of innocence, as being yet under the protection of the goddess of chastity.

[2] *Favour*, of course, is *countenance, looks.*

Per. What means the nun? she dies! help, gentlemen!

Cer. Noble sir,
*If you have told Diana's altar true,
*This is your wife.

Per. Reverend appearer, no;
*I threw her o'erboard with these very arms.

Cer. Upon this coast, I warrant you.

Per. 'Tis most certain.

Cer. Look to the lady: O, she's but o'erjoy'd. —
*Early one blustering morn this lady was
*Thrown upon this shore. I oped the coffin,
*Found there rich jewels; recover'd her, and placed her
*Here in Diana's temple.

Per. May we see them?

Cer. Great sir, they shall be brought you to my house,
*Whither I invite you. — Look, Thaisa is
*Recover'd.

Thai. O, let me look!
*If he be none of mine, my sanctity
*Will to my sense bend no licentious ear,
*But curb it, spite of seeing. — O, my lord,
*Are you not Pericles? Like him you speak,
*Like him you are: did you not name a tempest,
*A birth, and death?

Per. The voice of dead Thaisa!

Thai. That Thaisa am I, supposèd dead
*And drown'd.

Per. Immortal Dian!

Thai. Now I know you better.
*When we with tears parted[3] Pentapolis,
*The King my father gave you such a ring. [*Shows a ring.*

[3] Here, as often, *parted* is *departed.* And the word is used transitively; the sense being, *departed from*, or *left.*

**Per.* This, this: no more, you gods! your present kind-
*ness
*Makes my past miseries sport: you shall do well,
*That on the touching of her lips I may
*Melt, and no more be seen. — O, come, be buried
*A second time within these arms.
**Mar.* My heart
*Leaps to be gone into my mother's bosom.
*[*Kneels to* THAISA.
**Per.* Look, who kneels here! Flesh of thy flesh, Thaisa;
*Thy burden at the sea, and call'd Marina,
*For she was yielded there.
**Thai.* Bless'd, and mine own!
**Hel.* Hail, madam, and my Queen!
**Thai.* I know you not.
**Per.* You've heard me say, when I did fly from Tyre,
*I left behind an ancient substitute:
*Can you remember what I call'd the man?
*I've named him oft.
**Thai.* 'Twas Helicanus then.
**Per.* Still confirmation:
*Embrace him, dear Thaisa; this is he.
*Now do I long to hear how you were found;
*How possibly preserved; and whom to thank,
*Besides the gods, for this great miracle.
**Thai.* Lord Cerimon, my lord; this is the man,
*Through whom the gods have shown their power, that can
*From first to last resolve you.
**Per.* Reverend sir,
*The gods can have no mortal officer
*More like a god than you. Will you deliver
*How this dead Queen re-lives?
**Cer.* I will, my lord.
*'Beseech you, first go with me to my house,

*Where shall be shown you all was found with her;
*How she came placed here in the temple;
*No needful thing omitted.

Per. Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision! I
*Will offer night-oblations to thee.—Thaisa,
*This Prince, the fair-betrothèd of your daughter,
*Shall marry her at Pentapolis.— And now,
*This ornament,
*Makes me look dismal, will I clip to form;
*And what this fourteen years no razor touch'd,
*To grace thy marriage-day, I'll beautify.

Thai. Lord Cerimon hath letters of good credit, sir,
*My father's dead.

Per. Heavens make a star of him![4] Yet there, my *Queen,
*We'll celebrate their nuptials, and ourselves
*Will in that kingdom spend our following days:
*Our son and daughter shall in Tyrus reign.—
*Lord Cerimon, we do our longing stay
*To hear the rest untold: sir, lead's the way. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GOWER.

Gow. In Antiochus and his daughter you have heard
Of monstrous lust the due and just reward:
In Pericles, his Queen and daughter, seen,
Although assail'd with fortune fierce and keen,
Virtue preserved from fell destruction's blast,
Led on by Heaven, and crown'd with joy at last:
In Helicanus may you well descry
A figure of truth, of faith, of loyalty:
In reverend Cerimon there well appears

[4] This notion is borrowed from the ancients, who expressed their mode of conferring divine honours and immortality on men, by placing them among the stars.

The worth that learnèd charity aye wears:
For wicked Cleon and his wife, when fame
Had spread their cursèd deed, and honour'd name
Of Pericles, to rage the city[5] turn,
That him and his they in his palace burn;
The gods for murder seemèd so content
To punish them,—although not done, but meant.
So, on your patience evermore attending,
New joy wait on you! Here our play has ending.

[*Exit.*

[5] *City* as a collective noun, for the *aggregate of citizens*.

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., GOWER.

Page 12. *On ember-eves and holy*-ales. — The old copies have "holy *dayes*." Corrected by Farmer.

P. 12. *The* purchase *is to make men glorious.* — Steevens substituted *purpose* for *purchase.* Perhaps rightly. See foot-note 4.

P. 12. *This King unto him took a* fere. — The old copies have *Peere.* No doubt a misprint for *Pheere.*

P. 12. By *custom, what they did begin*
Was with long use account *no sin.* — In the first of these lines, the old copies have "*But* custom," and, in the second, *account'd, accounted,* and *counted,* for *account.*

ACT I., SCENE I.

P. 13. *Bring in our daughter, clothèd like a bride,*
For the *embracements even of Jove himself.* — The old copies read "*Musicke* bring in," &c.; where no doubt a stage-direction crept into the text; *Musicke* being an order from Antiochus to have the music in readiness. I follow the arrangement of Dyce, who makes the music strike up when the Daughter enters. In the second line, the old copies omit *the.*

P. 14. *As from thence*
Sorrow were ever razed, and testy wrath
Could never be in *her mild* company. — The old copies read "Could never be her mild *companion.*" The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel's.

P. 14. *To compass such a* boundless *happiness!* — The old copies have *bondlesse.* Corrected by Rowe.

P. 14. *For death, like dragons, here* affrights *thee hard.* — The old copies have *affright* instead of *affrights.* The line is commonly printed, "For *death-like* dragons here affright thee hard." But what can be the meaning of "*death-like* dragons"? The correction is Mr. P. A. Daniel's. Walker thinks that *affright* is "certainly wrong"; and proposes *affront.* As *affront* was often used in the sense of *confront,* I have little doubt that we ought to read *affronts.*

P. 14. *And which, without desert, because thine eye*
Presumes to reach, all thy *whole heap must die.* — The old copies have "all *the* whole heap." Corrected by Malone. See foot-note 5.

P. 15. *And with dead cheeks advise thee to desist*
For going on death's met, *whom none resist.* — The old copies have *net* instead of *met,* which is Mr. P. A. Daniel's correction. See foot-note 6.

P. 15. *Thus, ready for the way of life or death,*
I wait the sharpest blow. — The old copies read "I wayt the sharpest blow (*Antiochus*)"; the name having been doubtless meant as a prefix to the next speech. Corrected by Malone.

P. 16. *How* this *may be, and yet in two,* &c. — The old copies read "How *they* may be." The correction is made from Wilkins's novel.

P. 19. *Will* shun *no course to keep them from the light.* — So Malone. The old copies have *shew* instead of *shun.*

P. 19. *He hath found the meaning, for* the *which we mean*
To have his head. — So Malone. The old copies have "for which we mean," &c. It has been proposed anonymously to read "found the meaning *out.*" Rightly, I suspect.

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 20. *Why should this* charge *of thoughts,*
The sad companion, dull-eyed melancholy,
Be my *so-used a guest, as not an hour,* &c. — The old copies have "this *change* of thoughts," and "*By me* so usde a guest." The first correction was proposed by Steevens; the other is made by Dyce. See foot-note 1.

P. 21. *Nor boots it me to say I honour* him. — The old copies omit *him*. Supplied by Rowe.

P. 21. *And with* th' ostent *of war will look so huge*, &c. — The old copies read "And with *the stint* of warre." The happy correction is Tyrwhitt's, and is confirmed by the following passage in Dekker's *Entertainment to King James I.*, 1604: "And why you bear alone *th' ostent of warre*." Again in Chapman's translation of Homer's *Batrachomuomachia*: "Both heralds bearing *the ostents of war*."

P. 21. *Who* am *no more but as the tops of trees*, &c. — Farmer's correction. The old copies read "Who *once* no more," &c.

P. 21. *The thing the which is flatter'd, but a spark,*
To which that blast *gives heat*, &c. — So Mason. Instead of *blast*, the old copies have *sparke*. Doubtless an accidental repetition from the line above.

P. 22. *When Signior Sooth here does proclaim* a *peace*, &c. — The old copies omit *a*. Malone's correction.

P. 22. *And Heaven forbid*
That kings should let their ears hear their faults chid! — So Dyce. The old copies have *hid* instead of *chid*. See foot-note 5.

P. 22. *With* patience bear
Such griefs as you yourself lay on *yourself*. — The old copies read "*To bear* with *patience*," and "as you yourself *do* lay *upon* yourself." The first correction was made by Steevens, who also omits the first *yourself*.

P. 23. *From whence an issue I might propagate,*
Are arms to princes, and bring joys to subjects. — Walker conjectures that, between these two lines, a line is lost, somewhat thus: "Worthy to heir my throne; for kingly boys," &c. Such may well be the case; for the text of this play is shockingly mutilated in many places. See, however, foot-note 6.

P. 23. *Bethought* me *what was past*, &c. — The old copies omit *me*. Inserted by Rowe.

P. 23. *And tyrants'* fears
Decrease not, but grow faster than their *years*:

And should he doubt it,—*as no doubt he doth*, &c.—The old copies have *feare* instead of *fears*, and "faster then *the* yeares." In the third line, also, they have *doo't* and *thinke* instead of *doubt it*. The last correction is Malone's.

P. 24. *When all, for mine, if I may* call't *offence*,
Must feel war's blow, &c.—So Malone. The old copies have "may *call* offence."

P. 24. *But in our orbs* we'll *live so round and safe*, &c.—The old copies have "*will* live" and "*we* live." I suspect we ought to read *sound* for *round*.

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 26. *With whom each minute threatens life* with *death*.—So Mr. P. A. Daniel. The old copies read "threatens life *or* death."

P. 26. *But since he's gone, the King's* ears it *must please*,
He 'scaped the land, to perish at the sea.—So Dyce, except that he has *Seas* instead of *sea*. The old copies read "the King's *Seas* must please": &c.

P. 26. *We have no reason to* inquire of *it*,
Commended to our master, not to us:
Yet, ere you shall depart, this we desire, &c.—The old copies read "no reason to *desire* it." Walker thought the first *desire* should be *inquire*. And it seems to me that both sense and metre ask that *of* be inserted.

ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 26. *O my distressèd lord, even such our griefs:*
Here they are felt and seen with misery's *eyes;*
But, like to groves, being lopp'd, *they higher rise*.—In the first of these lines, the old copies read "such our griefes *are*." Steevens omits *are*, which is merely in the way. In the second line, "Here they are *but* felt and seene with *mischiefes* eyes." The substitution of *misery's* for *mischief's* is Walker's. In the third line, *topp'd* instead of *lopp'd*, which the context seems to require. With the old reading, I can get no meaning at all out of the passage.

P. 27. *Our tongues* do sound our sorrows and deep *woes*
Into the air; our eyes do weep, till lungs
Fetch breath that may proclaim them louder; &c. — The old copies give the first line thus: "Our tongues *and sorrowes do sound deepe our* woes." They also have *toungs* instead of *lungs* in the second line. The latter correction was made by Steevens.

P. 27. *If Heaven slumber while their creatures want,*
They may awake their helps *to comfort them.* — So Malone. The old copies have *helpers* instead of *helps*. See foot-note 1.

P. 27. *This Tarsus, o'er which I have government,*
A city on whom Plenty held full hand;
Where *Riches strew'd herself even in the streets;* &c. — In the first of these lines, the old copies read "I have *the* government," and in the third line *For* instead of *Where*, which is Walker's correction. See foot-note 2.

P. 27. *Those palates who, not yet two* Summers *younger*, &c. — The old copies read "not yet *too savers* younger." Mason conjectured the reading in the text, which has since been confirmed by the discovery of Wilkins's novel: "That this their city, *who, not two Summers younger*, did so excell in pompe," &c.

P. 28. *With their superfluous riots,* heed *these tears!* — So Collier. The old copies have *hear* instead of *heed.*

P. 28. Hath *stuff'd* these *hollow vessels with their power.* — The old copies read "*That* stuff't *the* hollow vessels." Corrected by Rowe and Malone.

P. 29. *And make a conquest of unhappy* men,
Whereas no glory's got to overcome. — So Malone. The old copies have *me* instead of *men.*

P. 29. *Nor come we to add sorrow to your* hearts,
But to relieve them of their heavy load. — The old copies have *tears* instead of *hearts*. Walker's correction.

ACT II., GOWER.

P. 31. *Is still at Tarsus, where each man*
Thinks all is writ he speken *can.* — The old copies have *spoken.* Corrected by White.

P. 31. *Good Helicane* hath *stay'd at home,*
Not to eat honey like a drone
From others' labours, though *he strive*
To killen bad, keep good alive. — In the first of these lines, the old copies have *that* instead of *hath,* and in the third *for though. Hath* is Malone's correction. Singer changes *for though* into *for-thy,* an old word for *therefore:* but this overfills the line, — a thing which the author could hardly have intended in these octo-syllabic couplets. He probably first wrote *for,* and then substituted *though,* and the two got printed together. With *for,* the verb would have to be *strives,* which would not rhyme with *alive.* See foot-note 3.

P. 31. Sends word *of all that haps in Tyre.* — So Steevens. The old copies have *Sav'd one* for *Sends word.*

P. 31. *He,* knowing *so, put forth to seas.* — So Steevens. The old copies have *doing* instead of *knowing.*

ACT II., SCENE I.

P. 32. *Wash'd me from shore to shore, and left* me *breath.* — The old copies read "left *my* breath." Malone's correction.

P. 32. 1 Fish. *What,* ho, Pilch!
2 Fish. Ho, *come and bring away the nets!* — The old copies read "What, *to Pelch?*" and "*Ha,* come," &c. Corrected, the first by Malone, the other by Steevens. See foot-note 1.

P. 33. *Who never leave gaping till* they've *swallow'd the whole parish,* &c. — The old copies have *they* for *they've.* Corrected by Malone.

P. 34. He *would purge the land of these drones.* — So Dyce. The old text has *we* instead of *He.*

P. 34. *How from the* finny subjects *of the sea*
These fishers tell th' infirmities of men; &c. — The old copies have *fenny subject.* Corrected from Wilkins: "Prince Pericles wondering that from the *finny subjects* of the sea these poore country people learned the infirmities of men."

P. 34. *Honest! good fellow, what's that? If it be a day fits you,* steal't *out of the calendar, and nobody*'ll *look after it.* — The old copies have *search* instead of *steal't,* and "nobody looke." Malone reads *scratch it,* and "nobody *will* look." *Steal't* was proposed anonymously. The text seems to be mutilated here beyond all hope of restoration. See foot-note 5.

P. 34. You *see the sea hath cast* me on *your coast.* — The quartos read "*May* see the sea hath cast *upon* your coast"; the third folio, "*Y' may* see the sea hath cast *me* upon your coast." Staunton reads "You may see"; but the speech was evidently meant to be metrical. No doubt something preceding the line has dropped out.

P. 35. *We'll have flesh for* holidays, *fish for fasting-days, and* moreover *puddings and flap-jacks.* — The old copies have *all day* for *holidays,* and *more; or* instead of *moreover.* Corrected by Malone.

P. 35. *O,* no, *not all, my friend, not all;* &c. — So Walker. The old copies are without *no.*

P. 36. *Thanks, Fortune, yet, that, after all* thy *crosses,* &c. — The old copies omit *thy.* Supplied from Wilkins.

P. 37. *In like necessity, —*
Which gods protect thee from! — it may defend thee. — The old copies read "*The* which *the* gods protect thee; *Fame* defend thee." Corrected by Steevens.

P. 37. *I hope, sir, if you thrive, you'll remember from whence you had* it. — So Malone. The old copies have *them* instead of *it.* It has been proposed anonymously to read "whence you had *the means.*" With *them* or *it,* the reference must be to the armour.

P. 37. Now, *by your furtherance, I am clothed in steel;*
And, spite of all the rapture *of the sea,*
This jewel holds his biding *on my arm:*
Unto the *value I will mount myself*, &c. — In the first of these lines, the old copies lack *Now;* in the second they have *rupture* for *rapture;* in the third, *building* for *biding;* and in the fourth, "Unto *thy* value." Steevens proposed the first correction; Wilkins's novel gives the second, telling us how Pericles got to land "with a jewel, whom all the *raptures* of the sea could not bereave from his arm"; the third is Malone's; and the fourth Walker's. Dyce pronounces Malone's correction "a wanton and unnecessary change," and takes *building* as meaning *fixture*. But where else is *building* used for *fixture?* It has been proposed anonymously to read *binding*, and I am inclined to prefer that to *biding*.

P. 38. *We'll sure provide* thee. — So Walker. The old copies omit *thee*.

P. 38. *Then honour be but goal* unto *my will*, &c. — Dyce's conjecture. The old copies read "be but *a* goal *to* my will."

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 38. *Return them, we are ready; and our daughter,*
In honour of whose birth these triumphs are,
Sits here, like beauty's child, &c. — In the first line, the old copies read "and our daughter *heere*." Malone's correction.

P. 38. *So princes their* renown *if not respected.* — The old copies have *Renownes*. Corrected by Malone.

P. 38. *'Tis now your honour, daughter, to* explain
The labour of each knight in his device. — The old copies have *entertaine* instead of *explain*. Steevens's correction.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 41. To *place upon the volume of your deeds*, &c. — So the fourth folio. The earlier editions have "*I* place."

P. 42. *These cates resist me, he* but *thought upon.*—The old copies have *not* instead of *but.* See foot-note 1.

P. 42. *Where now his* son's *like glow-worm in the night,* &c.—The old copies have "his *sonne* like *a* Glo-worme."

P. 43. *Here, with a cup that's* stored *unto the brim,* &c.—Instead of *stored,* the old copies have *stur'd* and *stirr'd.* Steevens's correction.

P. 43. *And princes not doing so are like to gnats,*
Which make a sound, but still ne'er *wonder'd at.*—The old copies read "but *kill'd are* wonder'd at." The present reading is Mr. P. A. Daniel's. It gives at least *a* sense; but I cannot conceive what is meant by saying that "gnats when *killed are wondered at.*"

P. 43. *Therefore, to make his* entertain *more sweet,* &c.—So Walker. The old copies have *enterance* and *entrance* instead of *entertain.*

P. 43. *And* further *tell him, we desire to know*
Of whence he is, &c.—The old copies read "And *furthermore* tell him, we desire to know *of him,*" &c. The reading in the text is Malone's.

P. 44. *A gentleman of Tyre; my name* is *Pericles;*
My education's *been in arts and arms.*—The old copies omit *is,* and have "My *education* been."

P. 44. *A gentleman of Tyre, who only by*
Misfortune of the sea has been *bereft*
Of ships and men, and *cast* upon this *shore.*—So Malone. The old copies give the three lines in two, thus:

> A gentleman of Tyre, who only by misfortune of the *seas,*
> Bereft of ships and men, cast *on the* shore.

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 45. *When he was seated in a chariot of*
Inestimable value, and his daughter with him,
A fire from heaven came, and shrivell'd up
Their *bodies,* &c.—The old copies read "a chariot Of *an* inestimable value," and have *Those* instead of *Their.* The latter corrected by Steevens.

P. 46. *Your griefs! for what? wrong not* the *Prince you love.* — So Steevens. The old copies have "wrong not *your* Prince," &c.

P. 46. *And, knowing this kingdom,* if *without a head,* —
Like goodly buildings left without a roof, —
Will soon to ruin fall, &c. — The old copies read "this Kingdome *is* without a head," and "*Soone fall to ruine.*" Corrected, the first by Malone, the other by Steevens.

P. 46. For *honour's cause, forbear your suffrages.* — So Dyce. The old copies have "*Try* honour's cause."

P. 46. *Take I your wish, I leap into a* seat,
Where's hourly trouble for a minute's ease. — So Malone. The old copies have *seas* instead of *seat.*

P. 46. *A twelvemonth longer let me* you entreat
Still *to forbear the absence of your King;* &c. — The old copies read "let me *entreat you,*" and are without *Still.*

P. 47. *Go search like* noblemen, *like noble subjects,* &c. — So Steevens. The old copies have *nobles* instead of *noblemen.*

P. 47. *We with our travels will endeavour* it. — So Malone. The old copies lack *it.*

ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 48. Mistress, 'tis well; *your choice agrees with mine.*—So Steevens. The old copies read '*Tis well, mistress.*

P. 49. *And not to be a rebel to* your *State.* — So Walker. The old copies have *her* instead of *your.*

P. 50. *And, for* a *further grief,* — *God give you joy!* — The old copies omit *a.* Inserted by Malone.

ACT III., GOWER.

P. 50. *Now sleep yslackèd hath the rout;*
No din but snores the house about, &c. — The old copies read *about the house.* Corrected by Malone.

P. 50. *The cat, with eyne of burning coal,*
Now couches 'fore *the mouse's hole;*
And crickets *sing at th' oven's mouth,*
Aye *the blither for their drouth.*—The old copies have *from* instead of *'fore*, *Cricket* instead of *crickets*, and *Are* instead of *Aye*. The first corrected by Malone, the last by Dyce.

P. 51. *By the four opposing* coignes.—The old copies have *Cringes*. Rowe's correction.

P. 52. *But* fortune's mood
Varies again.—So Steevens. The old copies have *fortune mov'd*, or *moov'd*.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 53. Thou *god of this great vast, rebuke these surges*, &c.—old copies have *The* instead of *Thou*. Corrected by Rowe.

P. 53. *Bind them in brass,*
Having recall'd *them from the deep!*—So Dyce. The old copies have *cald* instead of *recall'd*. Dyce justly remarks that the latter "is demanded both by the sense and the metre."

P. 53. Thou stormest *venomously;*
Wilt thou spit all thyself?—So Dyce. The old copies read "*Then storme* venomously."

P. 53. *Divinest patroness and* midwife *gentle*, &c.—The old copies have *my wife* instead of *midwife*, which is Steevens's correction.

P. 54. *Make swift the pangs*
Of my Queen's travail!—So Dyce. The old copies have *travayles*.

P. 54. *We here below*
Recall not what we give, and therein may
Vie *honour with you.*—So Mason and Walker. The old copies have *Use* instead of *Vie*.

P. 55. *Pardon us, sir:*
With us at sea it hath been still observed;
And we are strong in custom: *therefore briefly*

Yield her, for she must o'erboard straight.

Per. *As you*

Think meet —Most wretched Queen!—The old copies read "for we are strong in *easterne*." They also end the Sailor's speech with "briefly yield her," and give the speech of Pericles thus: "As you thinke meet; for she must over board straight; Most wretched Queene."

P. 56. *Must cast thee, scarcely coffin'd,* in the ooze;
Where, for a monument upon thy bones,
And aye-*remaining lamps*, &c.—In the first of these lines, the old copies have *in oare* for *in the ooze*. Corrected by Steevens. In the third, "*The ayre* remayning lampes." Corrected by Malone.

P. 56. *And bid Nicander*
Bring me the satin coffer.—So Malone. The old copies have *Coffin*.

Act iii., Scene 2.

P. 57. *Good morrow*, Sir.—The old copies omit *sir*, which was added by Steevens.

P. 58. *And* I *can speak of the disturbances*
That Nature works, and of her cures; which gives *me*
A more content, &c.—The old copies omit *I*, and read "which *doth give* me." Malone's corrections.

P. 58. *Or tie my* treasure *up in silken bags*, &c.—The old copies have *pleasure* instead of *treasure*. Corrected by Steevens.

P. 59. *Hath built Lord Cerimon such strong renown*
As time shall never raze.—So Dyce. And so the first quarto, except that it lacks the word *raze*. Other old copies read "as *never shall decay*."

P. 59. *If the sea's stomach be o'ercharged with gold*
It is *a good constraint of fortune*, that
It belches upon us.—The old copies print the last two lines as one, thus: "'*Tis* a good constraint of fortune it belches upon us." Corrected by Malone and Steevens.

P. 59. *How close 'tis caulk'd and* bitumed. — The old copies have *bottomd.* In the preceding scene, the same "chest" is said to be "caulk and *bitumed* ready."

P. 60. *Shrouded in cloth of state! balm'd and entreasured*
With bags of spices full! — So Steevens. The old copies read "with *full bags of spices.*"

P. 60. *Death may usurp on nature many hours,*
And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. I heard of an Egyptian
That had nine hours lien dead,
Who was by good appliances *recover'd.* — So the old copies, except that they have *appliance* instead of *appliances.* The text is badly mutilated, and perhaps cannot be set right by any legitimate arts of reconstruction. The corresponding passage of Wilkins's novel is as follows: "I have read of some Epyptians who, after four houres death, (if a man may call it so,) have raised impoverished bodies, like to this, unto their former health." This shows that in the text the sense is quite as much disordered as the language. Perhaps the author's meaning may be given something thus:

And yet the fire of life kindle again
The o'erpress'd spirits. Of an Egyptian I
Have heard, who had by good appliances
Recover'd bodies nine hours lying dead.

P. 60. *Gentlemen, this Queen will live: nature awakes;*
A warmth breathes *out of her.* — So Steevens. The first quarto reads "Nature awakes a warmth *breath* out of her." The other old copies have "Nature awakes a *warm breath* out of her."

P. 61. *The diamonds*
Of a most prizèd *water* do *appear,*
To make the world twice rich. — O, *live, and make*
Us weep to hear your fate, &c. — The old copies have "most *praised* water *doth* appeare," and are without *O,* which Malone inserted.

ACT III., SCENE 3.

P. 61. *Your* shafts *of fortune, though they* hurt *you mortally,*
Yet glance full wanderingly *on us.* — So Steevens. The old copies have *shakes* for *shafts, hant, haunt,* and *hate* for *hurt,* and *wondringly* for *wanderingly.*

P. 62. *By bright Diana, whom we honour, all*
Unscissar'd *shall this hair of mine remain,*
Though I show ill *in't.*—The old copies have *unsisterd* instead of *unscissar'd,* and *will* instead of *ill.* The former was corrected by Steevens, the latter by Malone; and both are approved by the corresponding passage of Wilkins's novel: "Vowing solemnely by othe to himselfe, his head should grow *unscisserd,* his beard untrimmed, himselfe in all *uncomely,*" &c.

P. 63. *Then give you up to the* vast *Neptune and*
The gentlest winds of heaven. — The old copies have "the *mask'd* Neptune." But why *mask'd?* or how can that epithet be here explained to any fitting sense? Walker proposes *moist.* Dyce conjectures *vast,* and quotes from *Timon of Athens,* v. 4: "Taught thee to make *vast Neptune* weep for aye," &c. To which I may add, from an earlier scene of this play, "Thou god of this great *vast,* rebuke these surges," &c.

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 63. *Madam, this letter, and some certain jewels,*
Lay with you in your coffer; which are now
At your command.—So Malone. The old copies are without *now.*

P. 63. *That I was shipp'd at sea, I well remember,*
Even on my eaning *time; but whether there*
I was *deliver'd, by the holy gods,*
I cannot rightly say.—The old copies, till the third folio, have *learning* instead of *eaning.* The words *I was* are not in any of the old copies. Conjectured by Dyce.

P. 63. *Where, till your date expire, you may abide.*—The old text reads "Where you may abide till your date expire." This quite upsets the metre of the line. Malone prints "Where you may *'bide until* your date expire." The reading in the text is Mr. Fleay's.

ACT IV., GOWER.

P. 64. *Which makes* her *both the* heart *and place*
Of general wonder. — The old copies have *hie* and *high* instead of *her,* and *art* instead of *heart.* Steevens's correction.

P. 64. *That monster envy, oft the wrack*
Of earnèd praise, Marina's life
Seeks to take off by treason's knife,
And in his *kind.* Cleon doth own
One daughter, and a wench full grown,
Even ripe for marriage-rite; &c. — In the fourth of these lines, the old copies read "And in *this* kind," and connect these words with what follows. I can see no fitness, nor even sense in them so printed. The old copies also have *our Cleon hath* instead of *Cleon doth own*, and *full growne wench* instead of *wench full grown*. Also, in the last line, *sight* instead of *rite*. Mr. P. A. Daniel proposed the reading and pointing here given, except in case of *his*, which I take as standing for *its*, and referring to *envy*. See foot-note 1. The common reading is as follows:

Seeks to take off by treason's knife.
And in this kind hath our Cleon
One daughter, and a wench full grown, &c.

P. 64. *Be't when* she *weaved the sleided silk.* — The old copics have *they* instead of *she*. Corrected by Malone.

P. 64. *Or when she would with sharp* neeld *wound*
The cambric, &c. — The old copies have *needle* instead of *neeld*. The latter was in common use, and is required here for the metre. Malone's correction.

P. 65. *She sung, and made the* night-bird *mute.* — The old copies have the "night *bed* mute." Malone's correction.

P. 65. With the dove of Paphos might *the crow*
Vie feathers white. — The old copies read "*The Dove of Paphos might with* the crow," &c. Mason's correction.

P. 65. *Only I* carry *wingèd time*, &c. — The old copies have *carried*. Corrected by Steevens.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 66. *Let not conscience,*
Which is but cold, enforcing law, *thy bosom*
Inform *too nicely.* — In parts of this scene, again, the text is dreadfully mangled. Here the old copies read "Let not conscience,

which is but cold, *in flaming thy love* bosome *inflame* too nicely." Some of them have the trifling variation, *inflaming* thy love," &c. The common reading is, "inflaming *love in* thy bosom, Inflame too nicely." But who would ever speak of conscience as *cold* and at the same time as *inflaming love* in one's bosom? Collier proposed *Inform* for *Inflame.*

P. 67. *The fitter, then, the gods should have her. Here*
She comes still *weeping her* old nurse's *death.* — The old copies read "comes weeping *for* her *only mistress* death." As Marina is in fact supposed to be weeping for the death of her old nurse, Lychorida, surely Percy was right in proposing to substitute *old nurse* for *only mistress.*

P. 67. *No,* no, *I will rob Tellus of her weed.* — So Walker. The old copies lack the second *no.*

P. 67. *The yellows, blues,*
The purple violets, and marigolds,
Shall, as a chaplet, *hang upon thy grave,* &c. — So Malone. The old copies have *carpet* instead of *chaplet.*

P. 67. *How now, Marina! why* keep you *alone?* — The old copies read "why *do you keep* alone?"

P. 67. *Lord, how your favour's changed*
With this unprofitable woe! Come, come,
Give me your flowers: on *the* sea-margent *walk*
With Leonine; the air is quick there, and
It pierces, and will sharp *the stomach.* — In the second of these lines, the old copies are without the second *come,* which was supplied by Malone. The old copies have the third line thus: "Give me your flowers, *ere* the sea *mar it*"; which, besides being nonsense in itself, gives nothing for *there,* in the next line, to refer to. A great variety of changes has been proposed. Shakespeare has *sea-marge* in *The Tempest,* and "the beachèd *margent of the sea*" in *A Midsummer-Night's Dream.* In the last line, again, the old copies read "it pierces and *sharpens* the stomach." Walker proposes *sharps,* and shows that such was the form often used. It seems to me that sense, as well as metre, requires the insertion of *will.*

P. 68. *Pray* you, *walk softly, do not heat your blood.* — So Malone. The old copies omit *you* after *Pray*.

P. 68. *My father, as nurse* said, *did never fear,*
But cried Good seamen! *to the sailors, galling*
His kingly hands with *haling* of *the ropes;* &c. — In the first of these lines, the old copies have *ses* and *saith* instead of *said*. I give the third line as amended by Malone. The old copies read "His kingly hands, haling ropes."

P. 68. *And with a dropping industry they skip*
From stem *to stern.* — The old copies have "from *sterne* to sterne." Corrected by Malone.

P. 69. *Wherein my death might yield her profit, or*
My life imply her danger. — So Steevens. The old copies have *any* before *profit*, and also before *danger*.

P. 69. *These* roving *thieves serve the great pirate Valdes.* — So Steevens, adopting Malone's conjecture. The old copies have *roguing* instead of *roving*.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 72. Bawd. *What's her price, Boult?*
Boult. It *cannot be bated one doit of a thousand pieces.* — The old copies have *I* instead of *It*.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 75. *If thou hadst drunk to him, 't had been a kindness*
Becoming well thy damned fact. — So Dyce. The old copies have *face* instead of *fact*.

P. 76. *Unless you play the* pious *innocent,* &c. — Mason's conjecture, which has since been confirmed by Wilkins's novel: "If such a *pious innocent* as yourselfe do not reveale it unto him." The old copies read "play the *impious* innocent," and "play the innocent."

P. 76. *Though not his* prime *consent, he did not flow*
From honourable sources. — So Dyce. The old copies have *prince* and *whole* instead of *prime*, and *courses* instead of *sources*.

P. 76. *Yet none does know, but you, how she came dead,*
Nor none can know now, *Leonine being gone.* — So Walker. The old copies omit *now,* which, as Walker says, "the *logic* of the passage, as well as the rhythm, requires."

P. 76. *She did* distain *my child, and stood between*
Her and her fortunes. — So Singer, adopting Steevens's conjecture. The old copies have *disdain* instead of *distain.* See foot-note 3.

P. 77. *It greets me as an enterprise of kindness*
Perform'd to our *sole daughter.* — So Walker. The old copies have *your* instead of *our.*

P. 77. *Thou'rt like the harpy,*
Which, to betray, doth use an *angel's face,*
Then *seize with eagle's talons.* — The old copies read:

> Which, to betray, *dost with thine* angel's face
> Seize with *thine* eagle's talents.

P. 77. *Sail seas in cockles; have, an wish but for't;*
Making, — to take imagination —
From bourn to bourn, &c. — So Malone. The old copies have "to take *our* imagination."

P. 78. *Old Helicanus goes along: behind*
Is left to govern it, you bear in mind,
Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
Advanced in Tyre *to great and high estate.* — The old copies have *time* instead of *Tyre,* which is Walker's correction. I here adopt the pointing proposed by Mr. P. A. Daniel. The old copies have nothing between *along* and *behind,* but set a comma after *behind,* and a colon after *govern it.* This makes odd work with the sense. The common reading, adopted even by the Cambridge Editors, is as follows:

> Old Escanes, whom Helicanus late
> Advanced in time to great and high estate,
> Is left to govern. Bear you it in mind,
> Old Helicanus goes along behind.

This is certainly taking a pretty large freedom with the text; yet I think it does not make nearly so good sense as Mr. Daniel's reading. See foot-note 9.

P. 78. *Well-sailing ships and bounteous winds have brought*
This King to Tarsus (*think* his *pilot thought;*
So with his steerage shall your thoughts grow on)
To fetch his daughter, &c. — In the second of these lines, the old copies have *this* instead of *his*, and in the third *grone* instead of *grow on*. Corrected by Malone.

P. 80. *While our* scene *must play*
His daughter's woe, &c. — The old copies have *steare* instead of *scene*. The correction is Malone's.

ACT IV., SCENE 5.

P. 81. Bawd. *For flesh and blood, sir, white and red*, &c. — To this, and also to the next speech but one, the old copies prefix "*Boult.*" Wrong, surely. Corrected by White.

P. 81. *That dignifies the renown of a bawd, no less than it gives a good report to a* maiden *to be chaste.* — Instead of *maiden* the old copies have *number*, which seems absolutely meaningless. The correction was proposed anonymously.

P. 82. *Why, I cannot* name't *but I shall offend.* — So the third folio. The earlier editions have "cannot *name* but."

P. 83. *O, you have heard something of my power, and so stand* aloof *for more serious wooing.* — The old copies have *aloft* instead of *aloof.* Corrected by Rowe.

P. 85. She *makes our profession as it were to stink*, &c. — The old copies have *He* instead of *She*. Rowe's correction.

P. 86. *Do any thing but this*
Thou doest. Empty old receptacles,
Or common sewers, *of filth; serve by indenture*
To th' common hangman: any of these ways
Are better yet *than this; for* that which *thou*
Professest here, *a baboon, could he speak,*
Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
Would safely from this place deliver me! — I here adopt, sub-

stantially, the reading and arrangement proposed by Walker. The old copies give the passage as follows:

> Do any thing but this thou doest. Empty
> Old receptacles, or common *shores*, of filth;
> Serve by indenture to *the* common hangman:
> Any of these ways are *yet better* than this;
> For *what* thou professest, a baboon, could he speak,
> Would own a name too dear. O, that the gods
> Would safely *deliver me from this place!*

P. 86. *If that thy master would* make *gain by me,*
Proclaim that I can sing, &c.—The old copies read "would gain by me."

P. 87. *And* I *will undertake all these to teach.*—The old copies omit *I*. Inserted by Rowe.

Act v., Gower.

P. 87. *Deep clerks she dumbs; and with her* neeld *composes*
Nature's own shape, of bud, bird, &c.—Here, again, the old copies have *needle* instead of *neeld.*

P. 88. *Her inkle, silk,* twin *with the rubied cherry:* &c.—The old copies have *Twine* instead of *twin.* Malone's correction.

P. 88. *And to her father turn our thoughts again:*
We left him on the sea; we there him lost:
Whence, *driven before the winds, he is arrived*
Here where his daughter dwells; &c.—In the first three quartos, the second and third of these lines are given as follows:

> *Where* wee left him on the Sea, wee there him *left*
> *Where* driven before the windes, he is arrivde.

The other old copies have a different reading, thus:

> Where we left him *at* sea, *tumbled and tost,*
> *And* driven before the *winde*, he is arrivde.

P. 88. *Lysimachus our Tyrian ship espies,*
Her *banners sable, trimm'd with rich expense.*—So Walker. The old copies have *His* instead of *Her.*

P. 88. *Of heavy Pericles think this* the *bark.*—So Malone. The old copies read "thinke this *his* bark."

ACT V., SCENE I.

P. 89. *I pray* ye, *greet them fairly.*—So Rowe. The old copies omit *ye.*

P. 89. Lys. *Hail, reverend sir! the gods preserve you!*
Hel. *And you,* sir, *to outlive the age I am,* &c.—The old copies omit *sir* in the last speech. Supplied by Malone.

P. 90. *Till the disaster that, one mortal* night,
Drove him to this.—The old copies have *wight* instead of *night.* Corrected by Malone.

P. 90. *And make a battery through his* deafen'd *parts,* &c.—The first quarto has *defend,*—probably an old spelling of *deafend.* The other old copies have *defended.*

P. 90. *She is all happy as the fair'st of all,*
And with *her fellow-maids* is *now upon*
The leafy shelter, &c.—So Malone. The old copies lack *with* and *is* in the second line.

P. 90. *Sure,* all's *effectless;* &c.—The old copies have "*all* effectless." Malone's correction.

P. 91. *Which if we should deny, the most just* gods
For every graff would send a caterpillar,
And so afflict *our province.*—In the first of these lines, the old copies have *God* instead of *gods.* Corrected by Walker. In the third line, they have *inflict* for *afflict.*

P. 91. *Is't not a goodly* presence?—The old copies have *present?* Corrected by Malone.

P. 91. *She's such a one, that, were I well assured*
She *came of gentle kind,* &c.—The old copies omit *She* in the second line, and read "Came of *a* gentle kinde," &c.

P. 91. *Fair one, all goodness that consists in* bounty
Expect even here, &c.—The old copies have *beautie* for *bounty.* Steevens's correction.

P. 91. *If that thy prosperous-artificial* feat
Can draw him, &c. — So Steevens and Walker. The old copies read "thy prosperous *and* artificiall *fate*." Shakespeare has many similar compounds, such as *dismal-fatal*, *mortal-staring*, *childish-foolish*, &c.

P. 91. *Sir, I will use*
My utmost skill in his recure, *provided*
That none but I, &c. — So Walker. The old copies have *recovery* instead of *recure*.

P. 93. *I think so. Pray you, turn your eyes upon me.* — The old copies read "I *do* thinke so."

P. 93. *You are like something that — What* countrywoman?
Here *of these* shores?
Mar. *No, nor of any* shores. — The old copies read "what Countrey-*women heare* of these *shewes?* and have *shewes* again in Marina's reply. The happy emendation is Lord Charlemont's.

P. 94. *Didst thou not* say, *when I did push thee back*, &c. — The old copies have *stay* instead of *say*. Corrected by Malone.

P. 94. *What were thy friends?*
How lost thou them? *Thy name*, &c. — The old copies read "how lost thou thy name." Corrected by Malone.

P. 95. *Have you a working pulse? and are no fairy?*
No *motion? Well; speak on. Where were you born?* — So Steevens. The old copies omit *No* before *motion*, and punctuate the passage in various ways. Dyce prints "Motion!" and takes it as an exclamation of Pericles after feeling Marina's pulse. I cannot see it so.

P. 95. *Who died the* very *minute I was born*, &c. — So Malone. The old copies omit *very*.

P. 96. You'll scarce *believe me*. — The old copies read "*you scorne*, beleeve me." Corrected by Malone.

P. 96. *She* would never *tell*
Her parentage, &c. — The old copies read "She *never would* tell." Corrected by Steevens.

P. 97. *I'm Pericles of Tyre: but tell me now*
My drown'd Queen's name, (as in the rest you've *said*
Thou hast been godlike perfect,) and thou art
The heir of kingdoms, and another life
To Pericles thy father. — In the second of these lines, the old copies read "the rest *you* said"; in the third, they lack the words *and thou art;* and in the fourth have *like* instead of *life*. The latter correction is Mason's.

P. 97. *I embrace you,* sir. — Here, again, the old copies omit *sir.* Supplied by Steevens.

P. 98. Per. *Rarest sounds! Do ye not hear?*
Lys. *Music, my lord?*
Per. I hear *most heavenly music:*
It nips me into listening, &c. — I here adopt the arrangement proposed by the Cambridge Editors. The oldest copies give the second speech thus: "Musicke my lord? *I hear.*" Dyce prints *Music* as a stage-direction, and is followed by several, and even by the Cambridge Editors themselves; who, however, justly observe in a note as follows: "No music is mentioned in Wilkins's novel, and any music of earth would be likely to jar with that 'music of the spheres' which was already lulling Pericles to sleep."

P. 98. *And give them repetition to the* life.
Perform my bidding, or thou livest in woe; &c. — So Malone. Here, again, the old copies have *like* for *life;* and also read "*Or* perform my bidding."

P. 99. *With all my heart; and, when you come ashore,*
I have another suit. — The old copies have *sleight* for *suit.* Corrected by Malone.

P. 99. *This my last boon,* pray you, *give me,* —
For such kindness must relieve me, —
That you, &c. — The old copies are without the words *pray you* in the first of these lines. See, further on, "The interim, *pray you,* all confound."

P. 100. *That he can hither come so soon,*
Is by your fancies thankful boon. — So Steevens. — The old copies have *doom* instead of *boon.*

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 100. *The fair Thaisa at Pentapolis.* — The old copies have "At Pentapolis the fair Thaisa." Malone's correction.

P. 101. *What means the* nun? — Instead of *nun*, the old copies have *mum* and *woman*. Corrected by Collier. Wilkins's novel shows beyond question that *nun* is right.

P. 101. *Early* one *blustering morn*, &c. — So Malone. The old copies have *in* for *one*.

P. 102. *Lord Cerimon, my lord; this* is the *man*, &c. — So Walker. The old copies read "this man."

P. 103. *Pure Dian, bless thee for thy vision!* I
Will offer night-oblations to thee. — So Malone. The old copies omit *I.*

P. 103. *Virtue* preserved *from fell destruction's blast.* — The old copies have *preferd* for *preserved.* Corrected by Malone.

P. 104. *Had spread their cursèd deed,* and *honour'd name*
Of Pericles, &c. — So the third folio. The earlier editions have *the* instead of *and.*

P. 104. *To punish* crime, — *although not done, but meant.* — So Malone. The old copies omit *crime.*

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

FIRST printed in 1634, with the following in the title-page: "THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN: Presented at the Blackfriars by the King's Majesty's Servants, with great applause. Written by the memorable Worthies of their time, Mr. JOHN FLETCHER and Mr. WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, Gentlemen." This was nine years after the death of Fletcher, and eighteen years after that of Shakespeare. The play was included in the third folio of Shakespeare, 1664, also in the folio of Beaumont and Fletcher, 1679. Its appearance with Shakespeare's name in 1634, and in the folio of 1664, is by no means decisive as to the authorship; for several plays were put forth as Shakespeare's during his lifetime, and also included in the same collection, which he most certainly had no hand in writing. On the other hand, however, in 1634 the popularity of Shakespeare had so far declined, or been eclipsed by later writers, as to leave little motive, apparently, for publishers to forge his name. There was also a strong and steady tradition of the play's having been written by Shakespeare and Fletcher in conjunction.

But Shakespeare's participation in *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was not fully established till our own time, and the argument to that end proceeds mainly on internal evidence. In the first place, the play itself bears clear and unmistakable tokens of two widely-different hands; so much so as to put the ascribing of the whole to one and the same author quite out of the question. In the second place, in certain portions the cast of thought, the manner of expression, the mode of conceiving and unfolding character, in short, the whole texture and grain of the workmanship, are so totally diverse from the Fletcherian idiom, and so vastly beyond any thing else of Fletcher's known writing, that we are in effect forced to admit the presence of a far mightier

hand than his: and whose but Shakespeare's "own sweet and cunning hand" can that be? In the third place, in proportion as the characteristics of thought and diction draw away from the Fletcherian idiom, in the same proportion they draw towards the Shakespearian, as we taste them in the acknowledged workmanship of Shakespeare's latest period.

Accordingly we find Coleridge saying, in 1833, "I have no doubt whatever that the first Act and the first scene of the second Act are Shakespeare's." Sidney Walker, also, declares that the whole of the first Act bears indisputable marks of Shakespeare's hand"; that in the first scene we have "surely *aut Shakespearius aut Diabolus!*" and that the first scene of the fifth Act "surely is Shakespeare's also." Mr. J. Spalding also, a very acute critic, writes that "the whole of the first Act may be safely pronounced to be Shakespeare's"; that "in the fifth Act we again feel the presence of the master of the spell"; and that "several passages in this portion are marked by as striking tokens of his art as any thing we read in *Macbeth* or *Coriolanus*." Last, not least, Dyce observes, "I believe that Shakespeare wrote all those portions of the play which Mr. Spalding assigns to him; though I conceive that in some places they may have been altered and interpolated by Fletcher."

But the fullest and ablest discussion of the matter appeared in *The Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review*, April, 1847; from the pen of the late Mr. Samuel Hickson, the same judicious critic whom we met with in connection with *King Henry the Eighth*. Mr. Hickson's criticism is chiefly æsthetic in its scope and method, but works so near the core of the subject, that I have deemed it advisable to throw considerable portions of it into the form of foot-notes, and so print them in what seemed the most appropriate places. I must here, however, give one markworthy passage, which applies equally to all the verse parts of the play: "Of all the writers of blank-verse, Shakespeare is the most musical. His verses flow into each other with the most perfect harmony; never monotonous, but seldom rugged. His words seem rather to fall naturally into verse than to be measured out into lines; and his varied pauses break, without disjoining, the longest passages, so that none can be said to be

long-winded, nor to add to their untiring effect. But Shakespeare, without feeling them a restraint, is always attentive to the laws of metre; he uses redundant syllables very sparely; and even the common license of double endings he resorts to but occasionally. On the other hand, the measure of Fletcher's verse is extremely peculiar: double and triple endings, and redundant syllables, may be said to form the character of his system; so much so that the line is frequently eked out with an expletive, after the verse is complete. The result of this is, that what was introduced for the sake of variety, and which has that effect when Shakespeare uses it, in Fletcher becomes excessively monotonous, giving something of a sing-song effect."

Mr. Hickson sums up the result of his inquiry as follows: "The whole of the first Act, with the exception of some twenty or thirty lines, appears to be by Shakespeare; likewise the first scene of the second Act; the first and second scenes of the third Act; the last scene of the fourth Act; and, with the exception of the second scene, the whole of the fifth Act. As a consequence of this it follows, that, with the partial exception of Arcite, every character, even to the Doctor who makes his first appearance at the end of the fourth Act, was introduced by Shakespeare. We have here, then, not only the framework of the play, but the groundwork of every character; in each case we find that Shakespeare goes first, and Fletcher follows; and even then we find that the latter is most successful in the parts where he had Chaucer for a guide. With regard to the particular influence of Shakespeare upon the underplot, the same principle appears. The first appearance of the Jailer's Daughter, with the first signs of her love for Palamon, — the first symptom of her madness, — and the first opinion given by the Doctor, embodying a discriminating view of the case, with directions for its treatment, are all by him. Fletcher takes up the following scene to each of these instances, and unsuccessfully. And, indeed, excepting these three scenes, and one by Fletcher, (the first of the fourth Act,) the rest of the underplot is trash; want of observation and inexperience are evident in it throughout, and it is inconceivably dull."

Touching the Fletcher portions of the play, Mr. Hickson de-

livers himself more in detail as follows: "The whole of the first Act, and the first scene of the second, being the *invention* of Shakespeare, Fletcher is not even then suffered to go alone, but has the assistance of the same scene in Chaucer. So with the commencement of the next scene: in the continuation of which, however, he tries his invention for the first time, and finds the difficulty of being humorous. Two of the scenes which follow endeavour to carry out Shakespeare's view of the character of the Jailer's Daughter, and another gives a version of the meeting of Arcite and Theseus. The first scene of the third Act is by Shakespeare, which Fletcher follows in a similar scene (the third) in the same Act; and in the same way a scene by the former, showing the first approach to madness in the Jailer's Daughter, is followed by the latter in the fourth scene. The only original introduction by Fletcher hitherto is in the third scene of the second Act. The fifth scene of the third Act is a sort of continuation, with the addition of his sole attempt at character, — a dull imitation of Holofernes. The sixth scene continues the subject of the third. The first scene of the fourth Act is again an original one of Fletcher's, — that is, it is not led to by a previous one of Shakespeare's. Yet, viewing the latter as the directing mind, we think the subject may have been suggested by him; the execution is any thing but original. So of the next; the concluding part of which runs parallel to Chaucer. In the last scene of this Act, Shakespeare gives another copy of madness for his associate to work by, and introduces a new character, the Doctor. This scene is again followed in the fifth Act by Fletcher, as we have pointed out. The rest of the fifth Act is by Shakespeare. In all that is essential to the plot, the other contributed nothing in which he was not assisted by a previous draught, either in his associate or in Chaucer."

More recently, Mr. F. G. Fleay has taken the matter in hand, and applied to it his figures and metrical tests. "This play," says he, "has been already so conclusively shown to be a joint production of Shakespeare and Fletcher, and the portion written by each author has been so accurately assigned, that I should not have thought it necessary to re-open the question, were it not that every instance in which the results of critical examina-

tions based on different grounds can be obtained is valuable, not only as to the immediate end in view, but also as a test of the worth and power of the methods employed. So in this instance: if the examination as to authorship based on considerations of an æsthetic nature coincides with that based on metrical criticism, we shall have not only an enormously strong addition to the evidence of Fletcher's share in this work, but also a remarkable example of the value of metrical tests.

"In this play there are two prose scenes, ii. 1, and iv. 3. Both these belong to the underplot. In my paper on Fletcher I have shown that Fletcher never wrote *prose* in any of his plays. I should therefore assign these two prose scenes in the *The Two Noble Kinsmen* to Shakespeare. Mr. Hickson has given strong reasons for the same course, on other considerations.

"Looking next to the number of rhymes, we find no aid towards discriminating these authors. Except in the masque, there are only five in the whole play; two in the parts we assign to Shakespeare, three in the Fletcher parts. Not only does this agree with Fletcher's usual practice, but it enables us to say with confidence that Shakespeare's part of this play was written as late as 1610; as only in *The Tempest* and *The Winter's Tale* do we find that he had given up rhymes to any thing like such an extent as here."

Mr. Fleay then proceeds to tabulate the Shakespeare and Fletcher portions, each by itself, and bases his conclusion on the relative number of double endings and of incomplete lines of four measures, which he says are "the most important metrical means of distinguishing between these writers." Of course the two prose scenes, which he holds to be Shakespeare's, do not enter into his computation. In the Shakespeare portion, the whole number of lines is 1124; of double endings, 321; of four-measure lines, 1. In the Fletcher portion, the whole number of lines is 1398; of double endings, 771; of four-measure lines, 19. He then adds the following:

"It will be seen that the metrical evidence confirms the results of the higher criticism in the strongest manner. The average number of double endings in the Shakespeare parts is exactly that of the latter part of his career; the number in the Fletcher

part exactly agrees with that deduced in my paper on Fletcher from all his undoubted works. Moreover, the imperfect four-measure lines occur in the Fletcher parts in the proportion of 19 to 1 in the Shakespeare parts. There is, therefore, not only the strongest confirmation of the conclusions of the best critics as to this play, but also the firmest ground for confidence in our metrical arguments."

As implied in some of the forecited matter, *The Two Noble Kinsmen* was founded on *The Knight's Tale* of Chaucer. In the Shakespeare part, the borrowing is mainly in the form of hints and ideas; in the Fletcher parts, it is much more in the way of incidents and details.

As regards the time of writing, I can add nothing to what has been said by Mr. Fleay. It appears that the work of the two authors holds about the same proportion in this play as in *King Henry the Eighth.* This, to be sure, need not infer that the two plays were written in immediate succession; yet I think it may lend some support to the belief that for a certain period the two authors worked together; nor can I perceive any marked differences of style in the Shakespeare portions of the two plays; such differences, I mean, as would infer any wide interval in the times of writing; though I should reckon *The Two Noble Kinsmen* to be somewhat the earlier of the two. And so the non-appearance of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* in the folio of 1623 may well have grown from an arrangement for dividing between the authors the fruit of their joint labours. It is considerable, also, that in this play, as in *King Henry the Eighth*, some of the scenes assigned to Fletcher, especially the second in the fourth Act, perhaps also the second in the second Act, and the sixth in the third Act, have passages rising so much above the usual plane of Fletcher's poetry as to suggest, at least, the presence of the master's correcting and improving hand. Certainly some parts of the scene first specified are beyond any thing that author has elsewhere given us. And in this instance, as in others, Fletcher's attempts at humour are exceedingly flat and futile; for, in truth, he had nothing of that choice and delectable element in his composition.

Suffice it to add, that the portions ascribed to Fletcher are here distinguished by asterisks set before all the lines.

THE TWO NOBLE KINSMEN.

PERSONS REPRESENTED.

THESEUS, Duke of Athens.
PIRITHOUS, an Athenian General.
ARTESIUS, an Athenian Captain.
PALAMON, } Nephews to Creon, King
ARCITE, } of Thebes.
VALERIUS, a Theban Nobleman.
Six Knights.
A Herald.
A Jailer.
Wooer to the Jailer's Daughter.
A Doctor.

Brother } to the Jailer.
Friends }
A Gentleman.
GERROLD, a Schoolmaster.

HIPPOLYTA, Bride to Theseus.
EMILIA, her Sister.
Three Queens.
The Jailer's Daughter.
Waiting-woman to Emilia.

Countrymen, Messengers, a Man personating Hymen, Boy, Executioner, Guard, and Attendants. Country Wenches, and Women personating Nymphs.

SCENE.—*Athens and the neighbourhood, except in part of the first Act, where it is Thebes and the neighbourhood.*

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*PROLOGUE.

*New plays and maidenheads are near akin ;
*Much follow'd both, for both much money gi'en,
*If they stand sound and well : and a good play,
*Whose modest scenes blush on his marriage-day,
*And shake to lose his honour, is like her
*That, after holy tie and first night's stir,
*Yet still is modesty, and still retains
*More of the maid to sight than husband's pains.

*We pray our play may be so; for I'm sure
*It has a noble breeder and a pure,
*A learnèd, and a poet never went
*More famous yet 'twixt Po and silver Trent:
*Chaucer, of all admired, the story gives;
*There constant to eternity it lives.
*If we let fall the nobleness of this,
*And the first sound this child hear be a hiss,
*How will it shake the bones of that good man,
*And make him cry from under ground, *O, fan*
**From me the witless chaff of such a writer*
**That blasts my bays, and my famed works makes lighter*
**Than Robin Hood!* This is the fear we bring;
*For, to say truth, it were an endless thing,
*And too ambitious, to aspire to him.
*Weak as we are, and almost breathless swim
*In this deep water, do but you hold out
*Your helping hands, and we shall tack about,
*And something do to save us: you shall hear
*Scenes, though below his art, may yet appear
*Worth two hours' travail. To his bones sweet sleep!
*Content to you!—If this play do not keep
*A little dull time from us we perceive
*Our losses fall so thick, we must needs leave. [*Flourish.*

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Athens. Before a Temple.*

Enter HYMEN *with a torch burning; a* Boy, *in a white robe, before, singing and strewing flowers; after* HYMEN, *a* Nymph, *encompassed in her tresses, bearing a wheaten garland; then* THESEUS, *between two other* Nymphs *with*

wheaten chaplets on their heads; then HIPPOLYTA, *the bride, led by* PIRITHOUS, *and another holding a garland over her head, her tresses likewise hanging; after her,* EMILIA, *holding up her train;* ARTESIUS *and* Attendants.

*SONG *by the* Boy.

**Roses, their sharp spines being gone,*
**Not royal in their smells alone,*
**But in their hue;*
**Maiden pinks, of odour faint,*
**Daisies smell-less, yet most quaint,*
**And sweet thyme true;*

**Primrose, first-born child of Ver,*
**Merry spring-time's harbinger,*
**With hare-bells dim;*
**Oxlips*[1] *in their cradles growing,*
**Marigolds on death-beds blowing,*
**And larks'-heels trim;*

**All dear Nature's children sweet,*
**Lie 'fore bride and bridegroom's feet,*
**Blessing their sense!* [Strewing flowers.
**Not an angel of the air,*[2]
**Bird melodious or bird fair,*
**Be absent hence!*

**The crow, the slanderous cuckoo, nor*
**The boding raven, nor chough hoar,*
**Nor chattering pie,*

[1] The *oxlip* is a plant like the cowslip, but larger and stronger, and blooms in April and May. See vol. vii. page 216, note 17.

[2] *Angel* is here a Grecism; for *messenger*, as it was applied to birds of augury. In the Poet's time the word was often used as equivalent to *bird*. In Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, the eagle is called "the Roman *angel*."

May on our bride-house perch or sing,
Or with them any discord bring,
But from it fly![3]

Enter three Queens, *in black, with veils stained, and wearing imperial crowns. The first* Queen *falls down at the foot of* THESEUS; *the second falls down at the foot of* HIPPOLYTA; *the third before* EMILIA.

1 Queen. For pity's sake and true gentility's,
Hear, and respect me!
2 Queen. For your mother's sake,
And as you wish your womb may thrive with fair ones,
Hear, and respect me!
3 Queen. Now, for the love of him whom Jove hath mark'd
The honour of your bed, and for the sake
Of clear virginity, be advocate
For us and our distresses! This good deed
Shall raze you out o' the book of trespasses
All you are set down there.
Thes. Sad lady, rise.
Hip. Stand up.
Emi. No knees to me:
What woman I may stead that is distress'd
Does bind me to her.
Thes. What's your request? deliver you for all.
1 Queen. We are three queens, whose sovereigns fell before
The wrath of cruel Creon; who[4] endure
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,

[3] Is the epithalamium broken off by the entrance of the Queens? It *seems* unfinished; and it is more natural, I think, that it should be interrupted. — WALKER.

[4] *Who* refers to *sovereigns*, not to *queens*.

And pecks of crows, in the foul field of Thebes:
He will not suffer us to burn their bones,
To urn their ashes, nor to take th' offence
Of mortal loathsomeness from the blest eye
Of holy Phœbus, but infects the winds
With stench of our slain lords. O, pity, Duke!
Thou purger of the Earth, draw thy fear'd sword,
That does good turns to th' world; give us the bones
Of our dead kings, that we may chapel them;
And, of thy boundless goodness, take some note
That for our crownèd heads we have no roof
Save this, which is the lion's and the bear's,
And vault to every thing!

Thes. Pray you, kneel not:
I was transported with your speech, and suffer'd
Your knees to wrong themselves. I've heard the fortunes
Of your dead lords, which gives me such lamenting
As wakes my vengeance and revenge for 'em.
King Capanëus was your lord: the day
That he should marry you, at such a season
As now it is with me, I met your groom
By Mars's altar: you were that time fair,
Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,
Nor in more bounty spread; your wheaten wreath
Was then nor thresh'd nor blasted; Fortune at you
Dimpled her cheek with smiles; Hercules our kinsman —
Then weaker than your eyes — laid by his club;
He tumbled down upon his Nemean hide,
And swore his sinews thaw'd. O, grief and time,
Fearful consumers, you will all devour!

1 Queen. O, I hope some god,
Some god hath put his mercy in your manhood,
Whereto[5] he'll infuse power, and press you forth

[5] *Whereto* here has the force of *in addition to which.* Shakespeare uses

Our undertaker!
Thes. O, no knees, none, widow!
Unto the helmeted Bellona use them,
And pray for me, your soldier. —
Troubled I am. [*Turns away.*
2 Queen. Honour'd Hippolyta,
Most dreaded Amazonian, that hast slain
The scythe-tusk'd boar; that, with thy arm as strong
As it is white,[6] wast near to make the male
To thy sex captive, but that this thy lord —
Born to uphold creation in that honour
First Nature styled it in — shrunk thee into
The bound thou wast o'erflowing, at once subduing
Thy force and thy affection; soldieress,
That equally canst poise sternness with pity;
Who now, I know, hast much more power on him
Than e'er he had on thee; who owest[7] his strength
And his love too, who[8] is a servant to
The tenor of thy speech; dear glass[9] of ladies,
Bid him that we, whom flaming War doth scorch,
Under the shadow of his sword may cool us;
Require him he advance it o'er our heads:
Speak't in a woman's key, like such a woman
As any of us three; weep ere you fail;
Lend us a knee;
But touch the ground for us no longer time
Than a dove's motion, when the head's pluck'd off;

thereto in the same way. See vol. xviii. page 115, note 9. The sense of *I hope* is continued over *he'll infuse*, &c.

6 The construction is, "thy arm as strong as it is white."

7 *Owe*, as usual, for *have*, *own*, or *possess*.

8 There is some confusion of relatives here. This *who* must be understood as referring to *strength*. *Who* and *which* were often used indiscriminately. So in the Bible.

9 *Glass* for *pattern* or *model*, as in *Hamlet*, "The *glass* of fashion."

Tell him, if he i' the blood-sized[10] field lay swoln,
Showing the Sun his teeth, grinning at th' Moon,
What you would do!

Hip. Poor lady, say no more:
I had as lief trace[11] this good action with you
As that whereto I'm going, and ne'er yet
Went I so willing way. My lord is taken
Heart-deep with your distress: let him consider;
I'll speak anon.

3 Queen. [*To* EMILIA.] O, my petition was
Set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied,[12]
Melts into drops; so sorrow, wanting form,
Is press'd with deeper matter.[13]

[10] *Sized*, here, is *stained* or *coated;* now used thus as a term in art. And so in *Hamlet*, ii. 2: "Roasted in wrath and fire, and thus o'er-*sized* with coagulate gore."

[11] To *trace* was sometimes used in the sense of to *follow*.

[12] *Uncandied* is *thawed*, as *candied* is *crystallized*. Shakespeare uses *discandy* in the same sense. See vol. xvi. page 104, note 19. — Here I may fitly quote from Mr. Hickson: "On one point all are agreed: That two writers, of dissimilar and unequal powers, were engaged in this play, there appears to be quite sufficient internal evidence. In illustration of this we would call attention to the purely dramatic character of the first scene; a scene merely suggested by Chaucer, from whom the story of the play is taken. Whether we observe the pity of Theseus, giving the first intimation of irresolution, his struggles against it, the arguments of the three Queens, his expostulation, their appeal to Hippolyta and Emilia, and his final yielding; or, passing these over, direct our observation to the nicely discriminated characters of the three Queens, — from the first, with her direct and earnest appeal to Theseus, to the third, whose petition was 'set down in ice, which, by hot grief uncandied, melts in drops,' &c.; from one whose arguments are ever ready to combat every objection, to her whose sorrow almost chokes her utterance, — whose 'extremity,' she complains, 'that sharpens sundry wits' makes her 'a fool'; — no doubt can remain upon the mind, that it is the work of an experienced dramatist, of a delineator of character; and that, looking to the germ that produced it, in point of mere invention it must take high rank."

[13] The meaning is rather obscure; but appears to be, "so sorrow becomes the deeper for having no fitting or adequate language to express

Emi. Pray, stand up:
Your grief is written in your cheek.

3 Queen. O, woe!
You cannot read it there; there, through my tears,
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy stream,
You may behold it.[14] Lady, lady, alack,
He that will all the treasure know o' the Earth
Must know the centre too; he that will fish
For my least minnow, let him lead his line
To catch one at my heart. O, pardon me!
Extremity, that sharpens sundry wits,
Makes me a fool.

Emi. Pray you, say nothing; pray you:
Who cannot feel nor see the rain, being in't,
Knows neither wet nor dry. If that you were
The ground-piece of some painter, I would buy you,
T' instruct me 'gainst a capital grief indeed;—
Such heart-pierced demonstration!—but, alas,
Being a natural sister of our sex,
Your sorrow beats so ardently upon me,
That it shall make a counter-reflect 'gainst
My brother's heart, and warm it to some pity,
Though it were made of stone: pray, have good comfort.

Thes. Forward to th' temple! leave not out a jot
O' the sacred ceremony.

1 Queen. O, this celebration
Will longer last, and be more costly, than
Your suppliant's war! Remember that your fame

itself." So, in her next speech, she says, "*Extremity*, that sharpens sundry wits, *makes me a fool.*"

[14] Rather obscure again. Heath explains thus: "You cannot read my grief there in my countenance; indeed, you may behold it there dimly, and through a troubled medium, my tears, just like pebbles that appear wrinkled and distorted through the curling waters that cover them."

Knolls in the ear o' the world: what you do quickly
Is not done rashly; your first thought is more
Than others' labour'd meditance; your premeditating
More than their actions: but — O Jove! — your actions,
Soon as they move, as ospreys do the fish,
Subdue before they touch:[15] think, dear Duke, think
What beds our slain kings have!

2 Queen. What griefs our beds,
That our dear lords have none!

3 Queen. None fit for th' dead!
Those that with cords, knives, drams, precipitance,[16]
Weary of this world's light, have to themselves
Been death's most horrid agents, human grace
Affords them dust and shadow.

1 Queen. But our lords
Lie blistering 'fore the visitating [17] Sun,
And were good kings when living.

Thes. 'Tis true; and I will give you comfort,
To give [18] your dead lords graves: the which to do
Must make some work with Creon.

1 Queen. And that work now presents itself to th' doing;
Now 'twill take form; the heats are gone to-morrow:
Then bootless toil must recompense itself
With its own sweat: now he's secure,[19]

[15] The *osprey* is the *sea-eagle.* Shakespeare has other allusions to its supposed power of subduing fish as by magic or enchantment. See vol. xviii. page 302, note 1.

[16] *Precipitance* here means *throwing one's self down a precipice.*— *Dram* is *drug, poison.*

[17] Of course *visitating* is the same as *visiting,* which is repeatedly used by the Poet in the sense of *inspecting, surveying,* or *beholding.* The form *visitating* does not occur again in Shakespeare.

[18] That is, *by giving;* the infinitive being here, as often, used *gerundively.* See vol. vi. page 181, note 7.

[19] *Secure* in the Latin sense; *over-confident, negligent, unguarded.* A very frequent usage.

Nor dreams we stand before your puissance,
Rinsing our holy begging in our eyes,
To make petition clear.

2 Queen. Now you may take him
Drunk with his victory.

3 Queen. And his army full
Of bread and sloth.

Thes. Artesius, that best know'st
How to draw out, fit to this enterprise
The primest for this proceeding, and the number
To carry such a business; forth and levy
Our worthiest instruments; whilst we dispatch
This grand act of our life, this daring deed
Of fate in wedlock.

1 Queen. Dowagers, take hands;
Let us be widows to our woes; delay
Commends us to a famishing hope.

All the Queens. Farewell!

2 Queen. We come unseasonably; but when could grief
Cull forth, as unpang'd judgment can, fitt'st time
For best solicitation?

Thes. Why, good ladies,
This is a service, whereto I am going,
Greater than any war; it more imports[20] me
Than all the actions that I have foregone,
Or futurely can cope.

1 Queen. The more proclaiming
Our suit shall be neglected: when her arms,
Able to lock Jove from a synod, shall
By warranting moonlight corslet thee, O, when
Her twinning cherries shall their sweetness fall[21]

[20] "It more *imports* me" means "it is *of more importance to* me"; or it is of greater concernment. See vol. xvii. page 188, note 37.

[21] *Fall* is here used transitively; *let fall.* Often so.

Upon thy tasteful lips, what wilt thou think
Of rotten kings or blubber'd queens? what care
For what thou feel'st not, what thou feel'st being able
To make Mars spurn his drum? O, if thou couch
But one night with her, every hour in't will
Take hostage of thee for a hundred, and
Thou shalt remember nothing more than what
That banquet bids thee to!

Hip. [*Kneeling.*] Though much I like
You should be so transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think,
Did I not by th' abstaining of my joy,
Which breeds a deeper longing, cure their surfeit[22]
That craves a present medicine, I should pluck
All ladies' scandal on me: therefore, sir,
As I shall here make trial of my prayers,
Either presuming them to have some force,
Or sentencing for aye their vigour dumb,[23]
Prorogue this business we are going about, and hang
Your shield afore your heart, about that neck
Which is my fee, and which I freely lend
To do these poor queens service.

All the Queens. [*To* EMILIA.] O, help now!
Our cause cries for your knee.

Emi. [*Kneeling.*] If you grant not
My sister her petition, in that force,
With that celerity and nature which
She makes it in, from henceforth I'll not dare
To ask you any thing, nor be so hardy
Ever to take a husband.

Thes. Pray, stand up: [*They rise.*

[22] That is, their surfeit or *excess of sorrow.* Referring to the Queens.

[23] Or *concluding* them to be for ever *without force*, or no better than speechless.

I am entreating of myself to do
That which you kneel to have me.— Pirithous,
Lead on the bride: get you and pray the gods
For success and return; omit not any thing
In the pretended [24] celebration.—Queens,
Follow your soldier.— [*To* ARTESIUS.] As before,[25] hence
you,
And at the banks of Ilisse [26] meet us with
The forces you can raise, where we shall find
The moiety of a number, for a business
More bigger-look'd.—Since that our theme is haste,
I stamp this kiss upon thy currant lip; [*Kisses* HIPPOLYTA.
Sweet, keep it as my token.—Set you forward;
For I will see you gone.— [*Exit* ARTESIUS.
Farewell, my beauteous sister.— Pirithous,
Keep the feast full; bate not an hour on't.
Pir. Sir,
I'll follow you at heels: the feast's solemnity
Shall wait till your return.
Thes. Cousin, I charge you
Budge not from Athens; we shall be returning
Ere you can end this feast, of which, I pray you,
Make no abatement.— Once more, farewell all.
[HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, HYMEN, Boy, Nymphs,
and Attendants *enter the temple.*

[24] *Pretended* for *intended*, the two being used interchangeably in the Poet's time. See vol. xvii. page 53, note 51.

[25] That is, "As *I said* before." Referring to his previous speech, where he ordered Artesius to draw out troops for the enterprise.

[26] *Ilisse* for *Ilissus*, the name of a small river in Attica, having its source in Mount Hymettus, and flowing through the east side of Athens. Readers of Milton can hardly forget the passage in *Paradise Regained*, iv. 247–50:

> There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
> Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
> To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
> His whispering stream.

1 Queen. Thus dost thou still make good
The tongue o' the world.
2 Queen. And earn'st a deity[27]
Equal with Mars.
3 Queen. If not above him; for
Thou, being but mortal, makest affections bend
To godlike honours: they themselves, some say,
Groan under such a mastery.
Thes. As we are men,
Thus should we do; being sensually subdued,
We lose our human title. Good cheer, ladies!
Now turn we towards your comforts.[28] [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE II.— *Thebes. The Court of the Palace.*

Enter PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

Arc. Dear Palamon, dearer in love than blood,
And our prime cousin, yet unharden'd in
The crimes of nature; let us leave the city
Thebes, and the temptings in't, before we further

[27] *Deity* for *deification, apotheosis,* or enrollment among the gods.

[28] The first thing that seems to indicate the presence of the mind of Shakespeare, is the clearness with which, in the first scene, we are put in possession of the exact state of affairs at the opening of the play, without any circumlocution, or long-winded harangues, but naturally and dramatically. And, indeed, one of the most striking characteristics of Shakespeare is, if we may so express it, the downright honesty of his genius, that disdains any thing like trick or mystery. This is almost peculiar to Shakespeare. Where, in his works, as much is revealed at the very opening as is necessary to the understanding of the plot, we find, in the works of other dramatists, as much kept back as possible; and we are continually greeted with some surprise, or startled with some unexpected turn in the conduct of the piece. Throughout the entire range of the plays of Shakespeare, there is not a single instance of a character turning up, in the unravelling of the plot, whose existence was not at least implied, and whose appearance might not reasonably be looked for.— HICKSON.

Sully our gloss of youth:
And here to keep in abstinence were shame
As in incontinence; for not to swim
I' the aid o' the current,[1] were almost to sink,
At least to frustrate striving; and to follow
The common stream, 'twould bring us to an eddy
Where we should turn or drown; if labour through,
Our gain but life and weakness.

Pal. Your advice
Is cried up with example. What strange ruins,
Since first we went to school, may we perceive
Walking in Thebes! scars and bare weeds,
The gain o' the martialist, who did propound
To his bold ends honour and golden ingots,
Which, though he won, he had not; and now flurted[2]
By peace, for whom he fought! Who, then, shall offer
To Mars's so-scorn'd altar? I do bleed
When such I meet, and wish great Juno would
Resume her ancient fit of jealousy,
To get the soldier work, that peace might purge
For her repletion, and reclaim anew
Her charitable heart, now hard, and harsher
Than strife or war could be.

Arc. Are you not out?
Meet you no ruin but the soldier in
The cranks[3] and turns of Thebes? You did begin
As if you met decays of many kinds:
Perceive you none that do arouse your pity,
But th' unconsider'd soldier?

Pal. Yes; I pity

[1] "To swim in the aid of the current" is, apparently, to swim as the *current aids* us; the opposite of swimming against the current.

[2] *Flurt* is an old form of *flirt;* to snap the fingers at in derision.

[3] *Cranks* is *windings* or *bendings*. See vol. xviii. page 190, note 9.

Decays where'er I find them; but such most
That, sweating in an honourable toil,
Are paid with ice to cool 'em.
Arc. 'Tis not this
I did begin to speak of; this is virtue
Of no respect in Thebes: I spake of Thebes,
How dangerous, if we will keep our honours,
It is for our residing; where every evil
Hath a good colour; where every seeming good's
A certain evil; where not to be even jump[4]
As they are here, were to be strangers, and
Such things to be mere monsters.
Pal. 'Tis in our power —
Unless we fear that apes can tutor's — to
Be masters of our manners. What need I
Affect another's gait, which is not catching
Where there is faith?[5] or to be fond upon
Another's way of speech, when by mine own
I may be reasonably conceived, saved too,
Speaking it truly? Why am I bound
By any generous bond to follow him
Follows his tailor, haply so long until
The follow'd make pursuit? or let me know
Why mine own barber is unblest, with him
My poor chin too, for 'tis not scissar'd just
To such a favourite's glass? what canon is there
That does command my rapier from my hip,
To dangle't in my hand, or to go tip-toe
Before the street be foul? Either I am

[4] *Jump* is *exactly, coincident with.* See vol. xiv. page 147, note 14.

[5] Alluding to the efficacy, real or supposed, of faith as an amulet against infection. In a moral sense the position is most true: he who has strong faith in truth and right is proof against the corrupting fashions and popularities of the day; is so shielded, that he can walk unharmed amid the moral infections of the time.

The fore-horse in the team, or I am none
That draw i' the sequent trace. These poor slight sores
Need not a plaintain; that which rips my bosom,
Almost to th' heart, 's —
Arc. Our uncle Creon.
Pal. He,
A most unbounded tyrant, whose successes
Make Heaven unfear'd, and villainy assured
Beyond its power there's nothing;[6] almost puts
Faith in a fever,[7] and deifies alone
Voluble chance; who only áttributes
The faculties of other instruments
To his own nerves and act;[8] commands men's service,
And what they win in't, boot and glory too;
That fears not to do harm; good dares not. Let
The blood of mine that's sib[9] to him be suck'd
From me with leeches; let them break and fall
Off me with that corruption!
Arc. Clear-spirited cousin,
Let's leave his Court, that we may nothing share
Of his loud infamy; for our milk
Will relish of the pasture, and we must

[6] The general idea seems to be, that the success and impunity of so bad a man have the effect of persuading others that goodness is not the law of the Divine administration; that Heaven either cares not for the right, or has not the power to punish wrong.

[7] *Who* is understood as the subject of *puts*, the clause being evidently in the same construction with "who only attributes," &c. — Here, as often, *fever* is used for *sickness* or *disease* in general, and is of course to be taken in a moral sense: who almost builds his faith on falsehood and wrong. — "Voluble chance" is uncertain, fickle, shifting, skittish fortune.

[8] That is, ascribes or appropriates to himself all the virtue and fruit of other men's actions; insists on their having no mind of their own, and serving but as the passive organs of his will. A masterly description of a tyrant!

[9] *Sib* is an old word for *kindred* or *kin*. So the original form of our word *gossip* was *God-sib*. See vol. vii. page 177, note 5.

Be vile or disobedient; not his kinsmen
In blood, unless in quality.
Pal. Nothing truer:
I think the echoes of his shames have deaf'd
The ears of heavenly justice: widows' cries
Descend again into their throats, and have not
Due audience of the gods. — Valerius!

Enter VALERIUS.

Val. The King calls for you; yet be leaden-footed,
Till his great rage be off him: Phœbus, when
He broke his whipstock, and exclaim'd against
The horses of the Sun, but whisper'd, to
The loudness of his fury.
Pal. Small winds shake him:
But what's the matter?
Val. Theseus — who where he threats appals — hath sent
Deadly defiance to him, and pronounces
Ruin to Thebes; who is at hand to seal
The promise of his wrath.
Arc. Let him approach:
But that we fear the gods in him, he brings not
A jot of terror to us: yet what man
Thirds his own worth [10] — the case is each of ours —
When that his action's dregg'd with mind assured
'Tis bad he goes about?
Pal. Leave that unreason'd;
Our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon:
Yet, to be neutral to him were dishonour,
Rebellious to oppose; therefore we must
With him stand to the mercy of our fate,
Who hath bounded our last minute.
Arc. So we must. —

[10] "What man is a *third part* of his true and proper self, when," &c.

Is't said this war's afoot? or it shall be,
On fail of some condition?
Val. 'Tis in motion;
Th' intelligence of State came in the instant
With the defier.
Pal. Let's to th' King: were he
A quarter-carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes in, the blood we venture
Should be as for our health; which were not spent,
Rather laid out for purchase:[11] but, alas,
Our hands advanced before our hearts, what will
The fall o' the stroke do damage?[12]
Arc. Let th' event,
That never-erring arbitrator, tell us
When we know all ourselves; and let us follow
The becking of our chance.[13] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Before the Gates of Athens.*

Enter PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, *and* EMILIA.

Pir. No further!
Hip. Sir, farewell: repeat my wishes

[11] *Purchase* for *gain, profit, advantage.* See page 12, note 4.

[12] "When our hands are upheaved to strike, what hurt, what execution can our strokes do?"

[13] The whole of the part of Palamon in this scene is strikingly characteristic of Shakespeare. Palamon is in a marked degree the superior of the two cousins; he has a strong will and an original understanding; whereas a string of negatives will give the character of Arcite. There appears to us, in this, something more than the mere difference of character; the one has a character, the other has none. And this, added to the difference we perceive in the measure and diction, leads us to a conclusion that possibly the reader may have anticipated. We think that either Shakespeare and Fletcher wrote the scene in conjunction, or that it was originally written by Fletcher, and afterwards revised and partly re-written by Shakespeare. From the entrance of Valerius, however, it appears to be entirely by the latter. — HICKSON.

To our great lord, of whose success I dare not
Make any timorous question; yet I wish him
Excess and overflow of power, an't might be,
To dare ill-dealing fortune.[1] Speed to him;
Store never hurts good governors.

Pir. Though I know
His ocean needs not my poor drops, yet they
Must yield their tribute there. — My precious maid,
Those best affections that the Heavens infuse
In their best-temper pieces, keep enthroned
In your dear heart!

Emi. Thanks, sir. Remember me
To our all-royal brother; for whose speed[2]
The great Bellona I'll solicit; and
Since, in our terrene state, petitions are not
Without gifts understood, I'll offer to her
What I shall be advised she likes. Our hearts
Are in his army, in his tent.

Hip. In's bosom.
We have been soldiers, and we cannot weep
When our friends don their helms, or put to sea,
Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women that
Have sod their infants in the brine they wept
At killing 'em, and after eat them: then, if
You stay to see of us such spinsters, we
Should hold you here for ever.

Pir. Peace be to you,

[1] The words *excess and overflow of power* relate not to the success of Theseus just before mentioned, but to the reinforcement Pirithous was on the point of leading to join his army. And the sense is, "Though I dare not question the success of my lord even with the troops he has, yet I wish him rather excess and overflow of power, more force than is necessary, that, if possible, he may defy fortune to disappoint him." — HEATH.

[2] *Speed*, here, is *success* or *good fortune*. So the old writers not unfrequently use it. And so in the phrase still current, "God *speed* you."

As I pursue this war! which shall be then
Beyond further requiring.[3] [*Exit.*

Emi. How his longing
Follows his friend! since his depart, his sports,[4]
Though craving seriousness and skill, pass'd slightly
His careless execution, where nor gain
Made him regard, or loss consider; but
Playing one business in his hand, another
Directing in his head, his mind nurse equal
To these so differing twins. Have you observed him
Since our great lord departed?

Hip. With much labour;
And I did love him for't. They two have cabin'd
In many as dangerous as poor a corner,
Peril and want contending; they have skiff'd
Torrents whose roaring tyranny and power
I' the least of these was dreadful;[5] and they have
Fought out together, where death's self was lodged;
Yet fate hath brought them off. Their knot of love
Tied, weaved, entangled, with so true, so long,
And with a finger of so deep a cunning,[6]
May be out-worn, never undone. I think
Theseus cannot be umpire to himself,
Cleaving his conscience into twain, and doing
Each side like justice, which he loves best.[7]

[3] This passage is oddly expressed; but the meaning is, "Peace be to you as long as I pursue this war! when that is ended, we shall not need to pray for it." — MASON.

[4] *Depart* for *departure*. Shakespeare has many words shortened in a similar way. — The first *his* refers to *friend*, the other to *Pirithous*.

[5] That is, they have passed in as light bark over torrents whose roaring tyranny and power, even when at the minimum of fury, was dreadful. — WEBER.

[6] *Cunning* in its old sense of *skill*. The construction is, "with a finger so true, so long, and of so deep a cunning."

[7] Hippolyta's meaning seems to be, that Theseus, dividing his conscience

Emi. Doubtless
There is a best, and reason has no manners
To say it is not you. I was acquainted
Once with a time, when I enjoy'd a playfellow:
You were at wars when she the grave enrich'd,
Who made too proud the bed, took leave o' the Moon —
Which then look'd pale at parting — when our count
Was each eleven.[8]

Hip. 'Twas Flavina.

Emi. Yes.
You talk of Pirithous' and Theseus' love:
Theirs has more ground, is more maturely season'd,
More buckled with strong judgment, and their needs
The one of th' other may be said to water
Their intertangled roots of love; but I,
And she I sigh'd and spoke of, were things innocent,
Loved for we did,[9] and, like the elements
That know not what nor why, yet do effect
Rare issues by their operance, our souls
Did so to one another: what she liked
Was then of me approved; what not, condemn'd,
No more arraignment:[10] the flower that I would pluck
And put between my breasts, — then but beginning
To swell about the blossom, — she would long
Till she had such another, and commit it
To the like innocent cradle, where, phœnix-like,
They died in perfume; on my head no toy

between his *bride* and his friend, and trying his best to be impartial, cannot judge or decide for himself, which of the two he loves most.

[8] Meaning, simply, "when we were each eleven years of age."

[9] That is, loved *because* we *loved*, and not because we knew of any reason for doing so. What is sometimes called "a *woman's* reason."

[10] Her not liking a thing was enough to condemn it, without any further arraignment or trial.

But was her pattern; her affections[11] — pretty,
Though happily her careless wear — I follow'd
For my most serious decking: had mine ear
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd one
From musical coinage,[12] why, it was a note
Whereon her spirits would sojourn, — rather dwell on, —
And sing it in her slumbers. This rehearsal —
Which, every innocent wots well, comes in
Like old importment's bastard — has this end,
That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be
More than in sex dividual.[13]

Hip. You're out of breath;
And this high-speeded pace is but to say,
That you shall never, like the maid Flavina,
Love any that's call'd man.

Emi. I'm sure I shall not.

Hip. Now, alack, weak sister,
I must no more believe thee in this point —
Though in't I know thou dost believe thyself —
Than I will trust a sickly appetite,
That loathes even as it longs. But, sure, my sister,
If I were ripe for your persuasion, you
Have said enough to shake me from the arm
Of the all-noble Theseus; for whose fortunes
I will now in and kneel, with great assurance

11 "Her affections" is her likings, the things she fancied or affected. — "But was her *pattern*" means "but was *patterned after* her."

12 "Musical coinage" is what we call *improvised music*.

13 "Like old importment's bastard" seems to mean, like a *false image* or *semblance* of the old *meaning* or *import*. Weber explains the passage as follows: "This rehearsal of our affections (which every innocent soul well knows comes in like the mere bastard, the faint shadow of the true import, the real extent of our natural affections) has this end or purpose, to prove that the love between two virgins may be stronger than that between persons of different sexes.

That we, more than his Pirithous, possess
The high throne in his heart.
Emi. I am not
Against your faith; yet I continue mine.[14] [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Field before Thebes. Dead bodies lying on the ground; among them* PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

A battle struck within; then a retreat; then a flourish. Then enter THESEUS, *Victor,* Herald, *and* Attendants. *The three* Queens *meet* THESEUS, *and fall on their faces before him.*

1 Queen. To thee no star be dark!
2 Queen. Both Heaven and Earth
Friend thee for ever!
3 Queen. All the good that may
Be wish'd upon thy head, I cry Amen to't!
Thes. Th' impartial gods, who from the mounted heavens
View us their mortal herd, behold who err,
And in their time chastise. Go, and find out
The bones of your dead lords, and honour them

[14] Of the third scene it will be sufficient to say, that in its introduction is manifest the judgment of Shakespeare. It shows the precise line of distinction, in one particular, between him and an ordinary writer. The friendship of Theseus and Pirithous becomes a natural introduction to the subject of friendship in general, and female friendship in particular; and, in this light, the character of Emilia is shown so simple, so pure, yet so fervent, that we justify and account for her irresolution, and inability to decide between the rivals, both of whom she admires, without actually loving either. It is a scene, in fact, necessary to that perfection of character, and consistency of purpose, which but one writer of the age attained. Struck out, the play would still be intelligible, as no part of the action would thereby be lost. But Emilia would straightway sink into one of those conventional characters that strange circumstances throw into the power of the dramatist; and, judged by any other than his own peculiar standard, would certainly have little claim upon our respect.—HICKSON.

With treble ceremony: rather than a gap
Should be in their dear rites, we would supply't.
But those we will depute which shall invest
You in your dignities, and even each thing[1]
Our haste does leave imperfect. So, adieu,
And Heaven's good eyes look on you! — [*Exeunt* Queens.
What are those?

Herald. Men of great quality, as may be judged
By their appointment;[2] some of Thebes have told's
They're sisters' children, nephews to the King.

Thes. By th' helm of Mars, I saw them in the war —
Like to a pair of lions smear'd with prey —
Make lanes in troops aghast: I fix'd my note
Constantly on them; for they were a mark
Worth a god's view. What was't that prisoner told me,
When I inquired their names?

Herald. We learn they're call'd
Arcite and Palamon.

Thes. 'Tis right; those, those.
They are not dead?

Herald. Nor in a state of life: had they been taken
When their last hurts were given, 'twas possible
They might have been recover'd; yet they breathe,
And have the name of men.

Thes. Then like men use 'em:
The very lees of such, millions of rates
Exceed the wine of others: all our surgeons
Convent in their behoof; our richest balms,
Rather than niggard, waste: their lives concern us
Much more than Thebes is worth: rather than have 'em
Freed of this plight, and in their morning state,

[1] To *even* a thing is to *finish* it, to *set it right*, to make it go in *accordance* or even with the purpose. See vol. iv. page 25, note 2.

[2] *Appointment* is *equipment* or *accoutrement*. Often so.

Sound and at liberty, I would 'em dead;
But, forty thousand fold, we had rather have 'em
Prisoners to us than death. Bear 'em speedily
From our kind air, — to them unkind, — and minister
What man to man may do; for our sake, more.
Since I have known fight's fury, friends' behests,
Love's provocations, zeal in misery's task,
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason,
They've set a mark which nature could not reach to,
Without some imposition.[3] For our love,
And great Apollo's mercy, all our best
Their best skill tender! Lead into the city;
Where, having bound things scatter'd, we will post
To Athens 'fore our army.[4]

[*Flourish. Exeunt;* Attendants *carrying* PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

[3] *Imposition* is *injunction*, *order*, any thing *imposed*. "Sickness in will" is not used here in a sense implying weakness, but rather the reverse, — morbid action; and in antithesis to the healthy strugglings of vigorous reason. The idea running through the passage seems to be, that the several things mentioned, from "fight's fury" to "strength in reason," all crave or aim at something higher than man's natural powers can accomplish, unless specially stimulated thereto by moral and religious incitements. So Theseus proceeds to urge upon his subordinates "our love and great Apollo's mercy," as motives for outdoing themselves in order to effect the matter in question.

[4] The fourth scene, in which Theseus returns victor, bears the marks of Shakespeare's hand too strongly to be mistaken. The internal evidence of the fifth scene, which is a dirge, is not so strong: it is the only scene throughout the entire play with regard to which we entertain doubt; but we incline to the belief that it is by Shakespeare. The concluding couplet is probably better known than the source from whence it sprung. — HICKSON.

SCENE V.—*Another Part of the Field, more remote from Thebes.*

Enter the three Queens *with the hearses of their Husbands in a funeral solemnity, &c.*

SONG.

Urns and odours bring away!
Vapours, sighs, darken the day!
Our dole more deadly looks than dying;
Balms, and gums, and heavy cheers,[5]
Sacred vials fill'd with tears,
And clamours through the wide air flying!

Come, all sad and solemn shows,
That are quick-eyed pleasure's foes!
We convent nought else but woes;
We convent, &c.

3 Queen. This funeral path brings to your household's grave:
Joy seize on you again! Peace sleep with him!

2 Queen. And this to yours.

1 Queen. Yours this way. Heavens lend
A thousand differing ways to one sure end.

3 Queen. This world's a city full of straying streets,
And death's the market-place, where each one meets.

[*Exeunt severally.*

[5] *Cheer* is *countenance, aspect, look.* See vol. iii. page 181, note 45.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Athens. A Garden, with a Castle in the background.*

Enter Jailer *and* Wooer.

Jailer. I may depart[1] with little, while I live; something I may cast to you, not much. Alas, the prison I keep, though it be for great ones, yet they seldom come: before one salmon, you shall take a number of minnows. I am given out to be better lined than it can appear to me report is a true speaker: I would I were really that I am delivered to be. Marry, what I have — be it what it will — I will assure upon my daughter at the day of my death.

Wooer. Sir, I demand no more than your own offer; and I will estate your daughter in what I have promised.

Jailer. Well, we will talk more of this when the solemnity is past. But have you a full promise of her? when that shall be seen, I tender my consent.

Wooer. I have, sir. Here she comes.

Enter Jailer's Daughter *with strewings.*

Jailer. Your friend and I have chanced to name you here upon the old business; but no more of that now: so soon as the court-hurry is over, we will have an end of it: i' the mean time, look tenderly to the two prisoners; I can tell you they are princes.

Daugh. These strewings are for their chamber. 'Tis pity they are in prison, and 'twere pity they should be out. I do think they have patience to make any adversity ashamed:

[1] *Depart* for *part;* the two being used interchangeably. See vol. x. page 40, note 58.

the prison itself is proud of 'em; and they have all the world in their chamber.

Jailer. They are famed to be a pair of absolute[2] men.

Daugh. By my troth, I think fame but stammers 'em; they stand a grise[3] above the reach of report.

Jailer. I heard them reported in the battle to be the only doers.

Daugh. Nay, most likely; for they are noble sufferers. I marvel how they would have looked, had they been victors, that with such a constant nobility enforce a freedom out of bondage, making misery their mirth, and affliction a toy to jest at.

Jailer. Do they so?

Daugh. It seems to me they have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens: they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters. Yet sometime a divided sigh, martyred as 'twere i' the deliverance, will break from one of them; when the other presently gives it so sweet a rebuke, that I could wish myself a sigh to be so chid, or at least a sigher to be comforted.

Wooer. I never saw 'em.

Jailer. The Duke himself came privately in the night, and so did they:[4] what the reason of it is, I know not.

PALAMON *and* ARCITE *appear at a window of a tower.*

Look, yonder they are! that's Arcite looks out.

Daugh. No, sir, no; that's Palamon: Arcite is the lower of the twain; you may perceive a part of him.

Jailer. Go to! leave your pointing: they would not make us their object: out of their sight!

[2] *Absolute* for *finished* or *perfect.* See page 65, note 6.

[3] *Grise* is *step* or *degree.* See vol. xv. page 255, note 6.

[4] The Jailer is giving the reason why the wooer had not seen the prisoners: Theseus came to Athens in the night, and they with him.

Daugh. It is a holiday to look on them. Lord, the difference of men![5] [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE II.—*A Room in the Prison.*

**Enter* PALAMON *and* ARCITE.

**Pal.* How do you, noble cousin?
**Arc.* How do you, sir?
**Pal.* Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
*And bear the chance of war yet. We are prisoners,
*I fear, for ever, cousin.
**Arc.* I believe it;
*And to that destiny have patiently
*Laid up my hour to come.
**Pal.* O, cousin Arcite,
*Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?

[5] It is our settled conviction that this scene was written by Shakespeare. In the first place, the scene is in prose; and although Shakespeare frequently writes long scenes of this kind in prose, Fletcher seldom or never does so. In the next place, there is not a single gross word or thought in the whole scene; and, indeed, nothing can be more delicately managed. Moreover, it seems certain that this scene could not have been written by the writer of the following one, which is allowed by all to be by Fletcher: for, although, in the first scene, the Jailer's Daughter says, distinctly enough, "They have no more sense of their captivity than I of ruling Athens: they eat well, look merrily, discourse of many things, but nothing of their own restraint and disasters"; in the second scene, they are represented as the reverse of all this, and discoursing of nothing *but* "their own restraint and disasters." The arrangement of the scene is Shakespeare's: it is quite in his manner to commence, as it does, in the very middle of the conversation between the Jailer and his daughter's suitor. Shakespeare never gives us occasion to say, with Sneer in *The Critic*, "How came he not to ask that question before?" In the following scene by Fletcher, when the two cousins begin by asking each other how they do, Sneer's question does rise to our lips. The style of composition is quite of the same character as we find in such plays as *The Winter's Tale*, where prose is used in scenes of a serious nature.—HICKSON.

*Where are our friends and kindreds? Never more
*Must we behold those comforts; never see
*The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
*Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
*Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst 'em,
*And, as an east wind, leave 'em all behind us
*Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
*Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
*Outstripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,
*Ere they had time to wish 'em ours. O, never
*Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
*Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
*Like proud seas under us! Our good swords now,—
*Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er ware,—
*Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
*And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
*These hands shall never draw 'em out like lightning,
*To blast whole armies, more!
*Arc. No, Palamon,
*Those hopes are prisoners with us: here we are,
*And here the graces of our youths must wither,
*Like a too-timely Spring; here age must find us,
*And, which is heaviest, Palamon, unmarried;
*The sweet embraces of a loving wife,
*Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
*Shall never clasp our necks; no issue know us,
*No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
*To glad our age, and like young eagles teach 'em
*Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say
**Remember what your fathers were, and conquer!*
*The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
*And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
*Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
*To youth and nature. This is all our world;

*We shall know nothing here but one another;
*Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes:
*The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it;
*Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
*But dead-cold Winter must inhabit here still.
Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds,
*That shook the agèd forest with their echoes,
*No more now must we holla; no more shake
*Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
*Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
*Stuck with our well-steel'd darts:[1] all valiant uses —
*The food and nourishment of noble minds —
*In us two here shall perish; we shall die —
*Which is the curse of honour — lazily,
*Children of grief and ignorance.
Arc. Yet, cousin,
*Even from the bottom of these miseries,
*From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
*I see two comforts rising, two mere[2] blessings,
*If the gods please to hold here, — a brave patience,
*And the enjoying of our griefs together.
*Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
*If I think this our prison!
Pal. Certainly
*'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
*Were twined together: 'tis most true, two souls
*Put in two noble bodies, let 'em suffer
*The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
*Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
*A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.
Arc. Shall we make worthy uses of this place,
*That all men hate so much?

[1] That is, a wild-boar stuck as *full of* arrows as a Parthian quiver.
[2] Here, as often, *mere* is *absolute, entire;* a sense near akin to *pure.*

**Pal.* How, gentle cousin?
**Arc.* Let's think this prison holy sanctuary,
*To keep us from corruption of worse men:
*We're young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
*That liberty and common conversation,
*The poison of pure spirits, might, like women,
*Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
*Can be, but our imaginations
*May make it ours? and here being thus together,
*We are an endless mine to one another;
*We're one another's wife, ever begetting
*New births of love; we're father, friends, acquaintance;
*We are, in one another, families;
*I am your heir, and you are mine: this place
*Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
*Dare take this from us: here, with a little patience,
*We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
*The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
*Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,
*A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
*Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
*Grave our acquaintance;[3] I might sicken, cousin,
*Where you should never know it, and so perish
*Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
*Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
*Were we from hence, would sever us.
**Pal.* You've made me —
*I thank you, cousin Arcite — almost wanton
*With my captivity: what a misery
*It is to live abroad, and everywhere!
*'Tis like a beast, methinks: I find the Court here,

[3] Meaning, *bury* our acquaintance, or *be* its grave, its death. So in *Timon of Athens*, iv. 3: "And ditches *grave* you all."

*I'm sure, a more content;[4] and all those pleasures
*That woo the wills of men to vanity
*I see through now; and am sufficient
*To tell the world 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
*That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
*What had we been, old in the Court of Creon,
*Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
*The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
*Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
*We had died as they do, ill old men, unwept,
*And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.
*Shall I say more?

Arc. I'd hear you still.

Pal. Ye shall.
*Is there recórd of any two that loved
*Better than we do, Arcite?

Arc. Sure, there cannot.

Pal. I do not think it possible our friendship
*Should ever leave us.

Arc. Till our deaths it cannot;
*And after death our spirits shall be led
*To those that love eternally. Speak on, sir.

Enter EMILIA *and* Waiting-woman *below.*

Emi. This garden has a world of pleasures in't.[5]
*What flower is this?

Wait. 'Tis call'd narcissus, madam.

Emi. That was a fair boy certain, but a fool
*To love himself: were there not maids enough?

[4] A *greater contentment* than the Court could yield. *More* in the sense of *greater* occurs repeatedly. See page 58, note 4.

[5] Emilia is supposed to be now in the same position, relatively to the prisoners, as the Jailer and the Wooer were in the preceding scene; that is, in a garden overlooked by the prison.

**Arc.* Pray, forward.[6]
**Pal.* Yes.
**Emi.* Or were they all hard-hearted?
* *Wait.* They could not be to one so fair.
**Emi.* Thou wouldst not.
* *Wait.* I think I should not, madam.
**Emi.* That's a good wench!
*But take heed to your kindness though!
* *Wait.* Why, madam?
**Emi.* Men are mad things.
**Arc.* Will ye go forward, cousin?
**Emi.* Canst not thou work such flowers in silk, wench?
* *Wait.* Yes.
**Emi.* I'll have a gown full of 'em; and of these;
*This is a pretty colour: will't not do
*Rarely upon a skirt, wench?
* *Wait.* Dainty, madam.
**Arc.* Cousin, cousin! how do you, sir? why, Palamon!
**Pal.* Never till now I was in prison, Arcite.
**Arc.* Why, what's the matter, man?
**Pal.* Behold, and wonder!
*By Heaven, she is a goddess!
**Arc.* Ha!
**Pal.* Do reverence;
*She is a goddess, Arcite!
**Emi.* Of all flowers,
*Methinks, a rose is best.
* *Wait.* Why, gentle madam?
**Emi.* It is the very emblem of a maid:
*For, when the west wind courts her gently,
*How modestly she blows, and paints the sun

[6] "Proceed with what you were going to say." Palamon, instead of speaking, as he had intended, stands mute with wonder. So afterwards: "Will ye go forward, Cousin?"

*With her chaste blushes! when the north comes near her,
*Rude and impatient, then, like chastity,
*She locks her beauties in her bud again,
*And leaves him to base briers.
* *Wait.* Yet, good madam,
*Sometimes her modesty will blow so far
*She falls for it: a maid,
*If she have any honour, would be loth
*To take example by her.
**Emi.* Thou art wanton.
**Arc.* She's wondrous fair!
**Pal.* She's all the beauty extant!
**Emi.* The Sun grows high; let's walk in. Keep these *flowers;
*We'll see how near art can come to their colours.
*I'm wondrous merry-hearted; I could laugh now.
* *Wait.* I could lie down, I'm sure.
**Emi.* And take one with you?
* *Wait.* That's as we bargain, madam.
**Emi.* Well, agree then.
*[*Exit with* Waiting-woman.
**Pal.* What think you of this beauty?
**Arc.* 'Tis a rare one.
**Pal.* Is't but a rare one?
**Arc.* Yes, a matchless beauty.
**Pal.* Might not a man well lose himself, and love her?
**Arc.* I cannot tell what you have done; I have,
*Beshrew mine eyes for't! Now I feel my shackles.
**Pal.* You love her, then?
**Arc.* Who would not?
**Pal.* And desire her?
**Arc.* Before my liberty.
**Pal.* I saw her first.
**Arc.* That's nothing.

**Pal.* But it shall be.

**Arc.* I saw her too.

**Pal.* Yes; but you must not love her.

**Arc.* I will not, as you do, to worship her,
*As she is heavenly and a blessèd goddess;
*I love her as a woman, to enjoy her:
*So both may love.

**Pal.* You shall not love at all.

**Arc.* Not love at all! who shall deny me?

**Pal.* I, that first saw her; I, that took possession
*First with mine eye of all those beauties in her
*Reveal'd to mankind. If thou lovèst her,
*Or entertain'st a hope to blast my wishes,
*Thou art a traitor, Arcite, and a fellow
*False as thy title to her: friendship, blood,
*And all the ties between us, I disclaim,
*If thou once think upon her!

**Arc.* Yes, I love her;
*And, if the lives of all my name lay on it,
*I must do so; I love her with my soul.
*If that will lose ye, farewell, Palamon! I say
*Again, I love her; and, in loving her, maintain
*I am as worthy and as free a lover,
*And have as just a title to her beauty,
*As any Palamon, or any living
*That is a man's son.

**Pal.* Have I call'd thee friend?

**Arc.* Yes, and have found me so. Why are you moved
*thus?
*Let me deal coldly with you: Am not I
*Part of your blood, part of your soul? you've told me
*That I was Palamon, and you were Arcite.

**Pal.* Yes.

**Arc.* Am not I liable to those affections,

*Those joys, griefs, angers, fears, my friend shall suffer?
*Pal. Ye may be.
*Arc. Why, then, would you deal so cunningly,
*So strangely, so unlike a noble kinsman,
*To love alone? Speak truly: do you think me
*Unworthy of her sight?
*Pal. No; but unjust
*If thou pursue that sight.
*Arc. Because another
*First sees the enemy, shall I stand still,
*And let mine honour down, and never charge?
*Pal. Yes, if he be but one.
*Arc. But say that one
*Had rather combat me?
*Pal. Let that one say so,
*And use thy freedom: else, if thou pursuest her,
*Be as that cursèd man that hates his country,
*A branded villain!
*Arc. You are mad.
*Pal. I must be,
*Till thou art worthy, Arcite; it concerns me;
*And, in this madness, if I hazard thee
*And take thy life, I deal but truly.
*Arc. Fie, sir!
*You play the child extremely: I will love her,
*I must, I ought to do so, and I dare;
*And all this justly.
*Pal. O, that now, that now
*Thy false self and thy friend had but this fortune,
*To be one hour at liberty, and grasp
*Our good swords in our hands! I'd quickly teach thee
*What 'twere to filch affection from another!
*Thou art baser in it than a cutpurse:
*Put but thy head out of this window more,

*And, as I have a soul, I'll nail thy life to't!
**Arc.* Thou darest not, fool; thou canst not; thou art
*feeble.
*Put my head out! I'll throw my body out,
*And leap the garden, when I see her next,
*And pitch between her arms, to anger thee.
**Pal.* No more! the keeper's coming: I shall live
*To knock thy brains out with my shackles.
**Arc.* Do!

**Enter* Jailer.

**Jailer.* By your leave, gentlemen.[7]
**Pal.* Now, honest keeper?
**Jailer.* Lord Arcite, you must presently to th' Duke:
*The cause I know not yet.
**Arc.* I'm ready, keeper.
**Jailer.* Prince Palamon, I must awhile bereave you
*Of your fair cousin's company.
**Pal.* And me too,
*Even when you please, of life.—

*[*Exeunt* Jailer *and* ARCITE.

*Why is he sent for?
*It may be, he shall marry her; he's goodly,
*And like enough the Duke hath taken notice
*Both of his blood and body. But his falsehood!
*Why should a friend be treacherous? if that
*Get him a wife so noble and so fair,
*Let honest men ne'er love again. Once more

[7] Upon this part of the scene, Weber remarks as follows: "There is considerable difficulty how the conversation of the Jailer is to be carried on. In the ancient theatres this was easily accomplished by the platform of the stage representing a garden, and the permanent gallery at the back, the inside of the tower in which Palamon and Arcite were immured." Dyce says "the two prisoners were no doubt *supposed* to appear at the window; and in all probability they entered on the raised platform or upper-stage. It is most probable that the Jailer entered there also."

*I would but see this fair one. — Blessèd garden,
*And fruit and flowers more blessèd, that still blossom
*As her bright eyes shine on ye! Would I were,
*For all the fortune of my life hereafter,
*Yon little tree, yon blooming apricock!
*How I would spread, and fling my wanton arms
*In at her window! I would bring her fruit
*Fit for the gods to feed on; youth and pleasure,
*Still as she tasted, should be doubled on her;
*And, if she be not heavenly, I would make her
*So near the gods in nature, they should fear her;
*And then I'm sure she would love me. —

**Re-enter* Jailer.

*How now, keeper!
*Where's Arcite?
**Jailer.* Banish'd. Prince Pirithous
*Obtain'd his liberty; but never more,
*Upon his oath and life, must he set foot
*Upon this kingdom.
**Pal.* [*Aside.*] He's a blessèd man!
*He shall see Thebes again, and call to arms
*The bold young men that, when he bids 'em charge,
*Fall on like fire: Arcite shall have a fortune,
*If he dare make himself a worthy lover,
*Yet in the field to strike a battle for her;
*And, if he lose her then, he's a cold coward.
*How bravely may he bear himself to win her,
*If he be noble Arcite, thousand ways!
*Were I at liberty, I would do things
*Of such a virtuous greatness, that this lady,
*This blushing virgin, should take manhood to her,
*And seek to ravish me.
**Jailer.* My lord, for you

*I have this charge too —
*Pal. To discharge my life?
*Jailer. No; but from this place to remove your lordship:
*The windows are too open.
*Pal. Devils take 'em
*That are so envious to me! Pr'ythee, kill me.
*Jailer. And hang for't afterward?
*Pal. By this good light,
*Had I a sword, I'd kill thee.
*Jailer. Why, my lord?
*Pal. Thou bring'st such pelting[8] scurvy news continually,
*Thou art not worthy life. I will not go.
*Jailer. Indeed, you must, my lord.
*Pal. May I see the garden?
*Jailer. No.
*Pal. Then I'm resolved I will not go.
*Jailer. I must
*Constrain you, then; and, for you're dangerous,
*I'll clap more irons on you.
*Pal. Do, good keeper:
*I'll shake 'em so, ye shall not sleep;
*I'll make ye a new morris.[9] Must I go?
*Jailer. There is no remedy.
*Pal. [Aside.] Farewell, kind window;
*May rude wind never hurt thee! — O my lady,
*If ever thou hast felt what sorrow was,
*Dream how I suffer! — Come, now bury me.[10] [Exeunt.

[8] *Pelting* is *paltry, contemptible.* See vol. xvi. page 305, note 32.

[9] *Morris* is here put for what was called a *morris-dance*, which seems to have been a rather noisy exercise. See vol. iv. page 46, note 5.

[10] In this scene, we find the two noble kinsmen, united in the closest bonds of friendship, proving their triumph over the hard lot that had befallen them by the consolations of philosophy. They persuade themselves that their friendship is all in all; that, though they may never know "the sweet embraces of a loving wife," they are "one another's wife"; they are

*SCENE III. — *The Country near Athens.*

**Enter* ARCITE.

**Arc.* Banish'd the kingdom? 'tis a benefit,
*A mercy, I must thank 'em for; but banish'd
*The free enjoying of that face I die for,
*O, 'twas a studied punishment, a death
*Beyond imagination! such a vengeance,
*That, were I old and wicked, all my sins
*Could never pluck upon me. — Palamon,
*Thou hast the start now: thou shalt stay, and see
*Her bright eyes break each morning 'gainst thy window,
*And let in life unto thee; thou shalt feed

"father, friends, acquaintance"; that, were they at liberty, "a wife might part," or "quarrels consume," or "a thousand chances would sever" them. There is something very touching in this description of their friendship. And when we regard the one chance in the thousand that actually does sever them, and the dispute between them that ensues, we feel at once that it is an incident susceptible of considerable dramatic effect. Yet, with all its beautiful poetry, it does not exhibit dramatic power. Between the characters of Palamon and Arcite there is positively no distinction; and the speeches of one might be given to the other without the least injury to the plot. There is, however, a marked distinction between their characters in the first scene in which they appear, where Palamon is manifestly the superior. Arcite is anxious to "leave the city, Thebes, and the temptings in it," before they sully their "gloss of youth." Palamon has more reliance in himself. If the latter leave Thebes, it will not be because there "every evil hath a good colour," "every seeming good's a certain evil"; — "'tis in our power," says he, "to be masters of our manners"; — "these poor slight sores need not a plantain"; — and, after an eloquent and indignant protest against the successes of the tyrant, Creon, when news is brought of the defiance of Theseus, he pithily and patriotically replies to the qualms of Arcite as to the justice of their quarrel, "leave that unreason'd; our services stand now for Thebes, not Creon." — There can be no doubt of the fact, that in the above scenes we are considering the work of different writers, in which the individuality of character drawn by one author was not preserved by the other. It is further obvious, that the one writer was a delineator of character, and the other not so. — HICKSON.

*Upon the sweetness of her noble beauty,
*That Nature ne'er exceeded, nor ne'er shall.
*Good gods, what happiness has Palamon!
*Twenty to one, he'll come to speak to her;
*And, if she be as gentle as she's fair,
*I know she's his; he has a tongue will tame
*Tempests, and make the wild rocks wanton. Come what *can come,
*The worst is death; I will not leave the kingdom:
*I know mine own is but a heap of ruins,
*And no redress there: if I go, he has her.
*I am resolved: another shape shall make me,[1]
*Or end my fortunes; either way, I'm happy:
*I'll see her, and be near her, or no more.

**Enter four* Countrymen; *one with a garland before them.*

**1 Coun.* My masters, I'll be there, that's certain.
**2 Coun.* And I'll be there.
**3 Coun.* And I.
**4 Coun.* Why, then have with ye, boys! 'tis but a chid- *ing:
*Let the plough play to-day; I'll tickle't out
*Of the jades' tails to-morrow.
**1 Coun.* I am sure
*To have my wife as jealous as a turkey:
*But that's all one; I'll go through, let her mumble.
**2 Coun.* Clap her aboard to-morrow night, and stow her,
*And all's made up again.
**3 Coun.* Ay, do but put
*A fescue[2] in her fist, and you shall see her

[1] That is, *set me up*, or *make my fortune;* the opposite of what is said in the next clause. See vol. vii. page 55, note 9.—By *another shape* Arcite means *a disguise;* seeming another person.

[2] A *fescue* was a small wire or stick used by teachers for pointing out the letters to the pupils.

*Take a new lesson out, and be a good wench.
*Do we all hold against the Maying?
**4 Coun.* Hold!
*What should ail us?
**3 Coun.* Arcas will be there.
**2 Coun.* And Sennois,
*And Rycas; and three better lads ne'er danced
*Under green tree; and ye know what wenches, ha!
*But will the dainty domine, the schoolmaster,
*Keep touch,[3] do you think? for he does all, ye know.
**3 Coun.* He'll eat a hornbook, ere he fail: go to!
*The matter is too far driven between
*Him and the tanner's daughter, to let slip now;
*And she must see the Duke, and she must dance too.
**4 Coun.* Shall we be lusty?
**2 Coun.* All the boys in Athens
*Blow winds i' the breech on us; and here I'll be,
*And there I'll be, for our town, and here again,
*And there again: ha, boys, heigh for the weavers!
**1 Coun.* This must be done i' the woods.
**4 Coun.* O, pardon me![4]
**2 Coun.* By any means; our thing of learning says so;
*Where he himself will edify the Duke
*Most parlously[5] in our behalfs: he's excellent i' the woods;
*Bring him to th' plains, his learning makes no cry.[6]
**3 Coun.* We'll see the sports; then every man to's tackle!
*And, sweet companions, let's rehearse by any means,
*Before the ladies see us, and do sweetly,

[3] *Keep touch* is *be true* or stick to his promise.

[4] "Pardon me" is *excuse* me. The speaker means it as a sort of protest against having their performance in the woods. And the next speaker puts in a counter protest: "By *all* means, we must have it in the woods."

[5] *Parlous* was a vulgar, or humorous, corruption of *perilous*. Here the adverb appears to mean *amazingly*.

[6] Makes no *noise*, raises no *wind;* passes for nothing.

*And God knows what may come on't.
*4 *Coun.* Content: the sports
*Once ended, we'll perform. Away, boys, and hold!
Arc. By your leaves, honest friends; pray you, whither
*go you?
*4 *Coun.* Whither! why, what a question's that!
Arc. Yes, 'tis a question
*To me that know not.
*3 *Coun.* To the games, my friend.
*2 *Coun.* Where were you bred, you know it not?
Arc. Not far, sir.
*Are there such games to-day?
*1 *Coun.* Yes, marry, are there;
*And such as you ne'er saw: the Duke himself
*Will be in person there.
Arc. What pastimes are they?
*2 *Coun.* Wrestling and running. — 'Tis a pretty fellow.
*3 *Coun.* Thou wilt not go along?
Arc. Not yet, sir.
*4 *Coun.* Well, sir,
*Take your own time. — Come, boys.
*1 *Coun.* My mind misgives me
*This fellow has a vengeance-trick o' the hip;[7]
*Mark how his body's made for't.
*2 *Coun.* I'll be hang'd though,
*If he dare venture; hang him, plum-porridge!
*He wrestle? he roast eggs! Come, let's be gone, lads.
*[*Exeunt* Countrymen.
Arc. This is an offer'd opportunity
*I durst not wish for. Well I could have wrestled,
*The best men call'd it excellent; and run

[7] The speaker means that Arcite is well made for wrestling; has the strength or the knack to catch his antagonist by the hip with a vengeance.

*Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,
*Curling the wealthy ears, e'er flew. I'll venture,
*And in some poor disguise be there: who knows
*Whether my brows may not be girt with garlands,
*And happiness prefer me to a place
*Where I may ever dwell in sight of her?

*SCENE IV. — *Athens. A Room in the Prison.*

**Enter* Jailer's Daughter.

**Daugh.* Why should I love this gentleman? 'tis odds
*He never will affect me: I am base,
*My father the mean keeper of his prison,
*And he a prince: to marry him is hopeless,
*To be his whore is witless. Out upon't!
*What pushes are we wenches driven to,
*When fifteen once has found us! First, I saw him,
*And, seeing, thought he was a goodly man;
*He has as much to please a woman in him —
*If he please to bestow it so — as ever
*These eyes yet look'd on: next I pitied him;
*And so would any young wench, o' my conscience,
*That ever dream'd, or vow'd her maidenhood
*To a young handsome man: then I loved him,
*Extremely loved him, infinitely loved him;
*And yet he had a cousin, fair as he too;
*But in my heart was Palamon, and there,
*Lord, what a coil he keeps![1] To hear him
*Sing in an evening, what a heaven it is!
*And yet his songs are sad ones. Fairer spoken
*Was never gentleman: when I come in

[1] To *keep a coil* is to *make a stir*, *fuss*, or *ado*. See vol. iv. page 37, note 4.

*To bring him water in a morning, first
*He bows his noble body, then salutes me, thus:
**Fair, gentle maid, good morrow: may thy goodness*
**Get thee a happy husband!* Once he kiss'd me;
*I loved my lips the better ten days after:
*Would he would do so every day! He grieves much,
*And me as much to see his misery.
*What should I do, to make him know I love him?
*For I would fain enjoy him: say I ventured
*To set him free? what says the law, then?
*Thus much for law, or kindred! I will do it;
*And this night or to-morrow he shall love me.[2] [*Exit.*

[2] It is hardly necessary to repeat that the prison scene, the second in this Act, is by Fletcher. Here the two friends first see Emilia. Arcite is now set free, and banished. He appears in the next scene, also by Fletcher, and falls in with four country-people, who are going a-maying. The scene with these latter, though intended to be humorous, does not exhibit a single spark of wit or humour. The fourth scene is also by the same hand: it is simply a soliloquy of the Jailer's Daughter, who is now in love with Palamon, and determined to set him at liberty. It is very different in quality, however, from the scene of her first appearance. Shakespeare, for instance, would hardly have given her the following line: "And yet he had a cousin, fair as he, too." The fact may have been so; but she was not the person to make the discovery; or, her love, in that case, being merely sensual, Palamon might have remained in prison to the end of his days. The next scene is also by Fletcher. Arcite, having in disguise joined the games of the country people, is chosen by Theseus to attend on Emilia. The sixth and last scene of this Act is another soliloquy of the Jailer's Daughter; she has now set Palamon at liberty. The marks of Fletcher's hand are as distinct in this as in the several preceding scenes (all but the first) of this Act.—HICKSON.

*SCENE V. — *An open Place in Athens. A short flourish of* **cornets, and shouts within.*

**Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, EMILIA ; ARCITE *dis-* **guised, wearing a garland; and* Countrymen.

**Thes*. You have done worthily ; I have not seen,
*Since Hercules, a man of tougher sinews :
*Whate'er you are, you run the best, and wrestle,
*That these times can allow.
**Arc*. I'm proud to please you.
**Thes*. What country bred you?
**Arc*. This ; but far off, Prince.
**Thes*. Are you a gentleman?
**Arc*. My father said so ;
*And to those gentle uses gave my life.
**Thes*. Are you his heir?
**Arc*. His youngest, sir.
**Thes*. Your father,
*Sure, is a happy sire, then. What proves you?[1]
**Arc*. A little of all noble qualities :
*I could have kept a hawk, and well have holla'd
*To a deep cry of dogs ; I dare not praise
*My feat in horsemanship, yet they that knew me
*Would say it was my best piece ; last and greatest,
*I would be thought a soldier.
**Thes*. You are perfect.
**Pir*. Upon my soul, a proper[2] man !
**Emi*. He is so.
**Pir*. How do you like him, lady?
**Hip*. I admire him :

[1] "What proves you to be, as you have said, a gentleman?"
[2] *Proper* is *handsome, fine-looking*. Generally so.

*I have not seen so young a man so noble,
*If he say true, of his sort.
Emi. Believe me,
*His mother was a wondrous handsome woman;
*His face methinks goes that way.[3]
Hip. But his body
*And fiery mind illustrate a brave father.
Pir. Mark how his virtue, like a hidden sun,
*Breaks through his baser garments!
Hip. He's well got, sure.
Thes. What made you seek this place, sir?
Arc. Noble Theseus,
*To purchase name, and do my ablest service
*To such a well-found wonder as thy worth;
*For only in thy Court, of all the world,
*Dwells fair-eyed Honour.
Pir. All his words are worthy.
Thes. Sir, we are much indebted to your travel,
*Nor shall you lose your wish. — Pirithous,
*Dispose of this fair gentleman.
Pir. Thanks, Theseus. —
*Whate'er you are, you're mine; and I shall give you
*To a most noble service, — to this lady,
*This bright young virgin: pray, observe her goodness.
*You've honour'd her fair birthday with your virtues,
*And, as your due, you're hers; kiss her fair hand, sir.
Arc. Sir, you're a noble giver. — [*To* EMILIA.] Dearest *beauty,
*Thus let me seal my vow'd faith: [*Kisses her hand.*] when *your servant —
*Your most unworthy creature — but offends you,
*Command him die, he shall.

[3] His face argues or infers that he had a handsome mother.

*_Emi._ That were too cruel.
*If you deserve well, sir, I shall soon see't:
*You're mine; and somewhat better than your rank
*I'll use you.
*_Pir._ I'll see you furnish'd; and, because you say
*You are a horseman, I must needs entreat you
*This afternoon to ride; but 'tis a rough one.
*_Arc._ I like him better, Prince; I shall not, then,
*Freeze in my saddle.
*_Thes._ Sweet, you must be ready,—
*And you, Emilia,—and you, friend,—and all,—
*To-morrow, by the sun, to do observance[4]
*To flowery May, in Dian's wood.—Wait well, sir,
*Upon your mistress.—Emily, I hope
*He shall not go a-foot
*_Emi._ That were a shame, sir,
*While I have horses.—Take your choice; and what
*You want at any time, let me but know it:
*If you serve faithfully, I dare assure you
*You'll find a loving mistress.
*_Arc._ If I do not,
*Let me find that my father ever hated,—
*Disgrace and blows.
*_Thes._ Go, lead the way; you've won it;
*It shall be so: you shall receive all dues
*Fit for the honour you have won; 'twere wrong else.—
*Sister, beshrew my heart, you have a servant,
*That, if I were a woman, would be master:
*But you are wise.
*_Emi._ I hope too wise for that, sir.
*[_Flourish. Exeunt._

[4] "Do observance" was the old phrase for celebrating May-day. See vol. iii. page 14, note 22.

*Scene VI.—*Athens. Before the Prison.*

**Enter* Jailer's Daughter.

**Daugh.* Let all the dukes and all the devils roar,
*He is at liberty: I've ventured for him;
*And out I've brought him to a little wood
*A mile hence: I have sent him, where a cedar,
*Higher than all the rest, spreads like a plane,
*Fast by a brook; and there he shall keep close,[5]
*Till I provide him files and food; for yet
*His iron bracelets are not off. O Love,
*What a stout-hearted child thou art! My father
*Durst better have endured cold iron than done it.
*I love him beyond love and beyond reason,
*Or wit, or safety; I have made him know it:
*I care not; I am desperate: if the law
*Find me, and then condemn me for't, some wenches,
*Some honest-hearted maids will sing my dirge,
*And tell to memory my death was noble,
*Dying almost a martyr. That way he takes,
*I purpose is my way too: sure he cannot
*Be so unmanly as to leave me here:
*If he do, maids will not so easily
*Trust men again: and yet he has not thank'd me
*For what I've done; no, not so much as kiss'd me;
*And that, methinks, is not so well; nor scarcely
*Could I persuade him to become a freeman,
*He made such scruples of the wrong he did
*To me and to my father. Yet, I hope,
*When he considers more, this love of mine
*Will take more root within him: let him do

[5] *Close* is *secret* or *hidden*. So the word was commonly used.

*What he will with me, so he use me kindly;[6]
*For use me so he shall, or I'll proclaim him,
*And to his face, no man. I'll presently
*Provide him necessaries, and pack my clothes up,
*And where there is a path of ground I'll venture,
*So he be with me: by him, like a shadow,
*I'll ever dwell. Within this hour the whoobub
*Will be all o'er the prison: I am then
*Kissing the man they look for. Farewell, father!
*Get many more such prisoners and such daughters,
*And shortly you may keep yourself. Now to him! [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A Forest near Athens. Cornets in sundry places: noise and hallooing as of People a-Maying.*

Enter ARCITE.

Arc. The Duke has lost Hippolyta; each took
A several laund.[1] This is a solemn rite
They owe bloom'd May, and the Athenians pay it
To th' heart of ceremony.[2] —
O Queen Emilia, fresher than May, sweeter
Than her gold buttons on the boughs, or all
Th' enamell'd knacks[3] o' the mead or garden! yea,

[6] An equivoque was doubtless intended in *kindly.* We have a like instance in *King Lear.* See vol. iii. page 131, note 15, and vol. xv. page 46, note 5.

[1] *Laund* is an old word for *lawn;* here standing for what is sometimes called a *glade,* that is, a natural opening or open ground in a forest. See vol. ix. page 57, note 1.

[2] That is, pay it in *good earnest;* carry out the observance to the fullest extent.

[3] *Knacks,* here, seems to mean about the same as our *knick-knacks.*

We challenge too the bank of any nymph,
That makes the stream seem flowers; thou, O jewel
O' the wood, o' the world, hast likewise bless'd a place
With thy sole presence! In thy rumination
That I, poor man, might eftsoons come between,
And chop on some cold thought?[4] thrice-blessèd chance,
To drop on such a mistress, expectation
Most guiltless on't. Tell me, O Lady Fortune, —
Next after Emily my sovereign, — how far
I may be proud. She takes strong note of me,
Hath made me near her, and this beauteous morn,
The primest of all the year, presents me with
A brace of horses: two such steeds might well
Be by a pair of kings back'd, in a field
That their crowns' titles tried.[5] Alas, alas,
Poor cousin Palamon, poor prisoner! thou
So little dream'st upon my fortune, that
Thou think'st thyself the happier thing, to be
So near Emilia; me thou deem'st at Thebes,
And therein wretched although free: but, if
Thou knew'st my mistress breathed on me, and that
I ear'd her language, lived in her eye, O coz,
What passion would enclose thee!

Enter PALAMON *out of a bush, with his shackles: he bends his fist at* ARCITE.

[4] To *chop* was sometimes used in the sense of an abrupt or sudden change. So Dryden, in *The Hind and Panther:* "Every hour your form is *chopp'd* and changed, like winds before a storm." In the text, it appears to have the sense of our word to *pop;* to light suddenly upon. Arcite is uttering a wish: "*Would* that I might presently chop on some cold thought!" And *turn it to a warm* one, is probably his meaning. There is some obscurity in what follows. Arcite had not the least expectation of lighting upon such a treasure as Emilia; so he regards it as a most lucky chance, and makes Fortune second only to Emilia in his thoughts, she has been so kind to him.

[5] A battle-field where their titles to their crowns were to be tried.

Pal. Traitor kinsman!
Thou shouldst perceive my passion, if these signs
Of prisonment were off me, and this hand
But owner of a sword. By all oaths in one,
I, and the justice of my love, would make thee
A confess'd traitor! O thou most perfidious
That ever gently look'd! the void'st of honour
That e'er bore gentle token![6] falsest cousin
That ever blood made kin! call'st thou her thine?
I'll prove it in my shackles, with these hands
Void of appointment,[7] that thou liest, and art
A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,
Not worth the name of villain! Had I a sword,
And these house-clogs away, —
Arc. Dear cousin Palamon, —
Pal. Cozener Arcite, give me language such
As thou hast show'd me feat![8]
Arc. Not finding in
The circuit of my breast any gross stuff
To form me like your blazon, holds me to

[6] "Gentle token" here means token or badge of *gentility* or *gentle birth.* — Here, again, I quote from Mr. Hickson: "With the third Act Shakespeare returns again to the work. In the first scene we find once more the characters of Palamon and Arcite distinct from each other. They now meet for the first time since their imprisonment. Palamon, who has not yet got freed from his fetters, surprises, in a wood, Arcite, who, soliloquizing aloud, declares his love for Emilia, and thus reproaches him: 'O, thou most perfidious,'" &c. Then, in reference to a later part of the scene, he adds the following: "Another writer, aiming at diversity of character, would, in all probability, have been satisfied by the broad division between indignant anger on the one side, and a cool contemptuous self-possession on the other. Fletcher's art, as evinced by his execution of other parts of this play, was certainly not equal to more; and it is in going beyond this that Shakespeare's characters present themselves as individual inhabitants of this world, as living men and women."

[7] Destitute of *armour* and *weapons.* See page 158, note 2.

[8] "Let your language correspond with your actions."

This gentleness of answer: 'Tis your passion
That thus mistakes; the which, to you being enemy,
Cannot to me be kind. Honour and honesty
I cherish and depend on, howsoe'er
You skip them in me; and with them, fair coz,
I'll maintain my proceedings. Pray, be pleased
To show in generous terms your griefs, since that
Your question's with your equal, who professes
To clear his own way with the mind and sword
Of a true gentleman.

Pal. That thou durst, Arcite!

Arc. My coz, my coz, you have been well advértised
How much I dare: you've seen me use my sword
Against th' advice of fear. Sure, of another
You would not hear me doubted, but your silence
Should break out, though i' the santuary.

Pal. Sir,
I've seen you move in such a place, which well
Might justify your manhood; you were call'd
A good knight and a bold: but the whole week's not fair,
If any day it rain. Their valiant temper
Men lose when they incline to treachery;
And then they fight like compell'd bears, would fly
Were they not tied.[9]

Arc. Kinsman, you might as well
Speak this, and act it in your glass, as to
His ear which now disdains you.

Pal. Come up to me:
Quit me of these cold gyves, give me a sword,
Though it be rusty, and the charity
Of one meal lend me; come before me then,
A good sword in thy hand, and do but say

[9] "Like compell'd bears, *which* would fly were they not tied."

That Emily is thine, I will forgive
The trespass thou hast done me, yea, my life,
If then thou carry't: and brave souls in shades,
That have died manly, which will seek of me
Some news from Earth, they shall get none but this,
That thou art brave and noble.

Arc. Be content;
Again betake you to your hawthorn-house:
With counsel of the night, I will be here
With wholesome viands; these impediments
Will I file off; you shall have garments, and
Perfumes to kill the smell o' the prison; after,
When you shall stretch yourself, and say but, *Arcite,*
I am in plight, there shall be at your choice
Both sword and armour.

Pal. O you Heavens, dare any
So noble bear a guilty baseness? none
But only Arcite; therefore none but Arcite
In this kind is so bold.

Arc. Sweet Palamon,—

Pal. I do embrace you and your offer: for
Your offer do't I only, sir; your person,
Without hypocrisy, I may not wish
More than my sword's edge on't. [*Horns winded within.*

Arc. You hear the horns:
Enter your muset,[10] lest this match between's
Be cross'd ere met. Give me your hand; farewell:
I'll bring you every needful thing: I pray you,
Take comfort, and be strong.

10 A *muset,* says Nares, is "the opening in a fence or thicket, through which a hare, or other beast of sport, is accustomed to pass." So Markham, in his *Gentleman's Academie,* 1595: "We terme the place where the hare sitteth, her forme; the places through the which she goes to releefe, her *muset.*"

Pal. Pray, hold your promise
And do the deed with a bent brow: most certain
You love me not: be rough with me, and pour
This oil out of your language. By this air,
I could for each word give a cuff; my stomach
Not reconciled by reason.[11]

Arc. Plainly spoken!
Yet pardon me hard language: when I spur
My horse, I chide him not; content and anger
In me have but one face. [*Horns winded again.*
Hark, sir! they call
The scatter'd to the banquet: you must guess
I have an office there.

Pal. Sir, your attendance
Cannot please Heaven; and I know your office
Unjustly is achieved.

Arc. I've a good title,
I am persuaded: this question, sick between's,
By bleeding must be cured. I am a suitor
That to your sword you will bequeath this plea,
And talk of it no more.

Pal. But this one word:
You're going now to gaze upon my mistress;
For note you, mine she is, —

Arc. Nay, then, —

Pal. Nay, pray you:
You talk of feeding me to breed me strength;
You're going now to look upon a sun
That strengthens what it looks on; there you have
A vantage o'er me: but enjoy it till
I may enforce my remedy. Farewell. [*Exeunt severally.*

11 *Stomach* here is *anger* or *resentment*: and the meaning is, "*if* my anger *were not appeased* by reason." See vol. xvi. page 78, note a.

SCENE II. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

Enter Jailer's Daughter.

Daugh. He has mistook the brake I meant; is gone
After his fancy. 'Tis now well-nigh morning;
No matter: would it were perpetual night,
And darkness lord o' the world! Hark! 'tis a wolf:
In me hath grief slain fear, and, but one thing,
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon:
I reck not if the wolves would jaw me, so
He had this file. What if I holla'd for him?
I cannot holla: if I whoop'd, what then?
If he not answer'd, I should call a wolf,
And do him but that service. I have heard
Strange howls this live-long night: why may't not be
They have made prey of him? he has no weapons;
He cannot run; the jingling of his gyves
Might call fell things to listen, who have in them
A sense to know a man unarm'd, and can
Smell where resistance is. I'll set it down
He's torn to pieces; they howl'd many together,
And then they fed on him: so much for that!
Be bold to ring the bell; how stand I, then?
All's chared when he is gone.[1] No, no, I lie;
My father's to be hang'd for his escape;
Myself to beg, if I prized life so much
As to deny my act; but that I would not,
Should I try death by dozens. I am moped:
Food took I none these two days; once, indeed,

[1] The whole *work* or *task is done* when he has got free. Here we have the old word *chare* used as a verb. See vol. xvi. page 136, note 12. — "Be bold to ring the bell," probably refers to the bell of the prison, which will be rung as an alarm-signal when Palamon is found to have escaped.

I sipp'd some water; have not closed mine eyes,
Save when my lids scour'd off their brine. Alas,
Dissolve, my life! let not my sense unsettle,
Lest I should drown, or stab, or hang myself!
O state of nature, fail together in me,
Since thy best props are warp'd! So, which way now?
The best way is the next[2] way to a grave:
Each errant[3] step beside is torment. Lo,
The Moon is down, the crickets chirp, the screech-owl
Calls in the dawn! all offices are done,
Save what I fail in: but the point is this,
An end, and that is all.[4] [*Exit.*

*SCENE III. — *The same Part of the Forest as in Scene I.*

**Enter* ARCITE, *with meat, wine, files, &c.*

**Arc.* I should be near the place. — Ho, cousin Palamon!

**Enter* PALAMON.

**Pal.* Arcite?

[2] *Next* for *nearest.* Repeatedly so. See vol. xi. page 81, note 31.

[3] *Errant* in the Latin sense of *wandering* or *roving.*

[4] This scene gives an instance of Shakespeare's judgment. It can hardly be said to explain any necessary circumstance of the play; and so many scenes in which this character appears alone are rather injurious to the action: but it supplies the due gradation between a mind diseased and madness; and, in connection with another scene at which we shall shortly arrive, it displays a depth of insight into the psychological character of this state only excelled by Shakespeare himself, in *King Lear.* Let our readers observe in particular the unselfish anxiety of the Jailer's Daughter for Palamon's safety, and her subsequent terror at her own disordered senses. The introduction of the popular notion that wild beasts have "a sense to know a man unarm'd" is quite a Shakespearian illustration; and we do not know an instance of finer drawing than this of her imagination painting, as absolute reality, the subject of her first fear. From this conviction (of Palamon's death) we come naturally to the concluding lines, beyond which the next step *is* madness. — HICKSON.

*Arc. The same: I've brought you food and files.
*Come forth, and fear not; here's no Theseus.
*Pal. Nor none so honest, Arcite.
*Arc. That's no matter:
*We'll argue that hereafter. Come, take courage;
*You shall not die thus beastly: here, sir, drink;
*I know you're faint; then I'll talk further with you.
*Pal. Arcite, thou mightst now poison me.
*Arc. I might;
*But I must fear you first. Sit down; and, good now,
*No more of these vain parleys: let us not,
*Having our ancient reputation with us,
*Make talk for fools and cowards. To your health!
*[*Drinks.*
*Pal. Do.
*Arc. Pray, sit down, then; and let me entreat you,
*By all the honesty and honour in you,
*No mention of this woman! 'twill disturb us;
*We shall have time enough.
*Pal. Well, sir, I'll pledge you.
*[*Drinks.*
*Arc. Drink a good hearty draught; it breeds good blood,
*man.
*Do you not feel it thaw you?
*Pal. Stay; I'll tell you
*After a draught or two more.
*Arc. Spare it not;
*The Duke has more, coz. Eat now.
*Pal. Yes. [*Eats.*
*Arc. I'm glad
*You have so good a stomach.
*Pal. I am gladder
*I have so good meat to't.
*Arc. Is't not mad lodging

*Here in the wild woods, cousin?
*Pal. Yes, for them
*That have wild consciences.
*Arc. How tastes your victuals?
*Your hunger needs no sauce, I see.
*Pal. Not much:
*But, if it did, yours is too tart, sweet cousin.
*What is this?
*Arc. Venison.
*Pal. 'Tis a lusty meat.
*Give me more wine: here, Arcite, to the wenches
*We've known in our days! The lord-steward's daughter;
*Do you remember her?
*Arc. After you, coz.
*Pal. She loved a black-hair'd man.
*Arc. She did so: well, sir?
*Pal. And I have heard some call him Arcite; and —
*Arc. Out with it, faith!
*Pal. She met him in an arbour:
*What did she there, coz? play o' the virginals?
*Arc. Something she did, sir.
*Pal. Made her groan a month for't;
*Or two, or three, or ten.
*Arc. The marshal's sister
*Had her share too, as I remember, cousin,
*Else there be tales abroad: you'll pledge her?
*Pal. Yes.
*Arc. A pretty brown wench 'tis: there was a time
*When young men went a-hunting, and a wood,
*And a broad beech; and thereby hangs a tale. —
*Heigh-ho!
*Pal. For Emily, upon my life! Fool,
*Away with this strain'd mirth! I say again,
*That sigh was breathed for Emily: base cousin,

*Darest thou break first?
*_Arc._ You're wide.
*_Pal._ By Heaven and Earth,
*There's nothing in thee honest.
*_Arc._ Then I'll leave you:
*You are a beast now.
*_Pal._ As thou makest me, traitor.
*_Arc._ There's all things needful, files, and shirts, and *perfumes:
*I'll come again some two hours hence, and bring
*That that shall quiet all.
*_Pal._ A sword and armour?
*_Arc._ Fear me not. You are now too foul: farewell:
*Get off your trinkets; you shall want nought.
*_Pal._ Sirrah, —
*_Arc._ I'll hear no more. [_Exit._
*_Pal._ If he keep touch, he dies for't.
*[_Exit._

*SCENE IV. — _Another Part of the Forest._

*_Enter_ Jailer's Daughter.

*_Daugh._ I'm very cold; and all the stars are out too,
*The little stars, and all that look like aglets: [1]
*The Sun has seen my folly. Palamon!
*Alas, no! he's in Heaven. Where am I now?
*Yonder's the sea, and there's a ship: how't tumbles!

[1] _Aglets_ from the French _aiguillette_, were small bright ornaments, worn by men chiefly as tags to their laces, and by ladies as pendants or brilliants in their head-dress. So in _The Faerie Queene_, ii. 3, 26, describing how Belphœbe was clad:

All in a silken camus lilly whight,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was throughout
With golden _aygulets_, that glistred bright,
Like twinckling starres.

*And there's a rock lies watching under water;
*Now, now, it beats upon it; now, now, now,
*There's a leak sprung, a sound one; how they cry!
*Spoom her before the wind,[2] you'll lose all, else;
*Up with a course or two, and tack about, boys:
*Good night, good night; ye're gone. I'm very hungry:
*Would I could find a fine frog! he would tell me
*News from all parts o' the world; then would I make
*A carack[3] of a cockle-shell, and sail
*By east and north-east to the King of Pigmies,
*For he tells fortunes rarely. Now, my father,
*Twenty to one, is truss'd up in a trice
*To-morrow morning: I'll say ne'er a word.

[Sings.] **For I'll cut my green coat a foot above my knee;*
**And I'll clip my yellow locks an inch below mine e'e:*
**Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.*
**He's*[4] *buy me a white cut,*[5] *forth for to ride,*
**And I'll go seek him through the world that is so wide:*
**Hey, nonny, nonny, nonny.*

*O for a prick now, like a nightingale,
*To put my breast against![6] I shall sleep like a top else.[7]
*[*Exit.*

[2] To *spoom* a ship is to make her go right before the wind without any sail. But I suspect the poor mad girl is not very well skilled in the use of nautical terms; for she goes on to say, "Up with a *course* or two," and the *courses* were the lowest and largest sails of a ship. See vol. vii. page 12, note 14.

[3] A *carack* is a large ship of burden. See vol. xvii. page 173, note 13.

[4] "*He's* is an abbreviation of *he shall*, still common among the vulgar." So says Weber.

[5] *Cut* was a familiar name for a common horse.

[6] It was a popular notion that the nightingale sang her sweetest strains while pressing her breast against a thorn.

[7] The third scene, without any doubt, is by Fletcher. Arcite brings "food and files" to Palamon; and, after some patter of early reminiscences between them, utterly out of character, they separate. The fourth scene introduces

*SCENE V. — *Another Part of the Forest.*

**Enter* GERROLD, *four* Countrymen *as* Morris-dancers, *another*
**as the* Bavian,[1] *five* Wenches, *and a* Taborer.

**Ger.* Fie, fie!
*What tediosity and disensanity
*Is here among ye! Have my rudiments
*Been labour'd so long with ye, milk'd unto ye,
*And, by a figure, even the very plum-broth
*And marrow of my understanding laid upon ye,
*And do you still cry *Where*, and *How*, and *Wherefore?*
*You most coarse frize capacities, ye jane[2] judgments,

the Jailer's Daughter again: she is now mad. She fancies she sees a ship, and there is some affectation of nautical language, (why, Heaven only knows;) and the rest is mere incoherent nonsense. Now, though this last, indeed, may be the frequent birth of madness, (or rather so seeming, in default of being able to follow the infinitely fine associating links,) it can have no place in poetry, which, whatever it may be, is certainly not a literal transcript of common things in their common aspects. In a subsequent scene we shall find the speeches given to this character full of meaning; the present bears every mark of the hand of Fletcher. So does the next, whatever fault we may find with the execution, which is inferior to any thing else we have met with by that writer. The persons, in the first instance, are the country people whom we have met before, — "two or three wenches," and a terribly dull pedantic schoolmaster, a most spiritless imitation of Holofernes. The next scene is also by Fletcher, but of a much higher character than either of the preceding. Palamon and Arcite meeting to decide their difference by arms, are interrupted by Theseus, who finally decrees that they shall go home and return within a month; and that, in the contest then appointed, the winner shall have the lady, and the loser lose his head. — HICKSON.

[1] *Bavian*, also spelt *babian* and *babion*, is from the Dutch baviaan, or the German *pavian*, which means *large monkey* or *baboon*. According to Nares, the Bavian was "an occasional, but not a regular character in the old morris-dance. He appears in Act iii. scene 5, of *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, where his office is to bark, to tumble, to play antics, and exhibit a long tail, with what decency he could."

[2] *Jane* is the old name of a coarse cloth, somewhat like frize; mentioned in *The Rates of the Custom-house*, 1582, as "Fustian called *Jean*."

*Have I said *Thus let be*, and *There let be*,
*And *Then let be*, and no man understand me?
**Proh Deum, medius fidius*,[3] ye are all dunces!
*For why here stand I; here the Duke comes; there are you,
*Close in the thicket: the Duke appears; I meet him,
*And unto him I utter learnèd things
*And many figures: he hears, and nods, and hums,
*And then cries *Rare!* and I go forward; at length
*I fling my cap up; mark there! then do you,
*As once did Meleager and the boar,
*Break comely out before him, like true lovers,
*Cast yourselves in a body decently,
*And sweetly, by a figure, trace and turn, boys.

**1 Coun.* And sweetly we will do it, Master Gerrold.

**2 Coun.* Draw up the company. Where's the taborer?

**3 Coun.* Why, Timothy!

**Tab.* Here, my mad boys; have at ye!

**Ger.* But I say where's their women?

**4 Coun.* Here's Friz and Maudlin.

**2 Coun.* And little Luce with the white legs, and bounc-
*ing Barbary.

**1 Coun.* And freckled Nell, that never fail'd her master.

**Ger.* Where be your ribands, maids! swim with your
*bodies,
*And carry it sweetly and deliverly;
*And now and then a favour and a frisk.

**Nell.* Let us alone, sir.

**Ger.* Where's the rest o' the music?

**3 Coun.* Dispersed as you commanded.

**Ger.* Couple, then,
*And see what's wanting. Where's the Bavian?—

[3] *Proh Deum* and *medius fidius* are ancient exclamations equivalent to *O Lord* and *As true as Heaven.*

*My friend, carry your tail without offence
*Or scandal to the ladies; and be sure
*You tumble with audacity and manhood;
*And, when you bark, do it with judgment.

**Bav.* Yes, sir.

*Ger. *Quo usque tandem?* here's a woman wanting.

**4 Coun.* We may go whistle; all the fat's i' the fire.[4]

**Ger.* We have,
*As learnèd authors utter, wash'd a tile;
*We have been *fatuus*, and labour'd vainly.

**2 Coun.* This is that scornful piece, that scurvy hilding,[5]
*That gave her promise faithfully she would
*Be here, Cicely the sempster's daughter:
*The next gloves that I give her shall be dog-skin;
*Nay, an she fail me once. — You can tell, Arcas,
*She swore, by wine and bread, she would not brake.

**Ger.* An eel and woman,
*A learnèd poet says, unless by th' tail
*And with thy teeth thou hold, will either fail.
*In manners this was false position.

**1 Coun.* A fire-ill take her![6] does she flinch now?

**3 Coun.* What
*Shall we determine, sir?

**Ger.* Nothing;
*Our business is become a nullity,

[4] An old phrase, meaning, apparently, much the same as "The thing is done for," or "The game has gone up."

[5] *Hilding* was a common term of reproach or scorn, rather vague and various in meaning. See vol. ii. page 173, note 1.

[6] "A *fire-ill* take her!" probably means about the same as another old phrase used by Fletcher in *The Mad Lover*, v. 3: "A *wildfire* take you!" uttered by Chilax to the Priestess for coming behind her time. He vents other imprecations on her; such as, "A mouldy mange upon your chops!" Nares, however, says, "'A fire-ill take her' is doubtless equivalent to '*p—x* take her.'"

*Yea, and a woeful and a piteous nullity.

*4 *Coun.* Now, when the credit of our town lay on it,
*Now to be frampal,[7] now to piss o' the nettle![8]
*Go thy ways; I'll remember thee, I'll fit thee!

**Enter* Jailer's Daughter, *and sings.*

**The George alow[9] came from the South,*
**From the coast of Barbary-a;*
**And there he met with brave gallants of war,*
**By one, by two, by three-a.*

**Well hail'd, well hail'd, you jolly gallants!*
**And whither now are you bound-a?*
**O, let me have your company*
**Till we come to the Sound-a!*

**There was three fools fell out about an howlet;[10]*
**The one said it was an owl;*
**The other he said nay;*
**The third he said it was a hawk,*
**And her bells were cut away.*

*3 *Coun.* There's a dainty mad woman, master,
*Come i' the nick;[11] as mad as a March hare:
*If we can get her dance, we're made again;
*I warrant her she'll do the rarest gambols.

*1 *Coun.* A mad woman! we are made, boys.

**Ger.* And are you mad, good woman?

**Daugh.* I'd be sorry else.
*Give me your hand.

7 *Frampal* is *peevish, froward, perverse*. *Frampold* is another form of the same word. See vol. vi. page 42, note 9.

8 To water a nettle, in a peculiar manner, was said proverbially to cause peevish and fretful humour. — NARES.

9 *Alow* is *low down*; the opposite of *aloft*.

10 *Howlet* is merely a diminutive of *owl*.

11 As we still say, "Come in the nick *of time*."

**Ger.* Why?
**Daugh.* I can tell your fortune:
*You are a fool. Tell ten.[12] I've posed him. Buzz!
*Friend, you must eat no white bread; if you do,
*Your teeth will bleed extremely. Shall we dance, ho?
*I know you; you're a tinker: sirrah tinker,
*Stop no more holes but what you should.
*Ger. *Dii boni!* A tinker, damsel!
**Daugh.* Or a conjurer:
*Raise me a devil now, and let him play
**Qui passa* o' the bells and bones.
**Ger.* Go, take her,
*And fluently persuade her to a peace;[13]
**Et opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis*[14] —
*Strike up, and lead her in.
**2 Coun.* Come, lass, let's trip it.
**Daugh.* I'll lead.
**3 Coun.* Do, do. [*Horns winded within.*
**Ger.* Persuasively and cunningly; away, boys!
*I hear the horns: give me some meditation,
*And mark your cue.— [*Exeunt all but* GERROLD.
*Pallas inspire me!

**Enter* THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE, *and* **Train.*

**Thes.* This way the stag took.
**Ger.* Stay and edify.
**Thes.* What have we here?
**Pir.* Some country sport, upon my life, sir.

[12] "*Tell* ten" is *count* ten. *Tell* was continually used thus.
[13] Meaning, simply, persuade her to *be quiet.*
[14] From Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, xv. 871:

Jamque opus exegi, quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis
Nec poterit ferrum nec edax abolere vetustas.

**Thes.* Well, sir, go forward; we will edify. —
*Ladies, sit down: we'll stay it.
**Ger.* Thou doughty Duke, all hail! All hail, sweet ladies!
**Thes.* This is a cold beginning.[15]
**Ger.* If you but favour, our country pastime made is.
*We are a few of those collected here,
*That ruder tongues distinguish villager;
*And, to say verity and not to fable,
*We are a merry rout, or else a rable,
*Or company, or, by a figure, choris,[16]
*That 'fore thy dignity will dance a morris.
*And I, that am the rectifier of all,
*By title *pædagogus*, that let fall
*The birch upon the breeches of the small ones,
*And humble with a ferula the tall ones,
*Do here present this machine, or this frame:
*And, dainty Duke, whose doughty dismal fame
*From Dis to Dædalus, from post to pillar,
*Is blown abroad, help me, thy poor well-willer,
*And, with thy twinkling eyes, look right and straight
*Upon this mighty *morr* — of mickle weight —
**Is* — now comes in, which being glued together
*Makes *morris*, and the cause that we came hither,
*The body of our sport, of no small study.
*I first appear, though rude and raw and muddy,
*To speak, before thy noble Grace, this tenner;
*At whose great feet I offer up my penner:
*The next, the Lord of May and Lady bright,

15 A play upon the word *hail*. So, in Dekker's *Old Fortunatus*, one of the persons, on being saluted "all *hail!*" says, "There's a *rattling* salutation." Also in *Love's Labours Lost*, v. 2:

All hail, sweet madam, and fair time of day!
Prin. Fair, in all *hail*, is foul, as I conceive.

16 *Rable* and *choris* are accommodations of *rabble* and *chorus*; as, further on, *tenner* also is, of *tenor*.

*The Chambermaid and Servingman, by night
*That seek out silent hanging:[17] then mine Host
*And his fat spouse, that welcome to his cost
*The gallèd traveller, and with a beck'ning
*Inform the tapster to inflame the reck'ning:
*Then the beast-eating Clown, and next the Fool,
*The Bavian,[18] with long long tail and eke long tool;
**Cum multis aliis* that make a dance:
*Say *Ay*, and all shall presently advance.

**Thes.* Ay, ay, by any means, dear domine.

**Pir.* Produce.

*Ger. *Intrate, filii;* come forth, and foot it.

**Re-enter the four* Countrymen, *the* Bavian, *the five* Wenches, **and the* Taborer, *accompanied by the* Jailer's Daughter, *and* **others of both sexes. They dance a morris.*

*Ladies, if we have been merry,
*And have pleased ye with a derry,
*And a derry, and a down,
*Say the schoolmaster's no clown.—
*Duke, if we have pleased thee too,
*And have done as good boys should do,
*Give us but a tree or twain
*For a Maypole, and again,
*Ere another year run out,
*We'll make thee laugh, and all this rout.

**Thes.* Take twenty, domine.—How does my sweet-*heart?

**Hip.* Never so pleased, sir.

[17] That is, hangings, or tapestry, to *hide behind*, or *be secret*. So, later in the play: "O, that ever I did it *behind the arras!*"

[18] The Fool and the Bavian are not two persons, but only two titles of one and the same.—"The *beast-eating* Clown," I take it, is not the Clown that eats beasts, but the Clown that eats *like* a beast.

**Emi.* 'Twas an excellent dance; and, for a preface,
*I never heard a better.
**Thes.* Schoolmaster, I thank you. —
*One see 'em all rewarded.
**Pir.* And here's something
*[*Gives money.*
*To paint your pole withal.
**Thes.* Now to our sports again.
**Ger.* May the stag thou hunt'st stand long,
*And thy dogs be swift and strong!
*May they kill him without lets,
*And the ladies eat his doucets! —
*[*Exeunt* THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, ARCITE,
**and Train. Horns winded as they go out.*
*Come, we're all made. *Dii Deæque omnes!*
*Ye have danced rarely, wenches. [*Exeunt.*

*SCENE VI. — *The same Part of the Forest as in Scene III.*

**Enter* PALAMON *from the bush.*

**Pal.* About this hour my cousin gave his faith
*To visit me again, and with him bring
*Two swords and two good armours: if he fail,
*He's neither man nor soldier. When he left me,
*I did not think a week could have restored
*My lost strength to me, I was grown so low
*And crest-fall'n with my wants: I thank thee, Arcite,
*Thou'rt yet a fair foe; and I feel myself,
*With this refreshing, able once again
*To outdure danger. To delay it longer
*Would make the world think, when it comes to hearing,
*That I lay fatting like a swine, to fight,
*And not a soldier: therefore this blest morning

*Shall be the last; and that sword he refuses,
*If it but hold, I kill him with; 'tis justice:
*So love and fortune for me! —

**Enter* ARCITE *with armours and swords.*

*O, good morrow.
**Arc.* Good morrow, noble kinsman.
**Pal.* I have put you
*To too much pains, sir.
**Arc.* That too much, fair cousin,
*Is but a debt to honour and my duty.
**Pal.* Would you were so in all, sir! I could wish ye
*As kind a kinsman as you force me find
*A beneficial foe,[1] that my embraces
*Might thank ye, not my blows.
**Arc.* I shall think either,
*Well done, a noble recompense.
**Pal.* Then I shall quit[2] you.
**Arc.* Defy me in these fair terms, and you show
*More than a mistress to me: no more anger,
*As you love any thing that's honourable:
*We were not bred to talk, man; when we're arm'd,
*And both upon our guards, then let our fury,
*Like meeting of two tides, fly strongly from us;
*And then to whom the birthright of this beauty
*Truly pertains — without upbraidings, scorns,
*Despisings of our persons, and such poutings,
*Fitter for girls and schoolboys — will be seen,
*And quickly, yours or mine. Wilt please you arm, sir?
*Or, if you feel yourself not fitting yet,
*And furnish'd with your old strength, I'll stay, cousin,
*And every day discourse you into health,

1 *Beneficial* in the sense of *beneficent.* See vol. xii. page 166, note 13.
2 *Quit* for *requite;* a very frequent usage.

*As I am spared: your person I am friends with;
*And I could wish I had not said I loved her,
*Though I had died; but, loving such a lady,
*And justifying my love, I must not fly from't.
**Pal.* Arcite, thou art so brave an enemy,
*That no man but thy cousin's fit to kill thee:
*I'm well and lusty; choose your arms.
**Arc.* Choose you, sir.
**Pal.* Wilt thou exceed in all, or dost thou do it
*To make me spare thee?
**Arc.* If you think so, cousin,
*You are deceived; for, as I am a soldier,
*I will not spare you.
**Pal.* That's well said.
**Arc.* You'll find it.
**Pal.* Then, as I am an honest man, and love
*With all the justice of affection,
*I'll pay thee soundly. This I'll take.
**Arc.* That's mine, then.
*I'll arm you first. [*Proceeds to put on* PALAMON'S *armour.*
**Pal.* Do. Pray thee, tell me, cousin,
*Where gott'st thou this good armour?
**Arc.* 'Tis the Duke's;
*And, to say true, I stole it. Do I pinch you?
**Pal.* No.
**Arc.* Is't not too heavy?
**Pal.* I have worn a lighter;
*But I shall make it serve.
**Arc.* I'll buckle't close.
**Pal.* By any means.
**Arc.* You care not for a grand-guard![3]

[3] *Grand-guard* is said to have been a piece of armour, screwed on by nuts, to ".protect the left side, the edge of the breast, and the left shoulder." It seems to have been used only in justing, or by mounted fighters.

**Pal.* No, no; we'll use no horses: I perceive
*You'd fain be at that fight.

**Arc.* I am indifferent.

**Pal.* Faith, so am I. Good cousin, thrust the buckle
*Through far enough.

**Arc.* I warrant you.

**Pal.* My casque now.

**Arc.* Will you fight bare-arm'd?

**Pal.* We shall be the nimbler.

**Arc.* But use your gauntlets though: those are o' the least;
*Pr'ythee, take mine, good cousin.

**Pal.* Thank you, Arcite.
*How do I look? am I fall'n much away?

**Arc.* Faith, very little; Love has used you kindly.

**Pal.* I'll warrant thee I'll strike home.

**Arc.* Do, and spare not.
*I'll give you cause, sweet cousin.

**Pal.* Now to you, sir.

*[*Proceeds to put on* ARCITE'S *armour.*

*Methinks this armour's very like that, Arcite,
*Thou worest that day the three kings fell, but lighter.

**Arc.* That was a very good one; and that day,
*I well remember, you outdid me, cousin;
*I never saw such valour: when you charged
*Upon the left wing of the enemy,
*I spurr'd hard to come up, and under me
*I had a right good horse.

**Pal.* You had indeed;
*A bright bay, I remember.

**Arc.* Yes. But all
*Was vainly labour'd in me; you outwent me,
*Nor could my wishes reach you: yet a little
*I did by imitation.

**Pal.* More by virtue;

*You're modest, cousin.
*Arc. When I saw you charge first,
*Methought I heard a dreadful clap of thunder
*Break from the troop.
*Pal. But still before that flew
*The lightning of your valour. Stay a little:
*Is not this piece too strait?
*Arc. No, no; 'tis well.
*Pal. I would have nothing hurt thee but my sword;
*A bruise would be dishonour.
*Arc. Now I'm perfect.
*Pal. Stand off, then.
*Arc. Take my sword; I hold it better.
*Pal. I thank ye, no; keep it; your life lies on it:
*Here's one, if it but hold, I ask no more
*For all my hopes. My cause and honour guard me!
*Arc. And me my love!
*[*They bow several ways; then advance and stand.*
*Is there aught else to say?
*Pal. This only, and no more: Thou art mine aunt's son,
*And that blood we desire to shed is mutual;
*In me thine, and in thee mine: my sword
*Is in my hand, and, if thou killest me,
*The gods and I forgive thee: if there be
*A place prepared for those that sleep in honour,
*I wish his weary soul that falls may win it.
*Fight bravely, cousin: give me thy noble hand.
*Arc. Here, Palamon: this hand shall never more
*Come near thee with such friendship.
*Pal. I commend thee.
*Arc. If I fall, curse me, and say I was a coward;
*For none but such dare die in these just trials.[4]

[4] Mr. Sympson thinks this a strange sentiment; and indeed it must ap-

*Once more, farewell, my cousin.
**Pal.* Farewell, Arcite.
*[*They fight. Horns winded within: they stand.*
**Arc.* Lo, cousin, lo! our folly has undone us.
**Pal.* Why?
**Arc.* This is the Duke, a-hunting as I told you.
*If we be found, we're wretched: O, retire,
*For honour's sake and safety, presently
*Into your bush again, sir! we shall find
*Too many hours to die in. Gentle cousin,
*If you be seen, you perish instantly
*For breaking prison; and I, if you reveal me,
*For my contempt: then all the world will scorn us,
*And say we had a noble difference,
*But base disposers of it.
**Pal.* No, no, cousin;
*I will no more be hidden, nor put off
*This great adventure to a second trial:
*I know your cunning and I know your cause:
*He that faints now, shame take him! Put thyself
*Upon thy present guard, —
**Arc.* You are not mad?
**Pal.* — Or I will make th' advantage of this hour
*Mine own; and what to come shall threaten me,
*I fear less than my fortune. Know, weak cousin,
*I love Emilia; and in that I'll bury
*Thee, and all crosses else.
**Arc.* Then, come what can come:
*Thou shalt know, Palamon, I dare as well

pear so, till we recollect that our scene lies in the land of *knight errantry* rather than in Athens; that our authors follow Chaucer, and dress their heroes after the manners of his age, when trials by the sword were thought just, and the conquered always supposed guilty, and held infamous.— SEWARD.

*Die as discourse or sleep; only this fears me,[5]
*The law will have the honour of our ends.
*Have at thy life!

**Pal.* Look to thine own well, Arcite.

*[*They fight. Horns winded within.*

**Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, *and Train.*

**Thes.* What ignorant and mad-malicious traitors
*Are you, that, 'gainst the tenour of my laws,
*Are making battle, thus like knights appointed,
*Without my leave, and officers of arms?
*By Castor, both shall die.

**Pal.* Hold thy word, Theseus:
*We're certainly both traitors, both despisers
*Of thee and of thy goodness. I am Palamon,
*That cannot love thee, he that broke thy prison;
*Think well what that deserves: and this is Arcite;
*A bolder traitor never trod thy ground,
*A falser ne'er seem'd friend; this is the man
*Was begg'd and banish'd: this is he contemns thee
*And what thou darest do; and in this disguise,
*Against thy own edict, follows thy sister,
*That fortunate bright star, the fair Emilia;
*Whose servant — if there be a right in seeing,
*And first bequeathing of the soul to — justly
*I am; and, which is more, dares think her his.
*This treachery, like a most trusty lover,
*I call'd him now to answer. If thou be'st,
*As thou art spoken, great and virtuous,
*The true decider of all injuries,
*Say *Fight again!* and thou shalt see me, Theseus,

[5] To *fear* was often used thus as a transitive verb. See vol. xvi. page 58, note 3.

*Do such a justice thou thyself wilt envy:
*Then take my life; I'll woo thee to't.
**Pir.* O Heaven,
*What more than man is this!
**Thes.* I've sworn.
**Arc.* We seek not
*Thy breath of mercy, Theseus: 'tis to me
*A thing as soon to die as thee to say it,
*And no more moved. Where[6] this man calls me traitor,
*Let me say thus much: If in love be treason,
*In service of so excellent a beauty;
*As I love most, and in that faith will perish;
*As I have brought my life here to confirm it;
*As I have served her truest, worthiest;
*As I dare kill this cousin that denies it;
*So let me be most traitor, and ye please me.
*For scorning thy edict, Duke, ask that lady
*Why she is fair, and why her eyes command me
*Stay here to love her; and, if she say *traitor*,
*I am a villain fit to lie unburied.
**Pal.* Thou shalt have pity of us both, O Theseus,
*If unto neither thou show mercy; stop,
*As thou art just, thy noble ear against us:
*As thou art valiant, for thy cousin's soul,
*Whose twelve strong labours crown his memory,
*Let's die together, at one instant, Duke;
*Only a little let him fall before me,
*That I may tell my soul he shall not have her.
**Thes.* I grant your wish; for, to say true, your cousin
*Has ten times more offended, for I gave him
*More mercy than you found, sir, your offences
*Being no more than his. — None here speak for 'em;

6 Here, as often, *where* is used for *whereas*. See page 18, note 17.

*For, ere the Sun set, both shall sleep for ever.
*Hip. Alas, the pity! — Now or never, sister,
*Speak, not to be denied: that face of yours
*Will bear the curses else of after-ages
*For these lost cousins.
*Emi. In my face, dear sister,
*I find no anger to 'em, nor no ruin;
*The misadventure of their own eyes kill 'em:
*Yet, that I will be woman and have pity,
*My knees shall grow to th' ground but I'll get mercy.
*Help me, dear sister: in a deed so virtuous
*The powers of all women will be with us. —
*Most royal brother, — [They kneel.
*Hip. Sir, by our tie of marriage, —
*Emi. By your own spotless honour, —
*Hip. By that faith,
*That fair hand, and that honest heart you gave me, —
*Emi. By that you would have pity in another,
*By your own virtues infinite, —
*Hip. By valour,
*By all the chaste nights I have ever pleased you, —
*Thes. These are strange conjurings.
*Pir. Nay, then I'll in too: —
*[Kneels.
*By all our friendship, sir, by all our dangers,
*By all you love most, wars, and this sweet lady, —
*Emi. By that you would have trembled to deny
*A blushing maid, —
*Hip. By your own eyes, by strength,
*In which you swore I went beyond all women,
*Almost all men, and yet I yielded, Theseus, —
*Pir. To crown all this, by your most noble soul,
*Which cannot want due mercy, I beg first.
*Hip. Next, hear my prayers.

*Emi. Last, let me entreat, sir.
*Pir. For mercy.
*Hip. Mercy.
*Emi. Mercy on these princes.
*Thes. Ye make my faith reel: say I felt
*Compassion to 'em both, how would you place it?
*Emi. Upon their lives; but with their banishments.
*Thes. You're a right woman, sister; you have pity,
*But want the understanding where to use it.
*If you desire their lives, invent a way
*Safer than banishment: can these two live,
*And have the agony of love about 'em,
*And not kill one another? every day
*They'd fight about you; hourly bring your honour
*In public question with their swords. Be wise, then,
*And here forget 'em; it concerns your credit
*And my oath equally; I've said they die:
*Better they fall by th' law than one another.
*Bow not my honour.
*Emi. O my noble brother,
*That oath was rashly made, and in your anger;
*Your reason will not hold it: if such vows
*Stand for express will, all the world must perish.
*Besides, I have another oath 'gainst yours,
*Of more authority, I'm sure more love;
*Not made in passion neither, but good heed.
*Thes. What is it, sister?
*Pir. Urge it home, brave lady.
*Emi. That you would ne'er deny me any thing
*Fit for my modest suit and your free granting.
*I tie you to your word now: if ye fail in't,
*Think how you maim your honour;
*For, now I'm set a-begging, sir, I'm deaf
*To all but your compassion. How their lives

*Might breed the ruin of my name's opinion ![7]
*Shall any thing that loves me perish for me?
*That were a cruel wisdom: do men proin[8]
*The straight young boughs that blush with thousand blos-
*soms,
*Because they may be rotten? O Duke Theseus,
*The goodly mothers that have groan'd for these,
*And all the longing maids that ever loved them,
*If your vow stand, shall curse me and my beauty,
*And in their funeral songs for these two cousins
*Despise my cruelty, and cry woe-worth me,
*Till I am nothing but the scorn of women.
*For Heaven's sake save their lives, and banish 'em.
Thes. On what conditions?
Emi. Swear 'em never more
*To make me their contention or to know me,
*To tread upon thy dukedom, and to be,
*Wherever they shall travel, ever strangers
*To one another.
Pal. I'll be cut a-pieces
*Before I take this oath. Forget I love her?
*O all ye gods, despise me, then. Thy banishment
*I not mislike, so we may fairly carry
*Our swords and cause along; else, never trifle,
*But take our lives, Duke. I must love, and will;
*And for that love must and dare kill this cousin,
*On any piece the Earth has.
Thes. Will you, Arcite,
*Take these conditions?
Pal. He's a villain, then.
Pir. These are men!

7 "My name's opinion" is the reputation or credit of my name. *Opinion* was often used thus. See vol. xi. page 128, note 4.

8 *Proin* is an old form of *prune*.

**Arc.* No, never, Duke; 'tis worse to me than begging,
*To take my life so basely. Though I think
*I never shall enjoy her, yet I'll preserve
*The honour of affection, and die for her,
*Make death a devil.[9]

**Thes.* What may be done? for now I feel compassion.

**Pir.* Let it not fall again, sir.

**Thes.* Say, Emilia,
*If one of them were dead, as one must, are you
*Content to take the other to your husband?
*They cannot both enjoy you. They are princes
*As goodly as your own eyes, and as noble
*As ever fame yet spoke of: look upon 'em,
*And, if you can love, end this difference;
*I give consent. — Are you content too, princes?

**Pal.* **Arc.* } With all our souls.

**Thes.* He that she refuses must die, then.

**Pal.* **Arc.* } Any death thou canst invent, Duke.

**Pal.* If I fall from that mouth I fall with favour,
*And lovers yet unborn shall bless my ashes.

**Arc.* If she refuse me, yet my grave will wed me,
*And soldiers sing my epitaph.

**Thes.* Make choice, then.

**Emi.* I cannot, sir: they're both too excellent:
*For me, a hair shall never fall of these men.

**Hip.* What will become of 'em?

**Thes.* Thus I ordain it;
*And, by mine honour, once again it stands,
*Or both shall die. — You shall both to your country;
*And each, within this month, accompanied

[9] That is, "I'll die for her, *though you* make death a devil."

*With three fair knights, appear again in this place,
*In which I'll plant a pyramid: and whether,[10]
*Before us that are here, can force his cousin
*By fair and knightly strength to touch the pillar,
*He shall enjoy her: th' other lose his head,
*And all his friends; nor shall he grudge to fall,
*Nor think he dies with interest in this lady.
*Will this content ye?
*Pal. Yes. — Here, cousin Arcite,
*I'm friends again till that hour.
*Arc. I embrace ye.
*Thes. Are you content, sister?
*Emi. Yes; I must, sir;
*Else both miscarry.
*Thes. Come, shake hands again, then;
*And take heed, as you're gentlemen, this quarrel
*Sleep till the hour prefix'd, and hold your course.
*Pal. We dare not fail thee, Theseus.
*Thes. Come, I'll give ye
*Now usage like to princes and to friends.
*When ye return, who wins, I'll settle here;
*Who loses, yet I'll weep upon his bier. [*Exeunt.*

[10] *Whether* is here equivalent to *whichever of the two.*

*ACT IV.

*SCENE I. — *Athens. A Room in the Prison.*

**Enter* Jailer *and First* Friend.

**Jailer.* Hear you no more? was nothing said of me
*Concerning the escape of Palamon?
*Good sir, remember.
*1 *Friend.* Nothing that I heard;
*For I came home before the business
*Was fully ended: yet I might perceive,
*Ere I departed, a great likelihood
*Of both their pardons; for Hippolyta
*And fair-eyed Emily upon their knees
*Begg'd with such handsome pity, that the Duke
*Methought stood staggering whether he should follow
*His rash oath, or the sweet compassion
*Of those two ladies; and, to second them,
*That truly noble prince Pirithous,
*Half his own heart, set in too, that I hope
*All shall be well: neither heard I one question
*Of your name or his 'scape.
**Jailer.* Pray Heaven, it hold so!

**Enter Second* Friend.

*2 *Friend.* Be of good comfort, man: I bring you news,
*Good news.
**Jailer.* They're welcome.
*2 *Friend.* Palamon has clear'd you,
*And got your pardon, and discover'd how
*And by whose means he 'scaped, which was your daughter's,

*Whose pardon is procured too; and the prisoner —
*Not to be held ungrateful to her goodness —
*Has given a sum of money to her marriage,
*A large one I'll assure you.

Jailer. Ye're a good man,
*And ever bring good news.

1 Friend. How was it ended?

2 Friend. Why, as it should be: they that never begg'd
*But they prevail'd, had their suits fairly granted;
*The prisoners have their lives.

1 Friend. I knew 'twould be so.

2 Friend. But there be new conditions, which you'll *hear of
*At better time.

Jailer. I hope they're good.

2 Friend. They're honourable:
*How good they'll prove I know not.

1 Friend. 'Twill be known.

*Enter Wooer.

Wooer. Alas, sir, where's your daughter?

Jailer. Why do you ask?

Wooer. O, sir, when did you see her?

2 Friend. How he looks!

Jailer. This morning.

Wooer. Was she well? was she in health, sir?
*Where did she sleep?

1 Friend. These are strange questions.

Jailer. I do not think she was very well; for, now
*You make me mind her, but this very day
*I ask'd her questions, and she answer'd me
*So far from what she was, so childishly,
*So sillily, as if she were a fool,
*An innocent: and I was very angry

*But what of her, sir?
Wooer. Notning but my pity:
*But you must know it, and as good by me
*As by another that less loves her.
Jailer. Well, sir?
1 Friend. Not right?
2 Friend. Not well?
Wooer. No, sir; not well:
*'Tis too true, she is mad.
1 Friend. It cannot be.
Wooer. Believe, you'll find it so.
Jailer. I half suspected
*What you have told me: the gods comfort her!
*Either this was her love to Palamon,
*Or fear of my miscarrying on his 'scape,
*Or both.
Wooer. 'Tis likely.
Jailer. But why all this haste, sir?
Wooer. I'll tell you quickly. As I late was angling
*In the great lake that lies behind the palace,
*From the far' shore, thick set with reeds and sedges,
*As patiently I was attending sport,
*I heard a voice, a shrill one; and attentive
*I gave my ear; when I might well perceive
*'Twas one that sung, and, by the smallness of it,
*A boy or woman. I then left my angle
*To his own skill, came near, but yet perceived not
*Who made the sound, the rushes and the reeds
*Had so encompass'd it: I laid me down,
*And listen'd to the words she sung; for then,
*Through a small glade cut by the fishermen,
*I saw it was your daughter.
Jailer. Pray, go on, sir.
Wooer. She sung much, but no sense; only I heard her

*Repeat this often, *Palamon is gone,*
**Is gone to th' wood to gather mulberries;*
**I'll find him out to-morrow.*
**1 Friend.* Pretty soul!
*Wooer. *His shackles will betray him, he'll be taken;*
**And what shall I do then? I'll bring a bevy,*
**A hundred black-eyed maids that love as I do,*
**With chaplets on their heads of daffodillies,*
**With cherry lips, and cheeks of damask roses,*
**And all we'll dance an antic*[1] *'fore the Duke,*
**And beg his pardon.* Then she talk'd of you, sir;
*That you must lose your head to-morrow morning,
*And she must gather flowers to bury you,
*And see the house made handsome. Then she sung
*Nothing but *Willow, willow, willow;*[2] and between
*Ever was, *Palamon, fair Palamon,*
*And, *Palamon was a tall young man.* The place
*Was knee-deep where she sat; her careless tresses
*A wreath of bulrush rounded; about her stuck
*Thousand fresh water-flowers of several colours;
*That methought she appear'd like the fair nymph
*That feeds the lake with waters, or as Iris
*Newly dropt down from heaven. Rings she made
*Of rushes that grew by, and to 'em spoke
*The prettiest posies: *Thus our true love's tied;*—
**This you may loose, not me;* and many a one:
*And then she wept, and sung again, and sigh'd,
*And with the same breath smiled, and kiss'd her hand.
**2 Friend.* Alas, what pity 'tis![3]

[1] *An antic* probably means a *comic* dance; as to play the *antic* was to enact the *buffoon*. See vol. iv. page 198, note 4.

[2] The same song, no doubt, that Desdemona so pathetically sings parts of. See vol. xvii. page 278, note 6.

[3] The first scene of the fourth Act (by Fletcher again) contains a piece

**Wooer.* I made in to her:
*She saw me, and straight sought the flood; I saved her,
*And set her safe to land: when presently
*She slipt away, and to the city made,
*With such a cry, and swiftness, that, believe me,
*She left me far behind her. Three or four
*I saw from far off cross her, one of 'em
*I knew to be your brother; where she stay'd,
*And fell, scarce to be got away: I left them with her,

of description which has principally given rise to the notion that the Jailer's Daughter is a copy of Ophelia. It is a misfortune that, when a notion once becomes, as it were, stereotyped, thenceforward it stands as a bar to all inquiry. The fact is that, allowing for their both being females, and both unsettled in their senses, no two characters can be drawn more distinctly different than the Jailer's Daughter and Ophelia. To prove this, we must turn back to the first scene (ii. 1) in which the former appears. Absorbed in the contemplation of Palamon, though speaking of both the prisoners, a comparison she makes between them and her *pretendu* shows the current of her feelings: "Lord, the difference of men!" At her next appearance, (ii. 4) she avows in soliloquy her love for Palamon, and her determination to release him. As we proceed further, we find (ii. 6) that she has set him at liberty, but has some misgivings as to whether he will return her love. We next (iii. 2) meet with her in despair at having missed Palamon at the place she had appointed to meet him; conjuring up all kinds of fancies, and finally in terror lest her mind should sink under the weight of anguish and apprehension which oppressed it. What she feared has become a reality when (iii. 4) she appears again; and at this point we come to the description in the scene before us. Now, in all that has passed, not only the circumstances, but the springs of action, are different from those of Ophelia; and the language and sentiments are still more unlike. But the description in this scene has a certain resemblance to the circumstance of the death of Ophelia, and was probably written with that scene in view. It has no reference whatever to the *character* of the Jailer's Daughter; and it is the only circumstance in the whole play common to her and Ophelia. She afterwards appears upon the stage, following up her nautical fancy, in which she is humoured by her friends.—The Queen's description of the death of Ophelia is a necessary part of the play; it subserves the catastrophe; and it may even be said to forward the action instead of impeding it: on the other hand, the action of *The Two Noble Kinsmen* stands still while the Wooer gives a long, laboured, and perfectly unnecessary description.—HICKSON.

*And hither came to tell you. Here they are.

**Enter* Jailer's Brother, Daughter, *and others*.

*Daugh. [Sings.] *May you never more enjoy the light*, &c.
*Is not this a fine song?
**Broth.* O, a very fine one!
**Daugh.* I can sing twenty more.
**Broth.* I think you can.
**Daugh.* Yes, truly, can I; I can sing *The Broom*[4]
*And *Bonny Robin*.[5] Are not you a tailor?
**Broth.* Yes.
**Daugh.* Where's my wedding-gown?
**Broth.* I'll bring't to-morrow.
**Daugh.* Do, very rearly;[6] I must be abroad else,
*To call the maids and pay the minstrels;
*For I must lose my maidenhood by cock-light;[7]
*'Twill never thrive else.

[Sings.] *O fair, O sweet*, &c.[8]

[4] *The Bonny Broom* is said to have been a very popular song. Laneham, in his *Letter from Kenilworth*, 1575, mentions it as one of the songs in the possession of Captain Cox, a mason at Coventry. A scrap of it is sung by Moros, in the old comedy entitled *The longer thou livest, the more fool thou art*. From this scrap, the song appears to have consisted very much of repetitions; though Chappell says it "does not give the metre or the correct words of the song." It runs thus:

Brome, brome on hill,
The gentle brome on hill, hill:
Brome, brome on Hive hill, &c.

[5] The same that Ophelia sings a snatch of. See vol. xiv. page 276, note 37.

[6] *Rearly* or *rear* is an old equivalent for *early*.

[7] *Cock-light* is *twilight*; the time of morning cock-crowing.

[8] From a song found among *Certain Sonnets* in Sidney's *Arcadia*:

O Faire, o sweet, when I do looke on thee,
In whom all joyes so well agree, &c.

Broth. You must even take it patiently.
Jailer. 'Tis true.
Daugh. Good even, good men. Pray, did you ever hear
Of one young Palamon?
Jailer. Yes, wench, we know him.
Daugh. Is't not a fine young gentleman?
Jailer. 'Tis love!
Broth. By no means cross her; she is then distemper'd
Far worse than now she shows.
1 Friend. Yes, he's a fine man.
Daugh. O, is he so? You have a sister?
1 Friend. Yes.
Daugh. But she shall never have him, tell her so,
For a trick that I know: y'had best look to her,
For, if she see him once, she's gone; she's done,
And undone in an hour. All the young maids
Of our town are in love with him: but I laugh at 'em,
And let 'em all alone; is't not a wise course?
1 Friend. Yes.
Daugh. There is at least two hundred now with child by him, —
There must be four; yet I keep close for all this,
Close as a cockle; and all these must be boys, —
He has the trick on't; and at ten years old
They must be all gelt for musicians,
And sing the wars of Theseus.
2 Friend. This is strange.
Daugh. As ever you heard: but say nothing.
1 Friend. No.
Daugh. They come from all parts of the dukedom to him;
I'll warrant ye, he had not so few last night
As twenty to dispatch: he'll tickle't up
In two hours, if his hand be in.

Jailer. She's lost,
*Past all cure.
Broth. Heaven forbid, man!
Daugh. Come hither; you're a wise man.
1 Friend. Does she know him?
2 Friend. No; would she did!
Daugh. You're master of a ship?
Jailer. Yes.
Daugh. Where's your compass?
Jailer. Here.
Daugh. Set it to th' North;
*And now direct your course to th' wood, where Palamon
*Lies longing for me; for the tackling
*Let me alone: come, weigh, my hearts, cheerly!
All. Owgh, owgh, owgh! 'tis up, the wind is fair:
*Top the bowline; out with the main-sail:
*Where's your whistle, master?
Broth. Let's get her in.
Jailer. Up to the top, boy!
Broth. Where's the pilot?
1 Friend. Here.
Daugh. What kenn'st thou?
2 Friend. A fair wood.
Daugh. Bear for it, master;
*Tack about!
*[Sings.] *When Cynthia with her borrow'd light*, &c.
*[*Exeunt.*

*SCENE II.—*Athens. An Apartment in the Palace.*

*Enter EMILIA *with two pictures.*

Emi. Yet I may bind those wounds up, that must open
*And bleed to death for my sake else. I'll choose,

*And end their strife : two such young handsome men
*Shall never fall for me ; their weeping mothers,
*Following the dead-cold ashes of their sons,
*Shall never curse my cruelty. Good Heaven,
*What a sweet face has Arcite ! If wise Nature,
*With all her best endowments, all those beauties
*She sows into the births of noble bodies,
*Were here a mortal woman, and had in her
*The coy denials of young maids, yet doubtless
*She would run mad for this man. What an eye,
*Of what a fiery sparkle and quick sweetness,
*Has this young prince ! here Love himself sits smiling ;
*Just such another [1] wanton Ganymede
*Set Jove a-fire with, and enforced the god
*Snatch up the goodly boy, and set him by him,
*A shining constellation : what a brow,
*Of what a spacious majesty, he carries,
*Arch'd like the great-eyed Juno's, but far sweeter,
*Smoother than Pelops' shoulder ! Fame and Honour,
*Methinks, from hence, as from a promontory
*Pointed in heaven, should clap their wings, and sing,
*To all the under-world, the loves and fights
*Of gods, and such men near 'em. Palamon
*Is but his foil ; to him, a mere dull shadow :
*He's swarth and meagre, of an eye as heavy
*As if he had lost his mother ; a still temper,
*No stirring in him, no alacrity ;
*Of all this sprightly sharpness, not a smile :
*Yet these, that we count errors, may become him.
*Narcissus was a sad boy, but a heavenly.
*O, who can find the bent of woman's fancy?

[1] That is, "Just such another *smiling*"; the construction being, "with just such another *smile* wanton Ganymede set Jove a-fire."

*I am a fool, my reason is lost in me:
*I have no choice; and I have lied so lewdly
*That women ought to beat me.—On my knees
*I ask thy pardon, Palamon: thou art alone,
*And only beautiful; and these thy eyes,—
*They're the bright lamps of beauty, that command
*And threaten Love; and what young maid dare cross 'em?
*What a bold gravity, and yet inviting,
*Has this brown manly face! O Love, this only
*From this hour is complexion. Lie there, Arcite;
*Thou art a changeling[2] to him, a mere gipsy,
*And this the noble body. I am sotted,[3]
*Utterly lost; my virgin faith has fled me,
*For, if my brother but even now had ask'd me
*Whether I loved, I had run mad for Arcite;
*Now if my sister, more for Palamon.—
*Stand both together.—Now, come, ask me, brother;
*Alas, I know not!—Ask me now, sweet sister;
*I may go look!—What a mere child is fancy,
*That, having two fair gauds of equal sweetness,
*Cannot distinguish, but must cry for both!—

**Enter a* Gentleman.

*How now, sir!
**Gent.* From the noble Duke your brother,
*Madam, I bring you news: The knights are come.
**Emi.* To end the quarrel?
**Gent.* Yes.

[2] The fairies used to steal away fine babies, and leave inferior specimens in their stead. See vol. iii. page 23, note 5.

[3] *Sotted* is the same as *besotted*, and so means *befooled* or *made foolish.* So *sot* is used repeatedly by Shakespeare for *fool;* from the French.—In what follows, *virgin faith* probably means *fidelity* or *steadfastness* to the *virgin state.* This Emilia has lost by admitting the passion of love into her breast.

**Emi.* Would I might end first! —
*What sins have I committed, chaste Diana,
*That my unspotted youth must now be soil'd
*With blood of princes, and my chastity
*Be made the altar where the lives of lovers —
*Two greater and two better never yet
*Made mothers joy[4] — must be the sacrifice
*To my unhappy beauty?

**Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, *and* Attendants.

**Thes.* Bring 'em in
*Quickly by any means; I long to see 'em. —
*Your two contending lovers are return'd,
*And with them their six knights: now, my fair sister,
*You must love one of them.

**Emi.* I had rather both,
*So neither for my sake should fall untimely.

**Thes.* Who saw 'em?

**Pir.* I a while.

**Gent.* And I.

**Enter a* Messenger.

**Thes.* From whence come you, sir?

**Mess.* From the knights.

**Thes.* Pray, speak,
*You that have seen them, what they are.

**Mess.* I will, sir,
*And truly what I think. Six braver spirits
*Than those they've brought — if we judge by th' outside —
*I never saw nor read of. He that stands
*In the first place with Arcite, by his seeming
*Should be a stout man, by his face a prince;

[4] *Joy* is here a verb: "never yet *gladdened* mothers, or *caused* them to rejoice."

*His very looks so say him: his complexion
*Nearer a brown than black; stern, and yet noble,
*Which shows him hardy, fearless, proud of dangers;
*The circles of his eyes show fire within him,
*And as a heated lion so he looks;
*His hair hangs long behind him, black and shining
*Like ravens' wings; his shoulders broad and strong;
*Arms long and round; and on his thigh a sword
*Hung by a curious baldrick, when he frowns
*To seal his will with; better, o' my conscience,
*Was never soldier's friend.—
*Thes. Thou'st well described him.
*Pir. Yet a great deal short,
*Methinks, of him that's first with Palamon.
*Thes. Pray, speak him, friend.
*Pir. I guess he is a prince too,
*And, if it may be, greater; for his show
*Has all the ornament of honour in't:
*He's somewhat bigger than the knight he spoke of,
*But of a face far sweeter; his complexion
*Is, as a ripe grape, ruddy; he has felt,
*Without doubt, what he fights for, and so apter
*To make this cause his own; in's face appears
*All the fair hopes of what he undertakes;
*And when he's angry, then a settled valour,
*Not tainted with extremes, runs through his body,
*And guides his arm to brave things; fear he cannot,
*He shows no such soft temper; his head's yellow,
*Hard-hair'd, and curl'd, thick-twined, like ivy-tops,
*Not to undo with thunder; in his face
*The livery of the warlike maid[5] appears,

[5] "The warlike maid" may be either Bellona or Athena; probably the latter. Athena was a virgin divinity, whose heart was proof against the

*Pure red and white, for yet no beard has blest him;
*And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,
*As if she ever meant to crown his valour;
*His nose stands high, a character of honour;
*His red lips, after fights, are fit for ladies.
  **Emi.* Must these men die too?
  **Pir.* When he speaks, his tongue
*Sounds like a trumpet; all his lineaments
*Are as a man would wish 'em, strong and clean;
*He wears a well-steel'd axe, the staff of gold;
*His age some five-and-twenty.
  **Mess.* There's another,
*A little man, but of a tough soul, seeming
*As great as any; fairer promises
*In such a body yet I never look'd on.
  **Pir.* O, he that's freckle-faced?
  **Mess.* The same, my lord:
*Are they not sweet ones?
  **Pir.* Yes, they're well.
  **Mess.* Methinks,
*Being so few and well-disposed, they show
*Great and fine art in Nature. He's white-hair'd,
*Not wanton-white, but such a manly colour
*Next to an auburn; tough and nimble-set,
*Which shows an active soul; his arms are brawny,
*Lined with strong sinews; to the shoulder-piece
*Gently they swell, like women new-conceived,
*Which speaks him prone to labour, never fainting
*Under the weight of arms; stout-hearted, still,
*But, when he stirs, a tiger; he's grey-eyed,
*Which yields compassion where he conquers; sharp
*To spy advantages, and, where he finds 'em,

power of love; and the livery of "pure red and white" was emblematic of her character in this respect: the *blush* of modesty.

*He's swift to make 'em his; he does no wrongs,
*Nor takes none; he's round-faced, and when he smiles
*He shows a lover, when he frowns, a soldier;
*About his head he wears the winner's oak,
*And in it stuck the favour of his lady;
*His age some six-and thirty; in his hand
*He bears a charging-staff, emboss'd with silver.
**Thes.* Are they all thus?
**Pir.* They're all the sons of honour.
**Thes.* Now, as I have a soul, I long to see 'em. —
*Lady, you shall see men fight now.
**Hip.* I wish it,
*But not the cause, my lord: they would show bravely
*Fighting about the titles of two kingdoms:
*'Tis pity Love should be so tyrannous. —
*O my soft-hearted sister, what think you?
*Weep not, till they weep blood, wench: it must be.
**Thes.* You've steel'd 'em with your beauty. — Honour'd *friend,
*To you I give the field; pray, order it
*Fitting the persons that must use it.
**Pir.* Yes, sir.
**Thes.* Come, I'll go visit 'em: I cannot stay —
*Their fame has fired me so — till they appear.
*Good friend, be royal.
**Pir.* There shall want no bravery.
**Emi.* Poor wench, go weep; for whosoever wins
*Loses a noble cousin for thy sins. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. — *Athens. A Room in the Prison.*

Enter Jailer, Wooer, *and* Doctor.

Doctor. Her distraction is more at some time of the Moon than at other some, is it not?

Jailer. She is continually in a harmless distemper; sleeps little; altogether without appetite, save often drinking; dreaming of another world and a better; and, what broken piece of matter soe'er she's about, the name Palamon lards it; that she farces[1] every business withal, fits it to every question. Look, where she comes; you shall perceive her behaviour.[2]

Enter Jailer's Daughter.

Daugh. I have forgot it quite; the burden on't was *Down-a, down-a;* and penned by no worse man than Geraldo, Emilia's schoolmaster: he's as fantastical, too, as ever he may go upon's legs; for in the next world will Dido see Palamon, and then will she be out of love with Æneas.

Doctor. What stuff's here! poor soul!

Jailer. Even thus all day long.

[1] To *farce* is to *stuff*, to *cram*, to *fill*. See vol. xvi. page 309, note 12.

[2] We have now arrived at the most important scene of the whole play, — important, not so much with reference to *this* play, as in its relation to another that must be ranked as the most wonderful of all the creations of human genius. The third scene opens with the Jailer giving a doctor an account of his daughter's distemper. In the midst of this account the daughter enters; and the opinion formed of her conduct through this scene must mainly influence any decision with regard to the play. We have said before that it is most absurd to call this character an imitation of Ophelia; but we should have been rather surprised, did we not see how external circumstances are commonly made to pass for character, that the charge had not been made in reference to King Lear. Between this person and the Jailer's Daughter, there is a certain degree of parallelism that altogether fails in the other case; there is a similarity in the language; and we see in the latter, as in the former, the different gradations from a "mind diseased" to madness. — HICKSON.

Daugh. Now for this charm that I told you of. You must bring a piece of silver on the tip of your tongue, or no ferry: then, if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits are, — there's a sight now! — we maids that have our livers perished, crack'd to pieces with love, we shall come there, and do nothing all day long but pick flowers with Proserpine: then will I make Palamon a nosegay; then let him — mark me — then —

Doctor. How prettily she's amiss! note her a little further.

Daugh. Faith, I'll tell you; sometime we go to barley-break,[3] we of the blessed. Alas, 'tis a sore life they have i' the other place; such burning, frying, boiling, hissing, howling, chattering, cursing! O, they have shrewd measure! Take heed: if one be mad, or hang, or drown themselves, thither they go; Jupiter bless us! and there shall we be put in a caldron of lead and usurer's grease, amongst a whole million of cut-purses, and there boil like a gammon of bacon that will never be enough.

Doctor. How her brain coins!

Daugh. Lords and courtiers that have got maids with child, they are in this place: they shall stand in fire up to the navel, and in ice up to the heart; and there th' offending part burns, and the deceiving part freezes;[4] in troth, a very

[3] *Barley-break* was a game played by six people, three of each sex, who were coupled by lot. Gifford describes it as follows: "A piece of ground was chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called hell. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division, to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities; in which case a change of situation took place, and hell was filled by the couple who were excluded by preoccupation from the other places. In this *catching*, however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple was said *to be in hell*, and the game ended."

[4] In connection with this passage, Mr. Hickson justly cites one from *King*

grievous punishment, as one would think, for such a trifle: believe me, one would marry a leprous witch to be rid on't, I'll assure you.

Doctor. How she continues this fancy! 'Tis not an engraffed madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy.

Daugh. To hear there a proud lady and a proud city-wife howl together! I were a beast, an I'd call it good sport: one cries, *O, this smoke!* th' other, *This fire!* one cries *O, that ever I did it behind the arras!* and then howls; th' other curses a suing fellow and her garden-house.

[Sings.] *I will be true, my stars, my fate,* &c. [*Exit.*

Jailer. What think you of her, sir?

Lear, iv. 6: "Down from the waist they are Centaurs," &c. He then proceeds as follows: "The resemblance of the two quotations is striking, but rather in style or structure, which go to prove identity of writer, than in either sentiment or imagery. Comparing the women, who 'down from the waist are centaurs,' with the lords and courtiers who stand 'in ice up to the heart,' we may perceive that there is not one circumstance that is common to both images, and that the resemblance is entirely that of manner. Of the moral purpose of this scene we need hardly speak: but we must call attention to its peculiar fitness; the subject being the punishment awarded to deceit in love, and the indulgence of ungoverned passions,—both of these acting as causes of the disturbed state of mind of the speaker. It would hardly be straining probability to suppose, that the Doctor who attended the Jailer's Daughter was afterwards called to King Lear and Lady Macbeth. His office is purely ministerial, and his purpose is to describe the state of mind of his respective patients; consequently, if by the same writer, no difference of character can be looked for. Similar states of mind, however, call for like expressions. Macbeth, we may recollect, says, 'Canst thou not minister to a mind diseased?' To which the Doctor replies, 'Therein the patient must minister to himself.' The latter speaks, in another place, of Lady Macbeth's state, as 'A great perturbation in nature!' *Our* Doctor says of *his* patient, in answer to a question from her father, 'I think she has a perturbed mind which I cannot minister to.' We may observe that he had called her disorder, 'not an engraffed madness, but a most thick and profound melancholy'; and he now proceeds to give his advice as to the means of recovering her: 'This intemperate surfeit of her eye,' that is, her admiration of Palamon, 'hath distempered her other senses,'" &c.

Doctor. I think she has a perturbed mind which I cannot minister to.

Jailer. Alas, what then?

Doctor. Understand you she ever affected any man ere she beheld Palamon?

Jailer. I was once, sir, in great hope she had fixed her liking on this gentleman, my friend.

Wooer. I did think so too; and would account I had a great pen'worth on't, to give half my state, that both she and I at this present stood unfeignedly on the same terms.

Doctor. That intemperate surfeit of her eye hath distempered the other senses: they may return and settle again to execute their preordained faculties; but they are now in a most extravagant vagary. This you must do: confine her to a place where the light may rather seem to steal in than be permitted. Take upon you, young sir, her friend, the name of Palamon; say you come to eat with her, and to commune of love: this will catch her attention, for this her mind beats upon; other objects, that are inserted 'tween her mind and eye, become the pranks and friskings of her madness: sing to her such green songs of love as she says Palamon hath sung in prison; come to her, stuck in as sweet flowers as the season is mistress of, and thereto make an addition of some other compounded odours, which are grateful to the sense; all this shall become Palamon, for Palamon can sing, and Palamon is sweet, and every good thing: desire to eat with her, carve her,[5] drink to her, and still-among intermingle your petition of grace and acceptance into her favour:

[5] To *carve her*, as the phrase is here used, is to *inform* her by significant motions and gestures. Perhaps best illustrated from Littleton's *Latin English Lexicon*, 1675. "*A carver:* chironomus." "Chironomus: *one that useth apish motions with his hands.*" "Chironomia: *a kind of gesture with the hands, either in dancing, carving of meat, or pleading.*" See, also, vol. vi. page 21, note 8.—*Still-among* and *ever-among* are old phrases

learn what maids have been her companions and play-feres;[6] and let them repair to her with Palamon in their mouths, and appear with tokens, as if they suggested[7] for him. It is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated. This may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's now out of square in her into their former law and regiment:[8] I have seen it approved,[9] how many times I know not; but to make the number more I have great hope in this. I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance. Let us put it in execution; and hasten the success,[10] which, doubt not, will bring forth comfort.[11] [*Exeunt.*

meaning *continually* or *frequently*, or nearly that. So in Sidney's *Arcadia:* "And *ever-among* she would sauce her speech with such bastonados, that poor Dametas began now to think," &c. See vol. xi. page 267, note 4.

[6] *Fere* is an old word for *mate*. See page 12, note 5.

[7] To *tempt*, to *incite* are old meanings of to *suggest*.

[8] *Regiment* and *government* were formerly synonymous.

[9] *Approved* is *made good*, proved true. A frequent usage.

[10] *Success* in the Latin sense of *result* or *consequence*. Often so.

[11] Viewing the similarity of this scene to Shakespeare, in style and language, and its freedom from all the marks of imitation; considering that particular passages, which may be said to resemble others in Shakespeare, are not so much copies as variations of phrase, and equally in place; but, above all, looking at the high moral purpose of the scene, viewing in it the natural punishment of the principal character for her ill-governed desires, and the mode she took of gratifying them; and yet, moreover, regarding the perfect coherence of the mad speeches, and their pertinency to the general subject, (almost a test of itself,) we have no hesitation in stating our firm conviction that it is by Shakespeare. — HICKSON.

ACT V.

SCENE I. — *Athens. A Court before the Temples of* Mars, Venus, *and* Diana.

A flourish. Enter THESEUS, PIRITHOUS, HIPPOLYTA, *and* Attendants.

Thes. Now let 'em enter, and before the gods
Tender their holy prayers: let the temples
Burn bright with sacred fires, and the altars
In hallow'd clouds commend their swelling incense
To those above us: let no due be wanting:
They have a noble work in hand, will honour
The very powers that love 'em.
Pir. Sir, they enter.

A flourish of cornets. Enter PALAMON, ARCITE, *and their* Knights.

Thes. You valiant and strong-hearted enemies,
You royal germane [1] foes, that this day come
To blow that nearness out that flames between ye,
Lay by your anger for an hour, and dove-like
Before the holy altars of your helpers,
The all-fear'd gods, bow down your stubborn bodies.
Your ire is more than mortal; so your help be!
And, as the gods regard ye, fight with justice.
I'll leave you to your prayers, and betwixt ye
I part my wishes.
Pir. Honour crown the worthiest!
[*Exeunt all but* PALAMON, ARCITE, *and their* Knights.

[1] *Germane* is, properly, *brother*, but was used for *kinsman*.

Pal. The glass is running now that cannot finish
Till one of us expire: think you but thus,
That, were there aught in me which strove to show
Mine enemy in this business, were't one eye
Against another, arm oppress'd by arm,
I would destroy th' offender; coz, I would,
Though parcel of myself: then from this gather
How I should tender you.

Arc. I am in labour
To push your name, your ancient love, our kindred,
Out of my memory; and i' the self-same place
To seat something I would confound: so hoist we
The sails, that must these vessels port[2] even where
The heavenly Limiter pleases.

Pal. You speak well.
Before I turn, let me embrace thee, cousin:
This I shall never do again.

Arc. One farewell!

Pal. Why, let it be so: farewell, coz!

Arc. Farewell, sir!—

[*They embrace.—Exeunt* PALAMON *and his* Knights.

Knights, kinsmen, lovers, yea, my sacrifices,
True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension
Which still is father of it, go with me
Before the god of our profession: there
Require of him the hearts of lions, and
The breath of tigers, yea, the fierceness too,
Yea, the speed also,—to go on, I mean,
Else wish we to be snails. You know my prize
Must be dragg'd out of blood; force and great feat

[2] To *port* is to *bring into port* or *harbour.*—In the next line, *Limiter* is *appointer.* The word does not occur again in Shakespeare; but the use of to *limit* for to *appoint* is quite frequent. See vol. ix. page 271, note 3.

Must put my garland on, where she shall stick
The queen of flowers: our intercession, then,
Must be to him that makes the camp a cestron [3]
Brimm'd with the blood of men: give me your aid,
And bend your spirits towards him. —

[*They advance to the altar of* Mars, *and fall on their faces; then kneel.*

Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd
Green Neptune into purple; whose approach
Comets prewarn; whose havoc in vast [4] field
Unearthèd skulls proclaim; whose breath blows down
The teeming Ceres' foison; [5] who dost pluck
With hand armipotent from forth blue clouds
The mason'd turrets; that both makest and break'st
The stony girths of cities; me thy pupil,
Young'st follower of thy drum, instruct this day
With military skill, that to thy laud
I may advance my streamer, and by thee
Be styled the lord o' the day. Give me, great Mars,
Some token of thy pleasure.

[*Here they fall on their faces as before, and there is heard clanging of armour, with a short thunder, as the burst of a battle, whereupon they all rise and bow to the altar.*

O great corrector of enormous [6] times,
Shaker of o'er-rank States, thou grand decider
Of dusty and old titles, that heal'st with blood
The Earth when it is sick, and curest the world

[3] *Cestron* is *cistern;* probably another form of the word.

[4] *Vast,* not in the sense of *large,* but of the Latin *vastus, waste, desolate;* or rather of *devastating, destructive.* See vol. xii. page 36, note 14.

[5] *Foison* is *abundance,* especially of such fruits as Ceres had in charge. See vol. vii. page 83, note 23.

[6] *Enormous* in the radical Latin sense; *out of rule, abnormal,* or errant from the normal state. See vol. xv. page 62, note 30.

O' the plurisy[7] of people; I do take
Thy signs auspiciously, and in thy name
To my design march boldly.—Let us go.[8] [*Exeunt.*

Re-enter PALAMON *and his* Knights.

Pal. Our stars must glister with new fire, or be
To-day extinct; our argument is love,
Which if the goddess of it grant, she gives
Victory too: then blend your spirits with mine,
You, whose free nobleness do make my cause
Your personal hazard: to the goddess Venus
Commend we our proceeding, and implore
Her power unto our party.—

[*They advance to the altar of* Venus, *and fall on their faces; then kneel.*

Hail, sovereign queen of secrets, who hast power
To call the fiercest tyrant from his rage,
To weep unto a girl; that hast the might
Even with an eye-glance to choke Mars's drum,
And turn th' alarm to whispers; that canst make
A cripple flourish with his crutch, and cure him
Before Apollo; that mayst force the king
To be his subject's vassal, and induce

[7] *Plurisy*, from the Latin *plus*, is *superabundance.* Shakespeare has it repeatedly so. See vol. xiv. page 283, note 24.

[8] The three concluding scenes of the fifth Act, like the stately march or the procession of a triumph, with all its "pride, pomp, and circumstance," proceed, without interval or interruption, to the end. The human agents have become instruments in the hands of the gods, to whose "divine arbitrement" the event is referred; an impeding and inevitable fate is visible; "The glass is running now that cannot finish till one of us expire"; and we, the spectators, with the actors, abandon ourselves to "the sails that must these vessels port even where the heavenly Limiter pleases." The address of Arcite to his friends, "Knights, kinsmen, lovers," is sufficiently remarkable; but the address to Mars, which follows, unparalleled as an invocation, is one of the grandest examples of the application of circumstances to the character of a power that we have ever met with.—HICKSON.

Stale gravity to dance: the pollèd[9] bachelor —
Whose youth, like wanton boys through bonfires,
Have[10] skipt thy flame — at seventy thou canst catch,
And make him, to the scorn of his hoarse throat,
Abuse young lays of love. What godlike power
Hast thou not power upon? to Phœbus thou
Add'st flames, hotter than his; the heavenly fires
Did scorch his mortal son, thine him;[11] the huntress
All moist and cold, some say, began to throw
Her bow away, and sigh: take to thy grace
Me, thy vow'd soldier, who do bear thy yoke
As 'twere a wreath of roses, yet is heavier
Than lead itself, stings more than nettles. I
Have never been foul-mouth'd against thy law;
Ne'er reveal'd secret, for I knew none, — would not,
Had I kenn'd all that were; I never practised
Upon man's wife, nor would the libels read
Of liberal wits; I never at great feasts
Sought to betray a beauty, but have blush'd
At simpering sirs that did; I have been harsh
To large confessors,[12] and have hotly ask'd them
If they had mothers? I had one, a woman,
And women 'twere they wrong'd. I knew a man
Of eighty Winters, — this I told them, — who
A lass of fourteen brided; 'twas thy power
To put life into dust: the agèd cramp
Had screw'd his square foot round,

[9] *Pollèd* is *shorn* or *bald-headed.* So Ezekiel, xliv. 20, speaking of the priests: "Neither shall they shave their heads, nor suffer their locks to grow long; they shall only *poll* their heads."

[10] An instance of the verb agreeing with the nearest noun, instead of with its proper subject. Often so. See vol. xiv. page 154, note 12.

[11] Alluding to the old myth of Phaethon. See vol. i. page 206, note 10.

[12] *Large*, here, is *loose, coarse, licentious.* Men boasting of their lewd intrigues and their seductions, are the sort referred to.

The gout had knit his fingers into knots,
Torturing convulsions from his globy eyes [13]
Had almost drawn their spheres, that what was life
In him seem'd torture: this anatomy
Had by his young fair fere a boy, and I
Believed it was his, for she swore it was,
And who would not believe her? Brief, I am
To those that prate, and have done, no companion;
To those that boast, and have not, a defier; [14]
To those that would, and cannot, a rejoicer:
Yea, him I do not love, that tells close offices
The foulest way, or names concealments in
The boldest language; such a one I am,
And vow that lover never yet made sigh
Truer than I. O, then, most soft-sweet goddess,
Give me the victory of this question, which
Is true love's merit, and bless me with a sign
Of thy great pleasure.

[*Here music is heard, and doves are seen to flutter: they fall again upon their faces, then on their knees.*

O thou that from eleven to ninety reign'st
In mortal bosoms, whose chase is this world,
And we in herds thy game, I give thee thanks
For this fair token; which, being laid unto
Mine innocent-true heart, arms in assurance
My body to this business. — Let us rise,
And bow before the goddess: time comes on.

[*They bow, and then exeunt.*

Still music of recorders. Enter EMILIA *in white, her hair about her shoulders, and wearing a wheaten wreath; one*

13 *Globy* eyes are, probably, eyes bulging or protruding from the sockets or spheres.

14 Shakespeare often uses the verb to *defy* in the sense of to *renounce* or *repudiate*. So *defier* here. See vol. xi. page 31, note 22.

in white holding up her train, her hair stuck with flowers; one before her carrying a silver hind, in which is conveyed incense and sweet odours, which being set upon the altar of Diana, *her* Maids *standing aloof, she sets fire to it; then they curtsy and kneel.*

Emi. O sacred, shadowy, cold, and constant queen,
Abandoner of revels, mute, contemplative,
Sweet, solitary, white as chaste, and pure
As wind-fann'd snow, who to thy female knights [15]
Allow'st no more blood than will make a blush,
Which is their order's robe; I here, thy priest,
Am humbled 'fore thine altar: O, vouchsafe,
With that thy rare green eye [16] —which never yet
Beheld thing maculate —look on thy virgin;
And, sacred silver mistress, lend thine ear—
Which ne'er heard scurril term, into whose port
Ne'er enter'd wanton sound —to my petition,
Season'd with holy fear. This is my last
Of vestal office; I'm bride-habited,
But maiden-hearted: a husband I have 'pointed,
But do not know him; out of two I should
Choose one, and pray for his success; but I
Am guiltless of election: of mine eyes
Were I to lose one,—they are equal precious,—
I could doom neither; that which perish'd should
Go to't unsentenced: therefore, most modest queen,
He, of the two pretenders, that best loves me
And has the truest title in't, let him
Take off my wheaten garland, or else grant

[15] The virgins of Diana's train are often called *knights*. See vol. iv. page 249, note 2; also vol. xvii. page 287, note 2.

[16] *Green* eyes were considered eminently beautiful; and the old Spanish writers are enthusiastic in praise of them. The old English poets, also, are given to celebrating them. See vol. xiii. page 211, note 24.

The file and quality I hold I may
Continue in thy band.—

[*Here the hind vanishes under the altar, and in the place ascends a rose-tree, having one rose upon it.*

See what our general of ebbs and flows [17]
Out from the bowels of her holy altar
With sacred act advances; but one rose!
If well inspired, this battle shall confound
Both these brave knights, and I, a virgin flower,
Must grow alone, unpluck'd.

[*Here is heard a sudden twang of instruments, and the rose falls from the tree, which vanishes under the altar.*

The flower is fall'n, the tree descends.—O mistress,
Thou here dischargest me; I shall be gather'd,
I think so; but I know not thine own will:
Unclasp thy mystery.—I hope she's pleased;
Her signs were gracious. [*They curtsy, and then exeunt.*

*SCENE II.—*Athens. A Room in the Prison.*

**Enter* Doctor, Jailer, *and* Wooer *in the habit of* PALAMON.

**Doctor.* Has this advice I told you done any good upon *her?

**Wooer.* O, very much: the maids that kept her company
*Have half persuaded her that I am Palamon;
*Within this half-hour she came smiling to me,
*And ask'd me what I'd eat, and when I'd kiss her:
*I told her presently, and kiss'd her twice.

**Doctor.* 'Twas well done: twenty times had been far *better;
*For there the cure lies mainly.

17 "Our general of ebbs and flows" is the Moon, that is, Diana.

**Wooer.* Then she told me
*She'd watch with me to-night, for well she knew
*What hour my fit would take me.
**Doctor.* Let her do so;
*And, when your fit comes, fit her home and presently.
**Wooer.* She would have me sing.
**Doctor.* You did so?
**Wooer.* No.
**Doctor.* 'Twas very ill done, then;
*You should observe her every way.
**Wooer.* Alas,
*I have no voice, sir, to confirm her that way!
**Doctor.* That's all one, if ye make a noise:
*If she entreat again, do any thing;
*Lie with her, if she ask you.
**Jailer.* Ho, there,[1] doctor!
**Doctor.* Yes, in the way of cure.
**Jailer.* But first, by your leave,
*I' the way of honesty.[2]
**Doctor.* That's but a niceness;
*Ne'er cast your child away for honesty:
*Cure her first this way; then, if she'll be honest,
*She has the path before her.
**Jailer.* Thank ye, doctor.
**Doctor.* Pray, bring her in,
*And let's see how she is.
**Jailer.* I will, and tell her
*Her Palamon stays for her: but, doctor,
*Methinks you are i' the wrong still. [*Exit.*
**Doctor.* Go, go;
*You fathers are fine fools: her honesty!
*An we should give her physic till we find that, —

[1] That is, *stop* there. The expression was common.
[2] *Honest* and *honesty* were very often used for *chaste* and *chastity*.

**Wooer.* Why, do you think she is not honest, sir?
**Doctor.* How old is she?
**Wooer.* She's eighteen.
**Doctor.* She may be;
*But that's all one, 'tis nothing to our purpose:
*Whate'er her father says, if you perceive
*Her mood inclining that way that I spoke of,
*Videlicet, the way of flesh — you have me?
**Wooer.* Yes, very well, sir.
**Doctor.* Please her appetite,
*And do it home; it cures her, *ipso facto*,
*The melancholy humour that infects her.
**Wooer.* I am of your mind, doctor.
**Doctor.* You'll find it so. She comes: pray, humour
*her.

**Re-enter* Jailer, *with his* Daughter *and* Maid.

**Jailer.* Come; your love Palamon stays for you, child,
*And has done this long hour, to visit you.
**Daugh.* I thank him for his gentle patience;
*He's a kind gentleman, and I'm much bound to him.
*Did you ne'er see the horse he gave me!
**Jailer.* Yes.
**Daugh.* How do you like him?
**Jailer.* He's a very fair one.
**Daugh.* You never saw him dance?
**Jailer.* No.
**Daugh.* I have often:
*He dances very finely, very comely;
*And, for a jig, come cut and long tail[3] to him;
*He turns ye like a top.

[3] It appears that this phrase, though here applied to horses, was originally used of *dogs*. It is equivalent to "Come dogs *of all sorts*." See vol. vi. page 70, note 2.

**Jailer.* That's fine indeed.
**Daugh.* He'll dance the morris twenty mile an hour,
*And that will founder the best hobby-horse,
*If I have any skill, in all the parish;
*And gallops to the tune of *Light o' Love:*[4]
*What think you of this horse?
**Jailer.* Having these virtues,
*I think he might be brought to play at tennis.
**Daugh.* Alas, that's nothing.
**Jailer.* Can he write and read too?
**Daugh.* A very fair hand; and casts himself th' accounts
*Of all his hay and provender: that hostler
*Must rise betime that cozens him. You know
*The chestnut mare the Duke has?
**Jailer.* Very well.
**Daugh.* She's horribly in love with him, poor beast;
*But he is like his master, coy and scornful.
**Jailer.* What dowry has she?
**Daugh.* Some two hundred bottles,
*And twenty strike[5] of oats; but he'll ne'er have her:
*He lisps in's neighing, able to entice
*A miller's mare; he'll be the death of her.
**Doctor.* What stuff she utters!
**Jailer.* Make curtsy; here your love comes.
**Wooer.* Pretty soul,
*How do ye! That's a fine maid; there's a curtsy!
**Daugh.* Yours to command, i' the way of honesty.
*How far is't now to th' end o' the world, my masters?
**Doctor.* Why, a day's journey, wench.
**Daugh.* Will you go with me?
**Wooer.* What shall we do there, wench?

[4] *Light o' Love* was the name of a popular song, or rather *ballet*, the words of which have not been discovered. See vol. iv. page 213, note 6.

[5] A *strike* is said to be an old measure of four bushels.

**Daugh.* Why, play at stool-ball:[6]
*What is there else to do?
**Wooer.* I am content,
*If we shall keep our wedding there.
**Daugh.* 'Tis true;
*For there, I will assure you, we shall find
*Some blind priest for the purpose, that will venture
*To marry us, for here they're nice and foolish;
*Besides, my father must be hang'd to-morrow,
*And that would be a blot i' the business.
*Are not you Palamon?
**Wooer.* Do not you know me?
**Daugh.* Yes; but you care not for me: I have nothing
*But this poor petticoat and two coarse smocks.
**Wooer.* That's all one; I will have you.
**Daugh.* Will you surely?
**Wooer.* Yes, by this fair hand, will I.

[6] Of this game Strutt gives the following account in his *Sports and Pastimes:* "I have been informed that a pastime called *stool-ball* is practised to this day in the northern parts of England, which consists simply in setting a stool upon the ground, and one of the players takes his place before it, while his antagonist, standing at a distance, tosses a ball with the intention of striking the stool; and this it is the business of the former to prevent by beating it away with the hand, reckoning one to the game for every stroke of the ball: if, on the contrary, it should be missed by the hand and touch the stool, the players change places. The conqueror at this game is he who strikes the ball most times before it touches the stool." He adds that "the game seems to have been more properly appropriated to the women than to the men; but occasionally it was played by the young persons of both sexes indiscriminately." — *A Pleasant Grove of New Fancies*, 1657, has the following:

At stool-ball, Lucia, let us play
  For sugar, cakes, and wine;
Or for a tansey let us pay,
  The loss be thine or mine.
If thou, my dear, a winner be,
  At trundling of the ball,
The wager thou shalt have and me,
  And my misfortunes all.

*_Daugh._ We'll to bed, then.
*_Wooer._ Even when you will. [_Kisses her._
*_Jailer._ O, sir, you'd fain be nibbling.
*_Wooer._ Why do you rub my kiss off?
*_Daugh._ 'Tis a sweet one,
*And will perfume me finely 'gainst the wedding.
*Is not this your cousin Arcite?
*_Doctor._ Yes, sweetheart;
*And I am glad my cousin Palamon
*Has made so fair a choice.
*_Daugh._ Do you think he'll have me?
*_Doctor._ Yes, without doubt.
*_Daugh._ Do you think so too?
*_Jailer._ Yes.
*_Daugh._ We shall have many children. — Lord, how ye're
*grown!
*My Palamon I hope will grow, too, finely,
*Now he's at liberty: alas, poor chicken,
*He was kept down with hard meat and ill lodging;
*But I'll kiss him up again.[7]

[7] This scene terminates the underplot. We must bear in mind the advice of the Doctor in the former scene: he tells the Wooer to take upon him the name of Palamon, and to do whatever shall become Palamon, still aiming to intermingle his petition of grace and acceptance into her favour; but it could never be imagined from these directions that the "union" was to take place under such circumstances. He says, "it is a falsehood she is in, which is with falsehoods to be combated"; and he explains his object, —"this may bring her to eat, to sleep, and reduce what's out of square in her to the former law and regiment." Yet this was not all; for he continues, "I will, between the passages of this project, come in with my appliance." The object sought was her restoration; and in the last scene of the fifth Act, the Jailer informs Palamon that his daughter "is well restored, and shortly to be married." But, in this scene, we find the Doctor saying, in reference to the Wooer's telling him he had "kiss'd her twice," "'Twas well done; twenty times had been far better; for there the cure lies mainly." That insight into the nature of his patient's disorder, displayed in so remarkable a manner by the Doctor in iv. 3, in this has left him; and his

**Enter a* Messenger.

**Mess.* What do you here? you'll lose the noblest sight
*That e'er was seen.

**Jailer.* Are they i' the field?

**Mess.* They are:
*You bear a charge there too.

**Jailer.* I'll away straight.—
*I must even leave you here.

**Doctor.* Nay, we'll go with you;
*I will not lose the sight.

**Jailer.* How did you like her?

**Doctor.* I'll warrant you, within these three or four days
*I'll make her right again.—You must not from her,
*But still preserve her in this way.

**Wooer.* I will.

**Doctor.* Let's get her in.

**Wooer.* Come, sweet, we'll go to dinner;
*And then we'll play at cards.

**Daugh.* And shall we kiss too?

**Wooer.* A hundred times.

**Daugh.* And twenty?

**Wooer.* Ay, and twenty.

**Daugh.* And then we'll sleep together?

**Doctor.* Take her offer.

**Wooer.* Yes, marry, will we.

business here seems to be to recommend and nurse up a sensual idea into an alliance with better feelings. The daughter's brain still "coins," but the subjects are far-fetched, and have no relation to the speaker's condition or state of mind, nor do they help the progress of the play.—We should observe that the former scene is in prose wholly, while this is in Fletcher's verse; but, in short, the tone and moral effect of the two scenes are so different,—the same characters have so altered an aspect,—the language, sentiments, and allusions are so unlike,—that the case of any one who can read and deliberately compare them, and still believe them to be by the same writer, we must give over as hopeless.—HICKSON.

**Daugh.* But you shall not hurt me.
**Wooer.* I will not, sweet.
**Daugh.* If you do, love, I'll cry.
*[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Part of the Forest near Athens, and near the place appointed for the combat.*

Flourish. *Enter* THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, PIRITHOUS, *and* Attendants.

Emi. I'll no step further.
Pir. Will you lose this sight?
Emi. I had rather see a wren hawk at a fly,
Than this decision: every blow that falls
Threats a brave life; each stroke laments
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell than blade. I will stay here:
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen, 'gainst the which there is
No deafing; but I dare not taint mine eye
With dread sights it may shun.
Pir. Sir, my good lord,
Your sister will no further.
Thes. O, she must:
She shall see deeds of honour in their kind,
Which sometime show well, pencill'd:[1] Nature now
Shall make and act the story, the belief

[1] There is obscurity here, owing to the peculiar use of *kind* and *sometime*. *Kind* is used in its radical sense of *nature* or *natural form*, and is to be construed with *see*, not with *honour*. There is also an antithesis implied between *kind* and *pencill'd*, that is, between the reality and the picture. So that the meaning is, "She shall see, in their native and original shape, such deeds as show well even when represented in painting." This use of *kind* occurs very often. See page 64, note 1.

Both seal'd with eye and ear. You must be present;
You are the victor's meed, the price and garland
To crown the questant's title.[2]
Emi. Pardon me;
If I were there, I'd wink.[3]
Thes. You must be there:
This trial is as 'twere i' the night, and you
The only star to shine.
Emi. I am extinct:
There is but envy[4] in that light which shows
The one the other. Darkness, which ever was
The dam of Horror, who does stand accursed
Of many mortal millions, may even now,
By casting her black mantle over both,
That neither could find other, get herself
Some part of a good name, and many a murder
Set off whereto she's guilty.[5]
Hip. You must go.
Emi. In faith, I will not.
Thes. Why, the knights must kindle
Their valour at your eye: know, of this war
You are the treasure, and must needs be by
To give the service pay.
Emi. Sir, pardon me;
The title of a kingdom may be tried
Out of itself.[6]

[2] *Questant* is *seeker*, *aspirant*, *competitor*. *Price* is used in the sense of *prize* or *reward*. Repeatedly so.

[3] That is, "I would *shut my eyes*"; the proper meaning of to *wink*.

[4] *Envy* is *hatred* or *malice*; the more common meaning of the word in Shakespeare's time. See vol. xii. page 226, note 10.

[5] *Set off* is *strike off*, *cancel*, or cause to be expunged from her account. —"Guilty *to*" occurs several times for "guilty *of*." See vol. vii. page 233, note 57.

[6] Meaning, out of *the kingdom* itself.

Thes. Well, well then, at your pleasure:
Those that remain with you could wish their office
To any of their enemies.
Hip. Farewell, sister:
I'm like to know your husband 'fore yourself,
By some small start of time: he whom the gods
Do of the two know best, I pray them he
Be made your lot.
[*Exeunt all but* EMILIA *and some of the* Attendants.
Emi. Arcite is gently visaged; yet his eye
Is like an engine bent, or a sharp weapon
In a soft sheath; mercy and manly courage
Are bedfellows in his visage. Palamon
Has a most menacing aspéct; his brow
Is graved, and seems to bury what it frowns on;
Yet sometimes 'tis not so, but alters to
The quality of his thoughts: long time his eye
Will dwell upon his object; melancholy
Becomes him nobly; so does Arcite's mirth;
But Palamon's sadness is a kind of mirth,
So mingled as if mirth did make him sad,
And sadness merry: those darker humours that
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling. —
[*Cornets; and trumpets sound as to a charge, within.*
Hark, how yon spurs to spirit do incite
The princes to their proof! Arcite may win me:
And yet may Palamon wound Arcite to
The spoiling of his figure. O, what pity
Enough for such a chance! If I were by,
I might do hurt; for they would glance their eyes
Toward my seat, and in that motion might
Omit a ward, or forfeit an offence,[7]

[7] *Ward* is *guard*, or *motion of defence*, and *offence* an *act in the offensive*.

Which craved that very time: it is much better
I am not there; O, better never born
Than minister to such harm! —
[*Cornets; and a great cry of* A Palamon! *within.*
What is the chance?

1 Serv. The cry's *A Palamon!*

Emi. Then he has won. 'Twas ever likely:
He look'd all grace and success, and he is
Doubtless the primest of men. I pr'ythee, run
And tell me how it goes.
[*Shout; cornets; and cry of* A Palamon! *within.*

1 Serv. Still *Palamon!*

Emi. Run and inquire. — [*Exit First* Servant.
Poor servant, thou hast lost:
Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,
Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;
I had no end in't; chance would have it so:
On the sinister side the heart lies; Palamon
Had the best-boding chance. —
[*Another cry, and shout, and cornets, within.*
This burst of clamour
Is, sure, the end o' the combat.

Re-enter First Servant.

1 Serv. They said that Palamon had Arcite's body
Within an inch o' the pyramid,[8] that the cry
Was general *A Palamon!* but anon
Th' assistants made a brave redemption,[9] and

So that to "forfeit an offence" is to miss an opportunity of striking a decisive blow. See vol. xi. page 57, note 25.

[8] This "pyramid" is the "pillar" which Theseus has planted; the arrangement being that, whichever of the combatants should first force the other to touch the pillar, he was to have Emilia. See the third Act, near the close.

[9] *Redemption*, here, is *rescue*, *retrieval*, or *recovery*.

The two bold tilters at this instant are
Hand to hand at it.

Emi. Were they metamorphosed
Both into one, — O, why? there were no woman
Worth so composed a man: their single share,
Their nobleness peculiar to them, gives
The prejudice of disparity, value's shortness,
To any lady breathing.[10]

[*Cornets; and cry of* Arcite, Arcite! *within.*

More exulting?
Palamon still?

1 Serv. Nay, now the sound is *Arcite.*

Emi. I pr'ythee, lay attention to the cry;
Set both thine ears to th' business.

[*Cornets; and a great shout, and cry of* Arcite, victory! *within.*

1 Serv. The cry is
Arcite and victory! Hark: *Arcite, victory!*
The combat's consummation is proclaim'd
By the wind-instruments.

Emi. Half-sights saw
That Arcite was no babe: God's lid![11] his richness
And costliness of spirit look'd through him; it could
No more be hid in him than fire in flax,
Than humble banks can go to law with waters
That drift-winds force to raging. I did think
Good Palamon would miscarry; yet I knew not
Why I did think so: our reasons are not prophets,

[10] "Each one's own peculiar share of nobleness is so great, that it sets a mark of disparity on the best lady living; her *worth comes short* of it."

[11] *God's lid* was one of the intensives in common use in Shakespeare's time. *God's foot* and *God's light* were others. They were frequently disguised or softened, as *'slid, 'sfoot, 'slight.* See vol. xi. page 16, note 16; also vol. xviii. page 193, note 20.

When oft our fancies are.[12] They're coming off:
Alas, poor Palamon ! [*Cornets within.*

Re-enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, PIRITHOUS, *with* ARCITE *as Victor,* Attendants, &c.

Thes. Lo, where our sister is in expectation,
Yet quaking and unsettled. — Fairest Emily,
The gods, by their divine arbitrement,
Have given you this knight: he is a good one
As ever struck at head. Give me your hands:
Receive you her, you him; be plighted with
A love that grows as you decay.

Arc. Emily,
To buy you I have lost what's dearest to me,
Save what is bought; and yet I purchase cheaply,
As I do rate your value.

Thes. O loved sister,
He speaks now of as brave a knight as e'er
Did spur a noble steed: surely, the gods
Would have him die a bachelor, lest his race
Should show i' the world too godlike: his behaviour
So charm'd me, that methought Alcides was
To him a sow of lead: if I could praise
Each part of him to th' all I've spoke, your Arcite
Did not lose by't; for he that was thus good
Encounter'd yet his better. I have heard
Two emulous Philomels beat the ear o' the night
With their contentious throats, now one the higher,
Anon the other, then again the first,
And by-and-by out-breasted,[13] that the sense

[12] *Fancy* was in common use for *love:* of this, Shakespeare abounds in examples. The idea here set forth is, that the heart has prophetic instincts which outstrip the judgments of reason.

[13] *Out-breasted* is *out-voiced, out-sung.* From the connection between a

Could not be judge between 'em : so it fared
Good space between these kinsmen ; till Heavens did
Make hardly one the winner. — Wear the garland
With joy that you have won. — For the subdued,
Give them our present justice, since I know
Their lives but pinch 'em : let it here be done.
The scene's not for our seeing : go we hence,
Right joyful, with some sorrow. — Arm your prize ;[14]
I know you will not lose her. — Hippolyta,
I see one eye of yours conceives a tear,
The which it will deliver.

Emi. Is this winning?
O all you heavenly powers, where is your mercy?
But that your wills have said it must be so,
And charge me live to comfort this unfriended,
This miserable prince, that cuts away
A life more worthy from him than all women,
I should and would die too.

Hip. Infinite pity,
That four such eyes should be so fix'd on one,
That two must needs be blind for't !

Thes. So it is.

[*Flourish. Exeunt.*

SCENE IV. — *The same Part of the Forest as in Act III. Scene VI.*

Enter PALAMON *and his* Knights *pinioned,* Jailer, Executioner, &c., *and* Guard.

Pal. There's many a man alive that hath outlived
The love o' the people ; yea, i' the self-same state

full, strong breast and a good voice, *breast* came to be put for *voice.* See vol. v. page 166, note 5.

14 That is, *take her in your arms.* See vol. xviii. page 111, note 44.

Stands many a father with his child: some comfort
We have by so considering. We expire,
And not without men's pity; to live still
Have their good wishes; we prevent[1]
The loathsome misery of age, beguile
The gout and rheum, that in lag hours attend
For gray approachers; we come towards the gods,
Young and unwapper'd,[2] not halting under crimes
Many and stale: that, sure, shall please the gods
Sooner than such, to give us nectar with 'em,
For we are more clear spirits. My dear kinsmen,
Whose lives for this poor comfort are laid down,
You've sold 'em too-too cheap.

1 Knight. What ending could be
Of more content? O'er us the victors have
Fortune, whose title is as momentary
As to us death is certain; a grain of honour
They not o'er-weigh us.

2 Knight. Let us bid farewell;
And with our patience anger tottering[3] Fortune,
Who, at her certain'st, reels.

3 Knight. Come; who begins?

Pal. Even he that led you to this banquet shall
Taste to you all.[4] — Ah, ha, my friend, my friend!
Your gentle daughter gave me freedom once;
You'll see't done now for ever: pray, how does she?
I heard she was not well; her kind of ill
Gave me some sorrow.

Jailer. Sir, she's well restored,

[1] *Prevent* in its old sense of *anticipate* or *forestall.* Often so.

[2] *Unwapper'd* is *unworn, undebauched.* See vol. xv. page 256, note 10.

[3] *Tottering*, here, is *unstable, shifting, inconstant.*

[4] Alluding to the ancient office of *taster* at royal tables, where poison was apprehended. See page 75, note 1.

And to be married shortly.
Pal. By my short life,
I am most glad on't; 'tis the latest thing
I shall be glad of; pr'ythee, tell her so:
Commend me to her, and, to piece her portion,
Tender her this. [*Gives a purse.*

1 Knight. Nay, let's be offerers all.

2 Knight. Is it a maid?

Pal. Verily, I think so;
A right-good creature, more to me deserving
Than I can quit or speak of.

All the Knights. Commend us to her.
[*Giving their purses.*

Jailer. The gods requite you all, and make her thankful!

Pal. Adieu; and let my life be now as short
As my leave-taking.

1 Knight. Lead, courageous cousin.

All the Knights. We'll follow cheerfully.

[PALAMON *lays his head on the block. A great noise, and cry of* Run, save, hold! *within.*

Enter Messenger *in haste.*

Mess. Hold, hold! O, hold, hold, hold!

Enter PIRITHOUS *in haste.*

Pir, Hold, ho! it is a cursèd haste you made,
If you have done so quickly. — Noble Palamon,
The gods will show their glory in a life
That thou are yet to lead.

Pal. Can that be, when
Venus I've said is false? How do things fare?

Pir. Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear
That are most dearly sweet and bitter. [PALAMON *rises.*

Pal. What-

Hath waked us from our dream?
Pir. List, then: Your cousin,
Mounted upon a steed that Emily
Did first bestow on him, — a black one, owing
Not a hair-worth of white, which some will say
Weakens his price, and many will not buy
His goodness with this note; which superstition
Here finds allowance; — on this horse is Arcite
Trotting the stones of Athens, which the calkins
Did rather tell than trample:[5] for the horse
Would make his length a mile, if't pleased his rider
To put pride in him. As he thus went counting
The flinty pavement, dancing as 'twere to th' music
His own hoofs made, — for, as they say, from iron
Came music's origin, — what envious flint,
Cold as old Saturn, and like him possess'd
With fire malevolent, darted a spark,
Or what fierce sulphur else, to this end made,
I comment not: the hot horse, hot as fire,
Took toy[6] at this, and fell to what disorder
His power could give his will; bounds, comes on end,
Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,
And of kind manage; then pig-like he whines
At the sharp rowel, which he frets at rather
Than any jot obeys; seeks all foul means
Of boisterous and rough jadery,[7] to disseat
His lord that kept it bravely: when nought served,
When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor differing
plunges

[5] The *calkins* are the *points* at the toe and heel of a horse-shoe, to prevent slipping. Here, again, *tell* is *count*. See page 201, note 12.

[6] *Toy*, here, is *freak*, *whim*, or *fancy*. See vol. xiv. page 175, note 18.

[7] *Jade* was used for an ugly or vicious *horse*; and here *jadery* means the *jadish tricks* of such a beast.

Disroot his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs
Quickly uprearing, so on end he stands,
That Arcite's legs, being higher than his head,
Seem'd with strange art to hang: his victor's wreath
Even then fell off his head; and presently
Backward the jade comes o'er, and his full poise
Becomes the rider's load. Yet is he living;
But such a vessel 'tis that floats but for
The surge that next approaches: he much desires
To have some speech with you. Lo, he appears.

Enter THESEUS, HIPPOLYTA, EMILIA, *and* ARCITE *carried in a chair.*

Pal. O miserable end of our alliance!
The gods are mighty. — Arcite, if thy heart,
Thy worthy, manly heart, be yet unbroken,
Give me thy last words: I am Palamon,
One that yet loves thee dying.

Arc. Take Emilia,
And with her all the world's joy. Reach thy hand:
Farewell; I've told my last hour. I was false,
Yet never treacherous: forgive me, cousin. —
One kiss from fair Emilia. [*Kisses her.*] — 'Tis done:
Take her. I die. [*Dies.*

Pal. Thy brave soul seek Elysium!

Emi. I'll close thine eyes, prince: blessèd souls be with thee!
Thou art a right-good man; and, while I live,
This day I give to tears.

Pal. And I to honour.

Thes. In this place first you fought; even very here
I sunder'd you: acknowledge to the gods
Your thanks that you are living.

His part is play'd, and, though it were too short,
He did it well; your day is lengthen'd, and
The blissful dew of heaven does arrose[8] you:
The powerful Venus well hath graced her altar,
And given you your love; our master Mars
Hath vouch'd his oracle, and to Arcite gave
The grace of the contention: so the deities
Have show'd due justice. — Bear this hence.

Pal. O cousin,
That we should things desire, which do cost us
The loss of our desire! that nought could buy
Dear love but loss of dear love!

Thes. Never fortune
Did play a subtler game: the conquer'd triumphs,
The victor has the loss; yet in the passage
The gods have been most equal. Palamon,
Your kinsman hath confess'd the right o' the lady
Did lie in you; for you first saw her, and
Even then proclaim'd your fancy; he restored her,
As your stol'n jewel, and desired your spirit
To send him hence forgiven: the gods my justice
Take from my hand,[9] and they themselves become
The executioners. Lead your lady off;
And call your lovers from the stage of death,
Whom I adopt my friends. A day or two
Let us look sadly, and give grace unto
The funeral of Arcite; in whose end

[8] To *arrose* is to *moisten*, to sprinkle. Of course every student remembers Cicero's "pocula *rorantia*," and Ovid's lines in *Metamorphoses*, iv. 480:

> Læta redit Juno; quam cælum intrare parantem
> *Roratis lustravit aquis* Thaumantias Iris.

[9] Take *the act of* justice *away* from my hand." The gods have executed upon Arcite that judgment which Theseus was about to execute upon Palamon.

The visages of bridegrooms we'll put on,
And smile with Palamon; for whom an hour,
But one hour since, I was as dearly sorry
As glad of Arcite, and am now as glad
As for him sorry. — O you heavenly charmers,[10]
What things you make of us! For what we lack
We laugh, for what we have are sorry; still
Are children in some kind. Let us be thankful
For that which is, and with you leave dispute
That are above our question. — Let's go off,
And bear us like the time.[11] [*Flourish. Exeunt.*

*EPILOGUE.

*I would now ask ye how ye like the play;
*But, as it is with schoolboys, cannot say
*I'm cruel-fearful. Pray, yet stay awhile,
*And let me look upon ye. No man smile?
*Then it goes hard, I see. He that has
*Loved a young handsome wench, then, show his face,—
*'Tis strange if none be here;— and, if he will
*Against his conscience, let him hiss, and kill
*Our market. 'Tis in vain, I see, to stay ye:
*Have at the worst can come, then! Now what say ye?
*And yet mistake me not; I am not bold;
*We have no such cause. If the tale we've told —
*For 'tis no other — any way content ye,—
*For to that honest purpose it was meant ye,—

10 *Charmers* here means *magicians* or *enchanters*. The usage was common. See vol. xvii. page 248, note 4.

11 That is, *behave in a manner suited* to the time. The death of Arcite has made it a time of sadness and mourning. See vol. xvii. page 31, note 13.

*We have our end; and ye shall have ere long,
*I dare say, many a better, to prolong
*Your old loves to us. We and all our might
*Rest at your service: gentlemen, good night. [*Flourish.*

CRITICAL NOTES.

ACT I., SCENE I.

Page 137. *Then* HIPPOLYTA, *the bride, led by* PIRITHOUS. — The old copies have *Theseus* instead of *Pirithous.*

P. 137. *With* harebells *dim.* — The old copies read "With *her bells* dim." Surely both sense and metre require *harebells.*

P. 137. *Marigolds on death-beds blowing,*
And *larks'-heels trim.* — The old copies omit *And.* Compare the other stanzas.

P. 137. *Not an angel of the air,*
Bird melodious or bird fair,
Be *absent hence.* — The old copies have "*Is* absent."

P. 137. *The boding raven, nor* chough hoar, &c. — The original has "nor *Clough hee.*" Corrected by Seward.

P. 138. *Who* endure
The beaks of ravens, talons of the kites,
And pecks of crows, in the foul field *of Thebes.* — The old copies have *endured* and *fields.* The latter corrected by Seward; the other, by Dyce.

P. 139. *Not Juno's mantle fairer than your tresses,*
Nor in more bounty spread; your wheaten wreath, &c. — The old copies read "Nor in more bounty spread *her*"*;* to the damage alike of rhythm and sense.

P. 139. *He tumbled down upon his* Nemean *hide.* — The old copies have *Nenuan.*

P. 140. *And his love too, who is a servant* to
The tenor of thy *speech.* — The old copies have *for* and *the* instead of *to* and *thy.* Seward's correction.

P. 142. *You cannot read it there; there, through my tears,*
Like wrinkled pebbles in a glassy *stream,*
You may behold it. — The original has *glasse* and *'em* instead of *glassy* and *it*. See foot-note 14.

P. 142. *O, this celebration*
Will longer *last, and be more costly, than*
Your suppliants' war. — The old copies have *long*.

P. 143. *And that work* now *presents itself to th' doing;*
Now 'twill take form; &c. — The old copies lack the first *now*.

P. 144. *Now he's secure,*
Nor *dreams we stand before your puissance,*
Rinsing *our holy begging in our eyes,* &c. — In the second of these lines, the old copies have *Not* instead of *Nor*, and, in the third, *Wrincking*. See note on "That swallow'd so much treasure," &c., vol. xii. page 293.

P. 144. *This is a service, whereto I am going,*
Greater than any war. — So Theobald. The old copies have *was* instead of *war*.

P. 145. *Though much* I like
You should be thus transported, as much sorry
I should be such a suitor; yet I think, &c. — Instead of *I like*, the old copies have *unlike;* out of which I do not see how it is possible to extort any sense.

P. 146. *And at the banks of* Ilisse *meet us with*
The forces you can raise, &c. — The old copies read "at the banckes of *Anly*." *Aulis* is Theobald's correction, which has been generally adopted. Heath, however, in his manuscript notes on this play, observes in regard to *Aulis* as follows: "Besides that this is a sea-port, not a river, it is as far beyond Thebes to the north as Athens itself is to the south of Thebes. I have no doubt but the poets wrote *Ilisse* for the river *Ilissus*." On the other hand, Dyce remarks that "*Anly* is more likely to be a blunder for *Aulis* than for *Ilisse*"; and that "our old poets were not nice geographers." Still I think Heath's conjecture ought to be adopted; for surely the authors of this play could not have been so ignorant or so inexact in geography as to put *Aulis* for a *river*.

P. 146. *I'll follow you at heels: the feast's solemnity*
Shall wait *till your return.* — So Walker. The old copies have *want* instead of *wait.*

ACT I., SCENE 2.

P. 148. *And here to keep in abstinence* were *shame*
As in incontinence; for not to swim
I' the aid o' the current, were almost to sink, &c. — The old copies have "*we* shame." See foot-note 1.

P. 148. *That peace might purge*
For her repletion, and reclaim *anew*
Her charitable heart, &c. — So Heath. The old copies have *retain* instead of *reclaim.*

P. 150. *Commands* men's *service,*
And what they win in't, boot and glory too. — The old copies have *men* for *men's*, and *on* for *too.* The latter is Seward's correction.

P. 152. *Let's to th' king: were he*
A quarter carrier of that honour which
His enemy comes *in,* &c. — The old copies read "*who* were he"; where *who* spoils the metre, and only clogs the sense. The old copies also have *come* and *came* instead of *comes.*

ACT I., SCENE 3.

P. 153. *To* dare *ill-dealing fortune.* — So Heath. The old copies have *dure* instead of *dare.* See foot-note 1.

P. 153. *Or tell of babes broach'd on the lance, or women that*
Have sod their infants in the brine they wept
At killing 'em, and after eat them. — The old copies have a strange inversion here, to the upsetting of both sense and metre:

> That have sod their infants in, and after eat them,
> The brine they wept at killing 'em.

P. 154. *Playing* one *business in his hand, another*
Directing in his head, &c. — So Heath and Mason independently. The old copies have *ore* and *o'er* instead of *one.*

P. 155. *'Twas* Flavina. — The old copies have *Flavia* here; but afterwards *Flavina.*

P. 155. *And put between my breasts, — then but beginning*
To swell about the blossom, &c. — So Walker. The old copies read "between my breasts, *oh* (then but beginning," &c.

P. 156. *Her affections — pretty,*
Though happily her careless wear — *I follow'd,* &c. — The old copies have *were* instead of *wear.* See foot-note 11.

P. 156. *Had mine ear*
Stol'n some new air, or at adventure humm'd one
From musical coinage, &c. — The old copies have *on* instead of *one.* Seward's correction.

P. 156. *This rehearsal —*
Which every *innocent wots well, comes in,* &c. — The old copies read "Which *fury*-innocent wots well." The correction *every* for *fury* is Charles Lamb's. See foot-note 13.

P. 156. *That the true love 'tween maid and maid may be*
More than in sex dividual. — So Seward. The old copies have *individuall.*

ACT I., SCENE 4.

P. 158. *Like to a pair of lions* smear'd *with prey.* — So the folio of 1679. The quarto has *succard* instead of *smear'd.*

P. 158. *What* was't that prisoner *told me,*
When I inquired their names?
Herald. *We* learn *they're call'd*
Arcite and Palamon. — The old copies read "what *prisoner was't that* told me," and have *leave* instead of *learn.* The latter is Heath's correction.

P. 159. *Since I have known* fight's fury, friends' behests,
Love's provocations, zeal in misery's *task,*
Desire of liberty, a fever, madness,
Sickness in will, or wrestling strength in reason,
They've *set a mark which nature could not reach to*
Without some imposition. — A very troublesome passage, and

one which, as it stands in the old copies, fairly defies explanation or comprehension:

> Since I have known *frights*, *fury*, *friends*, *beheastes*,
> *Loves*, *provocations*, *zeale*, *a mistris* Taske
> Desire of liberty, feavour, madnes,
> *Hath* set a marke which nature could not reach *too*
> Without some imposition, *sicknes in will*
> *Or wrastling strength in reason.*

The transposition which I have introduced into the text was made by Seward; who also reads "*friends*' behests" and "*Love's* provocations." The correction "*fight's* fury" is, I believe, Dyce's. Dyce prints "zeal *in a* mistress' task"; which breaks the rhythm of the line. By "zeal in misery's task" I understand the speaker as referring to the task he has just dispatched in behalf of the widowed Queens. And in reference to that reading I may observe that this scene is unquestionably Shakespeare's; and that it does not seem to me at all likely that he would have put so Fletcherian a thought as "zeal in a mistress' task" into the mouth of such a hero as Theseus is here represented to be; especially in such a high and earnest strain as this, and after he has already mentioned "love's provocations." See foot-note 3.

ACT I., SCENE 5.

P. 160. *And clamours through the* wide *air flying!* — So Walker. The old copies have *wilde* instead of *wide*.

ACT II., SCENE 2.

P. 164. *Outstripp'd the people's praises, won the garlands,*
Ere they had *time to wish 'em ours.* — The old copies read "Ere they *have* time."

P. 164. *Our good swords now,* —
Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er ware, —
Ravish'd *our sides, like age, must run to rust*, &c. — The old copies have *were* for *ware*, and *Bravish'd* for *Ravish'd*.

P. 165. *Whilst the angry swine*
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Stuck *with our well-steel'd darts.* — The old copies have *Struck*. The correction is Heath's, who acutely observes that, "to preserve the similitude of the quiver, we must certainly read *Stuck*."

P. 165. *We shall die —*
Which is the curse of honour — lazily,
Children of grief and ignorance. — So Seward. The old copies have *lastly* instead of *lasily*.

P. 166. *A wife might part us lawfully, or business;*
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Grave *our acquaintance.* — So Dyce. The old copies have *Crave* instead of *Grave*. See foot-note 7.

P. 167. Emi. *This garden has a world of pleasures in't.* — The old copies print this line as a part of Arcite's preceding speech.

P. 169. *We'll see how near art can come* to *their colours.* — The old copies read "can come *near* their colours." Probably an accidental repetition.

ACT II., SCENE 3.

P. 177. *And three better lads ne'er danced*
Under green tree; and ye *know what wenches, ha!* — The old copies have *yet* instead of *ye*.

P. 177. *By any means; our thing of learning* says *so.* — The old copies have *sees*.

P. 179. *Well I could have wrestled,*
The best men call'd it excellent; and run
Swifter than wind upon a field of corn,
Curling the wealthy ears, e're *flew.* — The old copies have "*never* flew."

ACT II., SCENE 4.

P. 179. *First, I saw him,*
And, *seeing, thought he was a goodly man.* — So Walker. Instead of *And*, the old copies repeat *I*.

ACT II., SCENE 5.

P. 181. *And to those gentle uses gave* my *life.* — The old copies read "gave *me* life." The correction is Seward's.

ACT III., SCENE I.

P. 185. *The Duke has lost Hippolyta; each took*
A several laund.—The old copies have "A several *land*"; which surely cannot be right. Dyce conjectured *laund*, which accords better with the occasion. See foot-note 1. Heath proposed *stand*, which may be right, *stand* being a well-known technical term in hunter's language. See vol. xviii. page 48, note 8.

P. 186. *Thou, O jewel*
O' the wood, o' the world, hast likewise bless'd a place
With thy sole presence!—So Seward. The old copies have *pace* for *place*.

P. 187. *The* void'st *of honour*
That e'er bore gentle token.—The old copies have *voydes* instead of *void'st*. Corrected by Sympson.

P. 187. *A very thief in love, a chaffy lord,*
Not *worth the name of villain!*—The old copies have *Nor* instead of *Not*.

P. 189. *O you Heavens, dare any*
So noble bear a guilty baseness?—The old copies have *busines*.

P. 189. *Enter your* muset.—The old copies have *Musicke* and *Musick*. See foot-note 10.

P. 190. I've *a good title,*
I am persuaded: &c.—Instead of *I've* the old copies have *If*.

ACT III., SCENE 2.

P. 191. *He has mistook the* brake *I meant;* &c.—The old copies have *Beake* and *Beak* instead of *brake*. Corrected by Theobald. So, a little before, the stage-direction, "*Enter* PALAMON *out of a* bush, *with his shackles.*"

P. 191. *In me hath grief slain fear, and, but one thing,*
I care for nothing, and that's Palamon.—The old text reads "but *for* one thing." Here *for* serves no purpose but to mar both sense and rhythm. Probably it was an accidental repetition.

P. 191. *Food took I none these two days;* once, indeed,
I *sipp'd some water; have not closed mine eyes,* &c. — The words *once, indeed,* are not in the old copies. Dyce justly observes, "That some words have dropt out is quite evident." In the second line, also, the old copies read "Sipt some water. *I* have not closd mine eyes." Here *I* evidently got shuffled out of its place.

ACT III., SCENE 4.

P. 196. Spoom *her before the wind, you'll lose all, else,* &c. — The old copies have *Upon* instead of *Spoom.* The correction is Weber's, who quotes from Fletcher's *Double Marriage,* ii. 1, "Down with the foresail too! we'll *spoom* before her." See foot-note 2.

ACT III., SCENE 5.

P. 197. *You most coarse frize capacities, ye* jane *judgments,* &c. — The old copies have "ye *jave* Judgements"; which seems to have baffled all the editors till Dyce, who notes that "*jave* is undoubtedly a misprint for *jane,* — a stuff well known in England long before the present play was written."

P. 199. *An eel and woman,*
A learnèd poet says, unless by th' tail
And with thy teeth thou hold, will either *fail.* — I suspect we ought to read "will *ever* fail." — But the pedagogue rather affects a peculiar dialect.

P. 199. *A* fire-ill *take her! does she flinch now?* — Editors have stumbled at *fire-ill,* and Dyce conjectures the right reading to be "A *wildfire* take her!" "That expression," he says, "is very common." See foot-note 6.

P. 200. *O, let me have your company*
Till we *come to the Sound-a!* — So Weber. The old copies omit *we.* Seward inserted *I.*

P. 203. *Then mine Host*
And his fat spouse, that welcome *to* his *cost*
The gallèd traveller, &c. — The old copies read "to *their* cost."

But the context shows that the reference is to *traveller*, not to *Host* and *spouse*. The old copies also have *welcomes* for *welcome*, and, a little further on, *Informes* for *Inform*.

P. 203. *Then the* beast-*eating Clown*, &c.— Mason thinks it should be "the *beef*-eating Clown." This conjecture certainly has some support from *Twelfth Night*, i. 3, where Sir Andrew says, "I am a great *eater of beef*, and I believe that *does harm to my wit*." See, however, footnote 18.

P. 203. *Ger*. Intrate, filii; *come forth, and foot it*.—The prefix to this speech is wanting in the old copies.

P. 203. *Ladies, if we have been merry,*
And have pleased ye *with a derry*, &c.—The old copies have *thee* instead of *ye*.

ACT III., SCENE 6.

P. 209. *O, retire,*
For honour's sake and safety, *presently*
Into your bush again, &c.—So Theobald and Seward. The old copies have *safely*.

P. 210. *And in this disguise,*
Against thy *own edict, follows thy sister*, &c.—The old copies read "Against *this* owne Edict."

P. 213. *I tie you to your word now: if ye* fail *in't*, &c.—The old copies have *fall* instead of *fail*.

P. 214. *And all the longing maids that ever loved* them, &c.—The old copies lack *them*. But this scene is Fletcher's; and, as Walker says, both sense and the Fletcherian rhythm require it.

ACT IV., SCENE I.

P. 218. Where *did she sleep?*—Dyce's conjecture. The old copies have "*When* did she sleep?" But surely the context points out *Where* as the right reading.

P. 219. *I half suspected*
What you have *told me: the gods comfort her!*—The old copies omit *have*.

P. 220. *Her careless tresses*
A wreath *of bulrush rounded.*—The old copies have *wreake* and *wreak*.

P. 222. *Do, very* rearly; *I must be abroad else*, &c.—So Sympson. The old copies have *rarely* for *rearly*. See foot-note 6.

P. 223. *By no* means *cross her; she is then distemper'd*
Far *worse than now she is.*—"By no *meane*," and "*For* worse," in the old copies.

ACT IV., SCENE 2.

P. 225. *Just such another wanton Ganymede*
Set Jove *a-fire with, and enforced the god*, &c.—The old copies have *Love* instead of *Jove*. See foot-note 1.

P. 226. *And these thy eyes,*—
They're *the bright lamps of beauty*,—&c.—So Mason. Instead of *They're*, the old copies repeat *these*.

P. 226. *I am sotted,*
Utterly lost; my virgin *faith has fled me*, &c.—The old copies have *virgins* for *virgin*.

P. 227. *Your two contending lovers are return'd,*
And with them their six *knights: now, my fair sister,*
You must love one of them.—So Walker. The old copies read "their *fair* Knights."

P. 227. *Six braver spirits*
Than those *they've brought*, &c.—The old copies have *these* for *those*.

P. 228. *The circles of his eyes show* fire *within him,*
And as a heated lion so he looks.—So Heath and Dyce independently. The old copies have *faire* and *fair* instead of *fire*.

P. 228. *His shoulders broad and strong;*
Arms long and round; &c. — So Seward. "*Arm'd* long and round," in the old copies.

P. 229. *And in his rolling eyes sits Victory,*
As if she ever meant to crown *his valour.* — Instead of *crown*, the old copies have *corect* and *correct*. Corrected by Seward.

P. 230. *They would show bravely*
Fighting *about the titles of two kingdoms.* — So Seward. The old copies lack *Fighting*, which, it seems to me, both sense and metre imperatively demand.

ACT IV., SCENE 3.

P. 232. *Then, if it be your chance to come where the blessed spirits* are, — there's *a sight now!* &c. — So Mason. The quarto reads "where the blessed spirits, *as the'rs* a sight now." The folio corrects *the'rs* to *there's*.

P. 233. *One cries,* O, this smoke! th' other, This fire! — The old copies have *another*. See the context.

ACT V., SCENE 1.

P. 237. *True worshippers of Mars, whose spirit in you*
Expels the seeds of fear, and th' apprehension
Which still is father of *it*, &c. — So Theobald, Heath, and Mason. The old copies read "Which still is *farther off* it." As Mason observes, "we may fairly say that apprehension — that is, a sensibility of danger — is the parent of fear."

P. 238. *Force and great feat*
Must put my garland on, where she shall stick
The queen of flowers. — Instead of *shall stick*, the old copies have *sticks*, which satisfies neither verse nor sense. And where two or more consecutive words begin with the same or similar letters, one is very apt to drop out. Seward reads *will stick;* but *shall* and *will* were often used indiscriminately.

P. 238. *Thou mighty one, that with thy power hast turn'd*
Green Neptune into purple; whose approach
Comets prewarn. — So Seward. The old copies lack *approach*.

P. 238. *With hand* armipotent.—The old copies have *armenypotent* and *armenipotent.*

ACT V., SCENE 2.

P. 245. *She comes: pray,* humour *her.*—The old copies have *honour.*

P. 248. Jailer. *O, sir, you'd fain be nibbling.*—So Seward and Weber. The old copies prefix "*Daugh.*"

ACT V., SCENE 3.

P. 250. *Each stroke laments*
The place whereon it falls, and sounds more like
A bell than blade. I will stay here:
It is enough, my hearing shall be punish'd
With what shall happen, 'gainst the which there is
No deafing; but I dare *not taint mine eye*
With dread sights it may shun.—In the third of these lines, I suspect we ought to read "A bell than *like a* blade." In the sixth, the old copies have *to heare* instead of *I dare.* With *to hear,* I can make no sense at all out of the passage; and that were an easy misprint for *I dare.*

P. 251. *You are the victor's meed, the price and garland*
To crown the questant's *title.*—Instead of *questant's,* the old copies have *Questions.*

P. 252. *Those darker humours that*
Stick misbecomingly on others, on him
Live in fair dwelling.—The old copies have *them* instead of *him.*

P. 253. *Upon my right side still I wore thy picture,*
Palamon's on the left: why so, I know not;
I had no end in't; chance would have it so.—The old copies read "I had no end in't *else.*" This is indeed a Fletcherian idiom; but the present scene clearly is not Fletcher's; and Melpomene, Thalia, and all the other Muses forbid that such a blot in rhythm and sense should be imputed to Shakespeare! Seward omits *else.*

ACT V., SCENE 4.

P. 258. *Arise, great sir, and give the tidings ear*
That are most dearly *sweet and bitter.* — The old copies have *early* instead of *dearly*. Corrected by Seward.

P. 259. *Forgets school-doing, being therein train'd,*
And of kind manage; then *pig-like he whines*
At the sharp rowel, &c. — The old copies lack *then.*

P. 260. *When neither curb would crack, girth break, nor differing plunges*
Disroot his rider whence he grew, but that
He kept him 'tween his legs, on his hind hoofs
Quickly uprearing, so *on end he stands,*
That Arcite's legs, &c. — The words *Quickly uprearing, so* are not in the old copies. The quarto gives the third and fourth lines thus:

He kept him tweene his legges, on his hind hoofes
on end he stands.

Hence Weber concludes, as he well may, that "the first part of the second line was omitted by the compositor, being illegible in the manuscript." I think the sense of *uprearing* is fairly required; and we must suppose the movement of the horse to have been sudden, else the rider would have extricated himself from the saddle, and kept his upright posture.

P. 260. *Acknowledge to the gods*
Your *thanks that you are living.* — The old copies have *Our* instead of *Your.*

VENUS AND ADONIS.

ENTERED at the Stationers' on the 18th of April, 1593, by Richard Field, as "his copy, licensed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Wardens." The poem was published by Field in the course of the same year; also a second time in 1594. The third edition was issued by John Harrison in 1596; the fourth, in 1600, by the same publisher; the fifth, by William Leake, 1602. After this time, it was often reprinted, and copies are known, bearing the dates of 1616 and 1620.

This frequency of publication sufficiently attests the great popularity of the poem. It is often alluded to, also, by the Poet's contemporaries, and in such terms as show it to have been a general favourite. Meres, in his *Wit's Treasury*, 1598, speaks of it thus: "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet, witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare: witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared Sonnets among his private friends."

The tenth book of Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, as translated by Arthur Golding, probably furnished Shakespeare the story of Venus and Adonis. Golding's translation was first published complete in 1567, and reissued in 1572, 1584, 1587, and 1593; so that it must have had a large circulation when the poem was written.

In the dedication of *Venus and Adonis*, Shakespeare speaks of it as "the first heir of my invention"; yet he had then become so distinguished in the Drama as to be squibbed by Robert Greene, and patronized by the Earl of Southampton. A part of Greene's squib is quoted in the *Life* of the Poet, vol. i. page 25. Whether Shakespeare dated the heirship of his poem from the time of writing or of publishing, is uncertain: probably the former; and if so, then of course it must have been written several years before 1593. The general opinion refers the composition

of the poem to the period before he left Stratford; but this is a point on which we are without evidence of any sort either way.

The merit of *Venus and Adonis*, and indeed of the author's poems generally, sinks into littleness beside that of his dramas. We have already seen how great was its contemporary popularity. This excessive applause was followed by a long period of undue neglect or depreciation; but in later times the fashion has rather been to overpraise it. The poem abounds, indeed, in verbal and fantastical tricks and antics caught from the taste and custom of the age: often it may be said of the author, that he appears "singling out the difficulties of the art, to make an exhibition of his strength and skill in wrestling with them." But what fulness of life and spirit there is in it! what richness and delicacy of imagery! what fresh, and airy, and subtile turns of invention and combination! Coleridge, in his *Biographia Literaria*, has the following remarks upon it:

"In the *Venus and Adonis*, the first and most obvious excellence is the perfect sweetness of the versification; its adaptation to the subject; and the power displayed in varying the march of the words without passing into a loftier and more majestic rhythm than was demanded by the thoughts, or permitted by the propriety of preserving a sense of melody predominant. The delight in richness and sweetness of sound, even to a faulty excess, if it be evidently original, and not the result of an easily imitable mechanism, I regard as a highly favourable promise in the compositions of a young man. 'The man that hath no music in his soul' can indeed never be a genuine poet. Imagery; affecting incidents; just thoughts; interesting personal or domestic feelings; and with these the art of their combination or intertexture in the form of a poem; may all, by incessant effort, be acquired as a trade, by a man of talents and much reading, who has mistaken an intense desire of poetic reputation for a natural poetic genius. But the sense of musical delight, with the power of producing it, is a gift of imagination; and this, together with the power of reducing multitude into unity of effect, and modifying a series of thoughts by some one predominant thought or feeling, may be cultivated and improved, but can never be learnt. It is in this sense that *Poeta nascitur, non fit*."

TO THE

RIGHT-HONOURABLE HENRY WRIOTHESLY,

EARL OF SOUTHAMPTON, AND BARON OF TICHFIELD.[1]

RIGHT-HONOURABLE: I know not how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burden: only, if your Honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage of all idle hours, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But, if the

[1] This nobleman, the third Earl of Southampton, was born the 6th of October, 1573, became a student of St. John's College, Cambridge, in 1585, and proceeded Master of Arts in 1589. Three years later, he was admitted to the same degree at Oxford. At the time of this dedication, 1593, he was twenty years of age. He was early distinguished for his attachment to literature, his patronage of Shakespeare having begun before the taking of his degree at Oxford. In his dedication of *The Rape of Lucrece*, 1594, the Poet delicately intimates the favours he had already received from his youthful patron. In 1597 Southampton embarked as a volunteer in the expedition against Spain, under Essex, being appointed captain of one of the principal ships. He afterwards had the command of a squadron, and was knighted by Essex for his gallantry in a situation of great peril. The next year he went with Essex into Ireland, and was there made General of the Horse; but the Queen would not suffer him to hold the place, as he had married a cousin of Essex without her consent. On the fall of Essex, he was sent to the Tower, where he was kept during the rest of Elizabeth's reign. Not long after his release, he was made governor of the Isle of Wight; but, being secretly accused of too great intimacy with the Queen, King James had him arrested: the accusation, however, being unsustained, he was discharged, and afterwards retired in disgust to Spa. He was with Lord Herbert of Cherbury at the siege of Rees; returned to England in 1619, and was appointed a member of the Privy Council: but he again incurred the royal displeasure by going with the popular party, and was for a short time in the custody of the Dean of Westminster. In 1624, he had the command of a small force against the Spaniards in the Low Countries, and died

first heir of my invention prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a god-father, and never after ear[2] so barren a land, for fear it yield me still so bad a harvest. I leave it to your honourable survey, and your Honour to your heart's content; which I wish may always answer your own wish, and the world's hopeful expectation.

Your Honour's in all duty,

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

of a fever at Bergen-op-Zoom, on the 10th of November that year. He received many tributes and testimonies of honour from the scholars and higher wits of his time; but his friendship for Shakespeare has given his name and character an abiding interest. Camden tells us that he was as well known for his love of letters as for his military exploits; and Sir John Beaumont, after commending his public and private virtues, speaks of his liberality to men of genius and learning as his highest praise:

I keep that glory last which is the best,—
The love of learning which he oft express'd
By conversation, and respect to those
Who had a name in arts, in verse or prose.

[2] To *ear* is an old word for to *plough*, or *till*. See vol. xvi. page 16, note 9.

VENUS AND ADONIS.

Vilia miretur vulgus; mihi flavus Apollo
Pocula Castalia plena ministret aqua.
[OVID, I. *Am.* XV. 35.]

EVEN as the Sun with purple-colour'd face
Had ta'en his last leave of the weeping morn,
Rose-cheek'd Adonis hied him to the chase;
Hunting he loved, but love he laugh'd to scorn:
Sick-thoughted Venus makes amain unto him,
And like a bold-faced suitor 'gins to woo him.

"Thrice-fairer than myself," thus she began,
"The field's chief flower, sweet above compare,
Stain to all nymphs,[1] more lovely than a man,
More white and red than doves or roses are;
Nature that made thee, with herself at strife,
Saith that the world hath ending with thy life.

"Vouchsafe, thou wonder, to alight thy steed,
And rein his proud head to the saddle-bow;
If thou wilt deign this favour, for thy meed
A thousand honey secrets shalt thou know:
Here come and sit, where never serpent hisses,
And, being set, I'll smother thee with kisses;

"And yet not cloy thy lips with loathed satiety,
But rather famish them amid their plenty,

[1] *Stain* to them by comparison, or by throwing them into the shade. See vol. xvi. page 79, note 3.

Making them red and pale with fresh variety, —
Ten kisses short as one, one long as twenty :
  A Summer's day will seem an hour but short,
  Being wasted in such time — beguiling sport."

With this she seizeth on his sweating palm,
The precedent of pith and livelihood,[2]
And, trembling in her passion, calls it balm,
Earth's sovereign salve to do a goddess good :
  Being so enraged, desire doth lend her force
  Courageously to pluck him from his horse.

Over one arm the lusty courser's rein,
Under her other was the tender boy,
Who blush'd and pouted in a dull disdain,
With leaden appetite, unapt to toy ;
  She red and hot as coals of glowing fire,
  He red for shame, but frosty in desire.

The studded bridle on a raggèd bough
Nimbly she fastens : — O, how quick is love ! —
The steed is stallèd up, and even now
To tie the rider she begins to prove :
  Backward she push'd him, as she would be thrust,
  And govern'd him in strength, though not in lust.

So soon was she along as he was down,
Each leaning on their elbows and their hips :
Now doth she stroke his cheek, now doth he frown,
And 'gins to chide, but soon she stops his lips ;
  And kissing speaks, with lustful language broken,
  "If thou wilt chide, thy lips shall never open."

2 *Precedent* here means *indication* or *prognostic*, and *pith* is *vigour*. A moist palm was regarded as a sign of the things here mentioned.

He burns with bashful shame; she with her tears
Doth quench the maiden burning of his cheeks;
Then with her windy sighs and golden hairs
To fan and blow them dry again she seeks:
He saith she is immodest, blames her 'miss;[3]
What follows more she murders with a kiss.

Even as an empty eagle, sharp by fast,
Tires[4] with her beak on feathers, flesh, and bone,
Shaking her wings, devouring all in haste,
Till either gorge be stuff'd, or prey be gone;
Even so she kiss'd his brow, his cheek, his chin,
And where she ends she doth anew begin.

Forced to content,[5] but never to obey,
Panting he lies, and breatheth in her face;
She feedeth on the steam as on a prey,
And calls it heavenly moisture, air of grace;
Wishing her cheeks were gardens full of flowers,
So they were dew'd with such-distilling showers.

Look how a bird lies tangled in a net,
So fasten'd in her arms Adonis lies;
Pure shame and awed resistance made him fret,
Which bred more beauty in his angry eyes:
Rain added to a river that is rank[6]
Perforce will force it overflow the bank.

[3] *Amiss* used as a noun for *fault* or *misbehaviour*. So in the 35th *Sonnet*: "Myself corrupting, salving thy *amiss*." And in the 151st *Sonnet*: "Urge not my *amiss*." See, also, vol. xiv. page 267, note 5.

[4] To *tire* is to *pluck*, to *tear*, to *peck eagerly*. See vol. xviii. page 76, note 11.

[5] Meaning, compelled to acquiescence, forced *to be* content.

[6] *Rank*, here, is *brimful*, swollen to the brim. So Drayton in his *Barons' Wars*: "Fetching full tides, luxurious, high, and *rank*."

Still she entreats, and prettily entreats,
And to a pretty ear she tunes her tale;
Still is he sullen, still he lours and frets,
'Twixt crimson shame and anger ashy-pale:
  Being red, she loves him best; and, being white,
  Her best is better'd with a more [7] delight.

Look how he can, she cannot choose but love;
And by her fair immortal hand she swears,
From his soft bosom never to remove,
Till he take truce [8] with her contending tears,
  Which long have rain'd, making her cheeks all wet;
  And one sweet kiss shall pay this countless debt.

Upon this promise did he raise his chin,
Like a dive-dapper peering through a wave,
Who, being look'd on, ducks as quickly in:
So offers he to give what she did crave;
  But, when her lips were ready for his pay,
  He winks, and turns his lips another way.

Never did passenger in Summer's heat
More thirst for drink than she for this good turn.
Her help she sees, but help she cannot get;
She bathes in water, yet her fire must burn:
  "O, pity," 'gan she cry, "flint-hearted boy!
  'Tis but a kiss I beg; why art thou coy?

"I have been woo'd, as I entreat thee now,
Even by the stern and direful god of war,

[7] The Poet repeatedly uses to *better* for to *surpass*; also *more* for *greater*. See vol xviii. page 251, note 4, and page 167, note 4, of this volume.

[8] In old English, to *take truce* is to *make peace*. Shakespeare has it repeatedly so. See vol. xiii. page 187, note 19.

Whose sinewy neck in battle ne'er did bow,
Who conquers where he comes in every jar;
  Yet hath he been my captive and my slave,
  And begg'd for that which thou unask'd shalt have.

"Over my altars hath he hung his lance,
His batter'd shield, his uncontrollèd crest,
And for my sake hath learn'd to sport and dance,
To toy, to wanton, dally, smile, and jest;
  Scorning his churlish drum and ensign red,
  Making my arms his field, his tent my bed.

"Thus he that overruled I oversway'd,
Leading him prisoner in a red-rose chain:
Strong-temper'd steel his stronger strength obey'd,
Yet was he servile to my coy disdain.
  O, be not proud, nor brag not of thy might,
  For mastering her that foil'd the god of fight!

"Touch but my lips with those fair lips of thine, —
Though mine be not so fair, yet are they red, —
The kiss shall be thine own as well as mine.
What see'st thou in[9] the ground? hold up thy head:
  Look in mine eyeballs, there thy beauty lies;
  Then why not lips on lips, since eyes in eyes?

"Art thou ashamed to kiss? then wink again,
And I will wink; so shall the day seem night;
Love keeps his revels where there are but twain;
Be bold to play, our sport is not in sight:
  These blue-vein'd violets whereon we lean
  Never can blab, nor know not what we mean.

[9] *In* and *on* were often used indiscriminately.

"The tender spring upon thy tempting lip
Shows thee unripe; yet mayst thou well be tasted:
Make use of time, let not advantage slip;
Beauty within itself should not be wasted:
 Fair flowers that are not gather'd in their prime
 Rot and consume themselves in little time.

"Were I hard-favour'd, foul, or wrinkled-old,
I'll-nurtured, crookèd, churlish, harsh in voice,
O'erworn, despisèd, rheúmatic, and cold,
Thick-sighted, barren, lean, and lacking juice,
 Then mightst thou pause, for then I were not for thee;
 But, having no defects, why dost abhor me?

"Thou canst not see one wrinkle in my brow;
Mine eyes are gray,[10] and bright, and quick in turning;
My beauty as the Spring doth yearly grow,
My flesh is soft and plump, my marrow burning;
 My smooth moist hand,[1] were it with thy hand felt,
 Would in thy palm dissolve, or seem to melt.

"Bid me discourse, I will enchant thine ear,
Or, like a fairy, trip upon the green,
Or, like a nymph, with long deshevell'd hair,
Dance on the sands, and yet no footing seen:
 Love is a spirit all compact of fire,[2]
 Not gross to sink, but light and will aspire.

[10] *Gray* eyes were the same as are now called *blue*. See vol. xiii. page 169, note 10.

[1] What moisture of hand was thought to indicate, is shown in *Antony and Cleopatra*, i. 2: "Nay, if an *oily palm* be not a fruitful prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear." And in *Othello*, iii. 4: "Here's a young and *sweating devil* here, that commonly rebels. 'Tis a good *hand*; a frank one."

[2] All *made up* or *composed* of fire; as in the phrase, "of imagination *all compact*."

"Witness this primrose bank whereon I lie;
These forceless flowers like sturdy trees support me;
Two strengthless doves will draw me through the sky,
From morn till night, even where I list to sport me:
Is love so light, sweet boy, and may it be
That thou shouldst think it heavy unto thee?

"Is thine own heart to thine own face affected?
Can thy right hand seize love upon thy left?
Then woo thyself, be of thyself rejected,
Steal thine own freedom, and complain on[3] theft.
Narcissus so himself himself forsook,
And died to kiss his shadow in the brook.

"Torches are made to light, jewels to wear,
Dainties to taste, fresh beauty for the use,
Herbs for their smell, and sappy plants to bear;
Things growing to themselves are growth's abuse:
Seeds spring from seeds, and beauty breedeth beauty;
Thou wast begot, — to get it is thy duty.

"Upon the earth's increase why shouldst thou feed,
Unless the earth with thy increase be fed?
By law of Nature thou art bound to breed,
That thine may live when thou thyself art dead;
And so, in spite of death, thou dost survive,
In that thy likeness still is left alive."

By this, the love-sick queen began to sweat,
For, where they lay, the shadow had forsook them,
And Titan, tirèd in the mid-day heat,
With burning eye did hotly overlook them;

[3] *On* and *of*, also, were often used indiscriminately. See vol. xiii. page 124, note 5.

Wishing Adonis had his team to guide,
So he were like him, and by Venus' side.

And now Adonis, — with a lazy spright,
And with a heavy, dark, disliking eye,
His louring brows o'erwhelming his fair sight,
Like misty vapours when they blot the sky, —
Souring his cheeks, cries, " Fie, no more of love !
The Sun doth burn my face ; I must remove."

" Ah me," quoth Venus, " young, and so unkind?
What bare excuses makest thou to be gone !
I'll sigh celestial breath, whose gentle wind
Shall cool the heat of this descending Sun :
I'll make a shadow for thee of my hairs ;
If they burn too, I'll quench them with my tears.

" The Sun that shines from heaven shines but warm,
And, lo, I lie between that Sun and thee :
The heat I have from thence doth little harm,
Thine eye darts forth the fire that burneth me ;
And, were I not immortal, life were done
Between this heavenly and earthly sun.

" Art thou obdúrate, flinty, hard as steel,
Nay, more than flint, for stone at rain relenteth?
Art thou a woman's son, and canst not feel
What 'tis to love? how want of love tormenteth?
O, had thy mother borne so hard a mind,
She had not brought forth thee, but died unkind.[4]

" What am I, that thou shouldst contemn me this?
Or what great danger dwells upon my suit?

[4] *Unkind*, here, is *childless*, having none of her *kind*. The Poet often uses *kind* and its derivatives in this its radical sense.

What were thy lips the worse for one poor kiss?
Speak, fair; but speak fair words, or else be mute:
  Give me one kiss, I'll give it thee again,
  And one for interest, if thou wilt have twain.

"Fie, lifeless picture, cold and senseless stone,
Well-painted idol, image dull and dead,
Statue contenting but the eye alone,
Thing like a man, but of no woman bred!
  Thou art no man, though of a man's complexion,
  For men will kiss even by their own direction."

This said, impatience chokes her pleading tongue,
And swelling passion doth provoke a pause;
Red cheeks and fiery eyes blaze forth her wrong;
Being judge in love, she cannot right her cause:
  And now she weeps, and now she fain would speak,
  And now her sobs do her intendments break.

Sometimes she shakes her head, and then his hand,
Now gazeth she on him, now on the ground;
Sometimes her arms infold him like a band:
She would, he will not in her arms be bound;
  And, when from thence he struggles to be gone,
  She locks her lily fingers one in one.

"Fondling," she saith, "since I have hemm'd thee here
Within the circuit of this ivory pale,[5]
I'll be a park, and thou shalt be my deer;
Feed where thou wilt, on mountain or in dale:
  Graze on my lips; and, if those hills be dry,
  Stray lower, where the pleasant fountains lie.

[5] *Pale* for *paling;* the image being of a park enclosed with paling.

"Within this limit is relief enough,
Sweet bottom-grass, and high delightful plain,
Round rising hillocks, brakes obscure and rough,
To shelter thee from tempest and from rain:
  Then be my deer, since I am such a park;
  No dog shall rouse thee, though a thousand bark."

At this Adonis smiles as in disdain,
That in each cheek appears a pretty dimple:
Love made those hollows, if himself were slain,
He might be buried in a tomb so simple;[6]
  Foreknowing well, if there he came to lie,
  Why, there Love lived, and there he could not die.

These lovely caves, these round enchanting pits,
Open'd their mouths to swallow Venus' liking.
Being mad before, how doth she now for wits?
Struck dead at first, what needs a second striking?
  Poor queen of love, in thine own law forlorn,
  To love a cheek that smiles at thee in scorn!

Now which way shall she turn? what shall she say?
Her words are done, her woes the more increasing;
The time is spent, her object will away,
And from her twining arms doth urge releasing.
  "Pity," she cries, "some favour, some remorse!"[7]
  Away he springs, and hasteth to his horse.

But, lo, from forth a copse that neighbours by,
A breeding jennet, lusty, young, and proud,
Adonis' trampling courser doth espy,

[6] This line expresses the end or purpose of the preceding: "Love made those hollows, *that* himself might be buried in them."

[7] Here, as usual in Shakespeare, *remorse* is *compassion* or *tenderness*.

And forth she rushes, snorts, and neighs aloud:
The strong-neck'd steed, being tied unto a tree,
Breaketh his rein, and to her straight goes he.

Imperiously he leaps, he neighs, he bounds,
And now his woven girths he breaks asunder;
The bearing earth with his hard hoof he wounds,
Whose hollow womb resounds like heaven's thunder;
The iron bit he crusheth 'tween his teeth,
Controlling what he was controllèd with.

His ears up-prick'd; his braided hanging mane
Upon his compass'd crest [8] now stand on end;
His nostrils drink the air, and forth again,
As from a furnace, vapours doth he send;
His eye, which glisters scornfully like fire,
Shows his hot courage and his high desire.

Sometime [9] he trots, as if he told the steps,
With gentle majesty and modest pride;
Anon he rears upright, curvets and leaps,
As who should say,[10] "Lo, thus my strength is tried;
And this I do to captivate the eye
Of the fair breeder that is standing by."

What recketh he his rider's angry stir,
His flattering *Holla* or his *Stand, I say?*
What cares he now for curb or pricking spur?
For rich caparisons or trapping gay?
He sees his love, and nothing else he sees,
For nothing else with his proud sight agrees.

8 "His *compass'd crest*" is his *arched neck.*—*Mane* is here used as a collective noun, and so takes a plural predicate.

9 *Sometime* and *sometimes* were used indiscriminately.

10 "As *who should* say" is the old phrase for "as *much as to* say."

Look, when a painter would surpass the life
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed;
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, straight legs and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look, what a horse should have he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometime he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather;
To bid the wind a base [11] he now prepares,
And whêr he run or fly they know not whether;
For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

He looks upon his love, and neighs unto her;
She answers him, as if she knew his mind:
Being proud, as females are, to see him woo her,
She puts on outward strangeness, seems unkind;
Spurns at his love, and scorns the heat he feels,
Beating his kind embracements with her heels.

Then, like a melancholy malcontent,
He vails [12] his tail, that, like a falling plume,

[11] That is, to challenge the wind to a contest for superiority. *Base* is a rustic game, sometimes termed *prison-base*, or *prison-bars*. See vol. xviii. page 120, note 2.

[12] To *vail* is to *lower* or let *fall*. See vol. xviii. page 253, note 14.

Cool shadow to his melting buttock lent:
He stamps, and bites the poor flies in his fume.
  His love, perceiving how he is enraged,
  Grew kinder, and his fury was assuaged.

His testy master goeth about to take him;
When, lo, the unback'd breeder, full of fear,
Jealous of catching, swiftly doth forsake him,
With her the horse, and left Adonis there:
  As they were mad, unto the wood they hie them,
  Out-stripping crows that strive to over-fly them.

All swoln with chafing, down Adonis sits,
Banning [1] his boisterous and unruly beast:
And now the happy season once more fits,
That love-sick Love by pleading may be blest;
  For lovers say, the heart hath treble wrong
  When it is barr'd the aidance of the tongue.

An oven that is stopp'd, or river stay'd,
Burneth more hotly, swelleth with more rage:
So of concealèd sorrow may be said;
Free vent of words love's fire doth assuage;
  But, when the heart's attorney once is mute,
  The client breaks, as desperate in his suit.

He sees her coming, and begins to glow,
Even as a dying coal revives with wind,
And with his bonnet hides his angry brow;
Looks on the dull earth with disturbèd mind;
  Taking no notice that she is so nigh,
  For all askance he holds her in his eye.

[1] *Banning* is *cursing*. See vol. viii. page 175, note 3.

O, what a sight it was, wistly[2] to view
How she came stealing to the wayward boy!
To note the fighting conflict of her hue,
How white and red each other did destroy!
  But now her cheek was pale, and by-and-by
  It flash'd forth fire, as lightning from the sky.

Now was she just before him as he sat,
And like a lowly lover down she kneels;
With one fair hand she heaveth up his hat,
Her other tender hand his fair cheek feels:
  His tenderer cheek receives her soft hand's print,
  As apt as new-fall'n snow takes any dint.

O, what a war of looks was then between them!
Her eyes petitioners to his eyes suing;
His eyes saw her eyes as they had not seen them;
Her eyes woo'd still, his eyes disdain'd the wooing:
  And all this dumb-play had his[3] acts made plain
  With tears, which, chorus-like, her eyes did rain.

Full gently now she takes him by the hand,
A lily prison'd in a jail of snow,
Or ivory in an alabaster band;
So white a friend engirts so white a foe:
  This beauteous combat, wilful and unwilling,
  Show'd like two silver doves that sit a-billing.

Once more the engine of her thoughts began:
"O fairest mover on this mortal round,

[2] *Wistly* is *wistfully, wishfully, eagerly.*

[3] *His* for *its*, referring to *dumb-play*. This old usage I have often noted. See vol. i. page 90, note 1. The allusion here is to the old office of the chorus, which was to interpret, or *make plain* any thing represented in dumb-show.

Would thou wert as I am, and I a man,
My heart all whole as thine, thy heart my wound;
  For one sweet look thy help I would assure thee,
  Though nothing but my body's bane would cure thee."

"Give me my hand," saith he; "why dost thou feel it?"
"Give me my heart," saith she, "and thou shalt have it;
O, give it me, lest thy hard heart do steel it,
And, being steel'd, soft sighs can never grave[4] it:
  Then love's deep groans I never shall regard,
  Because Adonis' heart hath made mine hard."

"For shame," he cries, "let go, and let me go;
My day's delight is past, my horse is gone,
And 'tis your fault I am bereft him so:
I pray you hence, and leave me here alone;
  For all my mind, my thought, my busy care
  Is how to get my palfrey from the mare."

Thus she replies: "Thy palfrey, as he should,
Welcomes the warm approach of sweet desire:
Affection is a coal that must be cool'd;
Else, suffer'd,[5] it will set the heart on fire:
  The sea hath bounds, but deep desire hath none;
  Therefore no marvel though thy horse be gone.

"How like a jade he stood, tied to the tree,
Servilely master'd with a leathern rein!
But, when he saw his love, his youth's fair fee,
He held such petty bondage in disdain;
  Throwing the base thong from his bending crest,
  Enfranchising his mouth, his back, his breast.

[4] *Grave* is *mark, engrave, make an impression.*
[5] *Suffer'd* in the sense of *permitted, indulged,* or *yielded to.*

"Who sees his true-love in her naked bed,[6]
Teaching the sheets a whiter hue than white,
But, when his glutton eye so full hath fed,
His other agents aim at like delight?
  Who is so faint, that dare not be so bold
  To touch the fire, the weather being cold?

"Let me excuse thy courser, gentle boy;
And learn of him, I heartily beseech thee,
To take advantage on presented joy;
Though I were dumb, yet his proceedings teach thee:
  O, learn to love; the lesson is but plain,
  And, once made perfect, never lost again."

"I know not love," quoth he, "nor will not know it,
Unless it be a boar, and then I chase it;
'Tis much to borrow, and I will not owe it;
My love to love is love but to disgrace it;[7]
  For I have heard it is a life in death,
  That laughs, and weeps, and all but with a breath.

"Who wears a garment shapeless and unfinish'd?
Who plucks the bud before one leaf put forth?
If springing things be any jot diminish'd,
They wither in their prime, prove nothing worth:
  The colt that's back'd and burden'd being young
  Loseth his pride, and never waxeth strong.

"You hurt my hand with wringing; let us part,
And leave this idle theme, this bootless chat:
Remove your siege from my unyielding heart;
To love's alarms it will not ope the gate:

6 "In her *naked bed*" is *naked in* her bed. See vol. xv. page 88, note 6.
7 "My inclination towards love is only a desire to have it scorned."

Dismiss your vows, your feignèd tears, your flattery;
For where a heart is hard they make no battery."

"What! canst thou talk?" quoth she, "hast thou a tongue?
O, would thou hadst not, or I had no hearing!
Thy mermaid's voice [8] hath done me double wrong;
I had my load before, now press'd with bearing:
Melodious discord, heavenly tune harsh-sounding,
Ear's deep-sweet music, and heart's deep-sore wounding.

"Had I no eyes but ears, my ears would love
That inward beauty and invisible;
Or, were I deaf, thy outward parts would move
Each part in me that were but sensible: [9]
Though neither eyes nor ears, to hear nor see,
Yet should I be in love by touching thee.

"Say, that the sense of feeling were bereft me,
And that I could not see, nor hear, nor touch,
And nothing but the very smell were left me,
Yet would my love to thee be still as much;
For from the still'tory [10] of thy face excelling
Comes breath perfumed, that breedeth love by smelling.

"But, O, what banquet wert thou to the taste,
Being nurse and feeder of the other four!
Would they not wish the feast might ever last,
And bid Suspicion double-lock the door,

[8] *Mermaid* was often used for *siren*. So again, later in the poem.

[9] *Sensible* for *sensitive* or *having sensation*. See vol. xviii. page 201, note 9.

[10] *Stillatory* is an old word for *alembic*, a vessel for distillation; used also for *laboratory*, the place where distillation is carried on.

Lest Jealousy, that sour unwelcome guest,
Should, by his stealing in, disturb the feast?"

Once more the ruby-colour'd portal open'd,
Which to his speech did honey passage yield;
Like a red morn, that ever yet betoken'd
Wreck to the seaman, tempest to the field,
Sorrow to shepherds, woe unto the birds,
Gusts and foul flaws[11] to herdmen and to herds.

This ill presage advisedly[1] she marketh:
Even as the wind is hush'd before it raineth,
Or as the wolf doth grin before he barketh,
Or as the berry breaks before it staineth,
Or like the deadly bullet of a gun,
His meaning struck her ere his words begun.

And at his look she flatly falleth down,
For looks kill love, and love by looks reviveth:
A smile recures the wounding of a frown;
But blessèd bankrupt, that by loss so thriveth!
The silly boy, believing she is dead,
Claps her pale cheek, till clapping makes it red;

And all-amazed brake off his late intent,
For sharply he did think to reprehend her,
Which cunning love did wittily prevent:
Fair fall the wit that can so well defend her!
For on the grass she lies as she were slain,
Till his breath breatheth life in[2] her again.

[11] A *flaw* is a sudden *rush* or *blast* of wind. See vol. xviii. page 315, note 7.

[1] *Advisedly* in its old sense of *heedfully*, *carefully*, or *considerately*.

[2] *In* for *into*, the two being often used indiscriminately.

He wrings her nose, he strikes her on the cheeks,
He bends her fingers, holds her pulses hard,
He chafes her lips; a thousand ways he seeks
To mend the hurt that his unkindness marr'd:
  He kisses her; and she, by her good will,
  Will never rise, so he will kiss her still.

The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day:
Her two blue windows [3] faintly she up-heaveth,
Like the fair Sun, when in his fresh array
He cheers the mórn, and all the Earth relieveth:
  And as the bright Sun glorifies the sky,
  So is her face illumined with her eye;

Whose beams upon his hairless face are fix'd,
As if from thence they borrow'd all their shine.
Were never four such lamps together mix'd,
Had not his clouded with his brow's repine;
  But hers, which through the crystal tears gave light,
  Shone like the Moon in water seen by night.

"O, where am I?" quoth she; "in Earth or Heaven,
Or in the ocean drench'd, or in the fire?
What hour is this? or morn or weary even?
Do I delight to die, or life desire?
  But now I lived, and life was death's annoy;
  But now I died, and death was lively joy.

"O, thou didst kill me! kill me once again:
Thy eyes' shrewd tutor, that hard heart of thine,
Hath taught them scornful tricks, and such disdain,
That they have murder'd this poor heart of mine;
  And these mine eyes, true leaders to their queen,
  But for thy piteous lips no more had seen.

[3] The *blue windows* are her *eyelids*. See vol. xviii. page 43, note 2.

"Long may they kiss each other, for this cure!
O, never let their crimson liveries wear!
And, as they last, their verdure still endure,
To drive infection from the dangerous year![4]
That the star-gazers, having writ on death,
May say, the plague is banish'd by thy breath.

"Pure lips, sweet seals in my soft lips imprinted,
What bargains may I make, still to be sealing?
To sell myself I can be well contented,
So thou wilt buy, and pay, and use good dealing;
Which purchase if thou make, for fear of slips[5]
Set thy seal-manual on my wax-red lips.

"A thousand kisses buys my heart from me;
And pay them at thy leisure, one by one.
What is ten hundred touches unto thee?
Are they not quickly told[6] and quickly gone?
Say, for non-payment that the debt should double,[7]
Is twenty hundred kisses such a trouble?"

"Fair queen," quoth he, "if any love you owe me,
Measure my strangeness with my unripe years:
Before I know myself, seek not to know me;
No fisher but the ungrown fry forbears:
The mellow plum doth fall, the green sticks fast,
Or being early pluck'd is sour to taste.

[4] An allusion to the practice of strewing apartments with strong-scented herbs in time of plague, to prevent infection.

[5] A quibble. *Slip* meant a piece of false money or counterfeit, and thus served for many a pun. See vol. xiii. page 170, note 12.

[6] To *tell* was continually used for to *number* or to *count*.

[7] The Poet was thinking of a conditional bond's becoming forfeited for non-payment; in which case the entire penalty (usually the double of the principal sum lent by the obligee) was formerly recoverable at law.—MALONE.

"Look, the world's comforter, with weary gait,
His day's hot task hath ended in the West;
The owl, night's herald, shrieks, 'tis very late;
The sheep are gone to fold, birds to their nest;
  And coal-black clouds that shadow heaven's light
  Do summon us to part, and bid good night.

"Now let me say *Good night*, and so say you;
If you will say so, you shall have a kiss."
"Good night," quoth she; and, ere he says "Adieu,"
The honey-fee of parting tender'd is:
  Her arms do lend his neck a sweet embrace;
  Incorporate then they seem; face grows to face:

Till, breathless, he disjoin'd, and backward drew
The heavenly moisture, that sweet coral mouth,
Whose precious taste her thirsty lips well knew,
Whereon they surfeit, yet complain on drouth:
  He with her plenty press'd, she faint with dearth,
  Their lips together glued, fall to the earth.

Now quick desire hath caught the yielding prey,
And glutton-like she feeds, yet never filleth;
Her lips are conquerors, his lips obey,
Paying what ransom the insulter willeth;
  Whose vulture thought doth pitch the price so high,
  That she will draw his lips' rich treasure dry:

And, having felt the sweetness of the spoil,
With blindfold fury she begins to forage;
Her face doth reek and smoke, her blood doth boil,
And careless lust stirs up a desperate courage;
  Planting oblivion, beating reason back,
  Forgetting shame's pure blush and honour's wrack.

Hot, faint, and weary with her hard embracing,
Like a wild bird being tamed with too much handling,
Or as the fleet-foot roe that's tired with chasing,
Or like the froward infant still'd with dandling,
He now obeys, and now no more resisteth,
While she takes all she can, not all she listeth.

What wax so frozen but dissolves with tempering,
And yields at last to every light impression?
Things out of hope are compass'd oft with venturing,
Chiefly in love, whose leave [8] exceeds commission :
Affection faints not like a pale-faced coward,
But then woos best when most his choice is froward.

When he did frown, O, had she then gave over,
Such nectar from his lips she had not suck'd.
Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles, yet 'tis pluck'd :
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at last.

For pity now she can no more detain him;
The poor fool prays her that he may depart:
She is resolved no longer to restrain him;
Bids him farewell, and look well to her heart,
The which, by Cupid's bow she doth protest,
He carries thence incagèd in his breast.

"Sweet boy," she says, "this night I'll waste in sorrow,
For my sick heart commands mine eyes to watch.
Tell me, Love's master, shall we meet to-morrow?
Say, shall we? shall we? wilt thou make the match?"
He tells her, no; to-morrow he intends
To hunt the boar with certain of his friends.

[8] *Leave* is here used for *license*, and in a bad sense.

"The boar!" quoth she; whereat a sudden pale,[9]
Like lawn being spread upon the blushing rose,
Usurps her cheek; she trembles at his tale,
And on his neck her yoking arms she throws:
She sinketh down, still hanging by his neck,
He on her belly falls, she on her back.

Now is she in the very lists [10] of love,
Her champion mounted for the hot encounter:
All is imaginary she doth prove;
He will not manage her, although he mount her;
That worse than Tantalus' is her annoy,
To clip [1] Elysium, and to lack her joy.

Even as poor birds, deceived with painted grapes,
Do surfeit by the eye and pine the maw,[2]
Even so she languisheth in her mishaps
As those poor birds that helpless berries saw.[3]
The warm effects which she in him finds missing
She seeks to kindle with continual kissing.

But all in vain; good queen, it will not be:
She hath assay'd as much as may be proved;
Her pleading hath deserved a greater fee;
She's Love, she loves, and yet she is not loved.
"Fie, fie," he says, "you crush me; let me go;
You have no reason to withhold me so."

"Thou hadst been gone," quoth she, "sweet boy, ere this,
But that thou told'st me thou wouldst hunt the boar.

[9] *Pale* for *paleness*; the concrete for the abstract. Not uncommon.

[10] A figure drawn from the tilting-ground; the *lists* being the barriers.

[1] To *clip* was often used for to *embrace*.

[2] Alluding to the picture of Zeuxis, in which the grapes are said to have been represented so well that the birds mistook them for Nature's own work.

[3] Berries that *afford no help* or nourishment. *Helpless* for *unhelping*.

O, be advised![4] thou know'st not what it is
With javelin's point a churlish swine to gore,
 Whose tushes never-sheath'd he whetteth still,
 Like to a mortal[5] butcher bent to kill.

"On his bow-back he hath a battle set
Of bristly pikes, that ever threat his foes;
His eyes, like glow-worms, shine when he doth fret;
His snout digs sepulchres where'er he goes;
 Being moved, he strikes whate'er is in his way,
 And whom he strikes his cruel tushes slay.

"His brawny sides, with hairy bristles arm'd,
Are better proof than thy spear's point can enter;
His short thick neck cannot be easily harm'd;
Being ireful, on the lion he will venture:
 The thorny brambles and embracing bushes,
 As fearful of him, part; through whom he rushes.

"Alas, he nought esteems that face of thine,
To which Love's eyes pay tributary gazes;
Nor thy soft hands, sweet lips, and crystal eyne,
Whose full perfection all the world amazes;
 But, having thee at vantage, — wondrous dread! —
 Would root these beauties as he roots the mead.

"O, let him keep his loathsome cabin still;
Beauty hath nought to do with such foul fiends:
Come not within his danger[6] by thy will;
They that thrive well take counsel of their friends.
 When thou didst name the boar, not to dissemble,
 I fear'd thy fortune, and my joints did tremble.

4 "Be *advised*" is be *careful*, be *circumspect*. A frequent usage.
5 *Mortal* was continually used for *deadly*, that which *kills*.
6 *Danger* is here equivalent to *power*. See vol. iii. page 197, note 28.

"Didst thou not mark my face? was it not white?
Saw'st thou not signs of fear lurk in mine eye?
Grew I not faint? and fell I not downright?
Within my bosom, whereon thou dost lie,
My boding heart pants, beats, and takes no rest,
But, like an earthquake, shakes thee on my breast.

"For where Love reigns, disturbing Jealousy
Doth call himself Affection's sentinel;
Gives false alarms, suggesteth mutiny,
And in a peaceful hour doth cry *Kill, kill!*[7]
Distempering gentle Love in his desire,
As air and water do abate the fire.

"This sour informer, this bate-breeding[8] spy,
This canker that eats up Love's tender spring,
This carry-tale, dissentious Jealousy,
That sometime true news, sometime false doth bring,
Knocks at my heart, and whispers in mine ear,
That, if I love thee, I thy death should fear:

"And, more than so, presenteth to mine eye
The picture of an angry-chafing boar,
Under whose sharp fangs on his back doth lie
An image like thyself, all stain'd with gore;
Whose blood upon the fresh flowers being shed
Doth make them droop with grief and hang the head.

"What should I do, seeing thee so indeed,
That tremble at th' imagination?
The thought of it doth make my faint heart bleed,
And fear doth teach it divination:

[7] This was the old cry of assault or onset in an English army.
[8] *Bate* is an old word for *strife*. *Breed-bate* is still used for a *quarreller*.

I prophesy thy death, my living sorrow,
If thou encounter with the boar to-morrow.

"But, if thou needs wilt hunt, be ruled by me;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare:
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breathed horse keep with thy hounds.

"And, when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles,
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks [9] and crosses with a thousand doubles:
The many musets [10] through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

"Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell;
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer:
Danger deviseth shifts; wit waits on fear:

"For, there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out;
Then do they spend their mouths: [11] Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

[9] To *crank* is to *turn*, to *wind*. See vol xi. page 75, note 6.

[10] *Muset* or *muse* is a hole in a hedge or a thicket. See page 189, note 10.

[11] *Fault* is here a term of the chase, used, very much as it is in geology, for an *interruption of the trail*. The natural effect of such an interruption

"By this, poor Wat,[1] far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still:
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear;
  And now his grief may be comparèd well
  To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

"Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch[2]
Turn, and return, indenting with the way;
Each envious[3] brier his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay;
  For misery is trodden on by many,
  And being low never relieved by any.

"Lie quietly, and hear a little more;
Nay, do not struggle, for thou shalt not rise:
To make thee hate the hunting of the boar,
Unlike myself thou hear'st me moralize,
  Applying this to that, and so to so;
  For love can comment upon every woe.

"Where did I leave?" "No matter where," quoth he;
"Leave me, and then the story aptly ends:
The night is spent." "Why, what of that?" quoth she.
"I am," quoth he, "expected of my friends;
  And now 'tis dark, and going I shall fall."
  "In night," quoth she, "desire sees best of all.

is to put the hounds to what was called a *cold scent.* Good hunting-dogs, after losing the trail of an animal, on finding it again, forthwith begin to "spend their mouths," that is, *go to barking* for joy. See vol. ii. page 141, notes 11 and 12; also, vol. v. page 184, notes 21 and 22.

[1] *Wat* is an old provincial name for a hare.

[2] *Wretch* was much used as a sort of pet term of endearment or tenderness. See vol. xiv. page 286, note 40.

[3] *Envy* and *envious* were continually used in the sense of *malice* and *malicious.* The plays abound in instances of this usage.

"But if thou fall, O, then imagine this,
The earth, in love with thee, thy footing trips,
And all is but to rob thee of a kiss.
Rich preys make true men thieves; so do thy lips
  Make modest Dian cloudy and forlorn,
  Lest she should steal a kiss, and die forsworn.

"Now of this dark night I perceive the reason:
Cynthia for shame obscures her silver shine,
Till forging Nature be condemn'd of treason,
For stealing moulds from Heaven that were divine;
  Wherein she framed thee, in high Heaven's despite,
  To shame the Sun by day, and her by night.

"And therefore hath she bribed the Destinies
To cross the curious workmanship of Nature,
To mingle beauty with infirmities,
And pure perfection with impure defeature;
  Making it subject to the tyranny
  Of mad mischances and much misery;

"As burning fevers, agues pale and faint,
Life-poisoning pestilence, and frenzies wood,[4]
The marrow-eating sickness, whose attaint
Disorder breeds by heating of the blood:
  Surfeits, imposthumes,[5] grief, and damn'd despair,
  Swear Nature's death for framing thee so fair.

"And not the least of all these maladies
But in one minute's fight brings beauty under:
Both favour, savour, hue, and qualities,
Whereat th' impartial gazer late did wonder,

[4] *Wood* is an old word for *mad*. See vol. iii. page 31, note 28.
[5] *Impostume* is the old term for an *abscess*. See vol. xvi. page 307, note 3.

Are on the sudden wasted, thaw'd, and done,
As mountain snow melts with the midday Sun.

"Therefore, despite of fruitless [6] chastity,
Love-lacking vestals, and self-loving nuns,
That on the Earth would breed a scarcity
And barren dearth of daughters and of sons,
Be prodigal: the lamp that burns by night
Dries up his oil to lend the world his light.

"What is thy body but a swallowing grave,
Seeming to bury that posterity
Which by the rights of time thou needs must have,
If thou destroy them not in dark obscurity?
If so, the world will hold thee in disdain,
Sith in thy pride so fair a hope is slain.

"So in thyself thyself art made away;
A mischief worse than civil home-bred strife,
Or theirs whose desperate hands themselves do slay,
Or butcher-sire that reaves his son of life.
Foul-cankering rust the hidden treasure frets,
But gold that's put to use more gold begets."

"Nay, then," quoth Adon, "you will fall again
Into your idle over-handled theme:
The kiss I gave you is bestow'd in vain,
And all in vain you strive against the stream;
For, by this black-faced night, desire's foul nurse,
Your treatise makes me like you worse and worse.

"If love have lent you twenty thousand tongues,
And every tongue more moving than your own,
Bewitching like the wanton mermaid's songs,

[6] *Fruitless* for *unfruitful*, just as, before, *helpless* for *unhelpful*.

Yet from mine ear the tempting tune is blown;
For know, my heart stands armèd in mine ear,
And will not let a false sound enter there;

"Lest the deceiving harmony should run
Into the quiet closure of my breast;
And then my little heart were quite undone,
In his bedchamber to be barr'd of rest.
No, lady, no; my heart longs not to groan,[7]
But soundly sleeps, while now it sleeps alone.

"What have you urged that I cannot reprove?[8]
The path is smooth that leadeth on to danger:
I hate not love, but your device in love,
That lends embracements unto every stranger.
You do it for increase: O strange excuse,
When reason is the bawd to lust's abuse!

"Call it not love, for Love to Heaven is fled,
Since sweating Lust on Earth usurp'd his name;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame;
Which the hot tyrant stains and soon bereaves,
As caterpillars do the tender leaves.

"Love comforteth like sunshine after rain,
But Lust's effect is tempest after sun;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done;
Love surfeits not, Lust like a glutton dies;
Love is all truth, Lust full of forgèd lies.

[7] That is, "my heart does not long to be spending itself in the groans or the pangs of love."

[8] To *reprove* is, in old language, to *refute* or *disprove*.

"More I could tell, but more I dare not say;
The text is old, the orator too green.
Therefore, in sadness, now I will away;
My face is full of shame, my heart of teen:[9]
  Mine ears, that to your wanton talk attended,
  Do burn themselves for having so offended."

With this, he breaketh from the sweet embrace
Of those fair arms which bound him to her breast,
And homeward through the dark laund[10] runs apace;
Leaves Love upon her back deeply distress'd.
  Look, how a bright star shooteth from the sky,
  So glides he in the night from Venus' eye;

Which after him she darts, as one on shore
Gazing upon a late-embarkèd friend,
Till the wild waves will have him seen no more,
Whose ridges with the meeting clouds contend:
  So did the merciless and pitchy night
  Fold-in the object that did feed her sight.

Whereat amazed, as one that unaware
Hath dropp'd a precious jewel in the flood,
Or 'stonish'd as night-wanderers often are,
Their light blown out in some mistrustful[1] wood;
  Even so confounded in the dark she lay,
  Having lost the fair discovery of her way.

And now she beats her heart, whereat it groans,
That all the neighbour caves, as seeming troubled,
Make verbal repetition of her moans;

[9] *In sadness* is *in earnest;* and *teen* is an old word for *grief* or *sorrow.* See vol. xiii. page 131, note 18, and page 138, note 4.

[10] *Laund* is much the same as *lawn.* See page 185, note 1.

[1] *Mistrustful* for *mistrusted;* the active for the passive.

Passion on passion deeply is redoubled:
  "Ah me!" she cries, and twenty times, "Woe, woe!"
  And twenty echoes twenty times cry so.

She, marking them, begins a wailing note,
And sings extemp'rally a woeful ditty;
How love makes young men thrall, and old men dote;
How love is wise in folly, foolish-witty:
  Her heavy anthem still concludes in woe,
  And still the choir of echoes answer so.[2]

Her song was tedious, and outwore the night,
For lovers' hours are long, though seeming short:
If pleased themselves, others, they think, delight
In such-like circumstance, with such-like sport:
  Their copious stories, oftentimes begun,
  End without audience, and are never done.

For who hath she to spend the night withal,
But idle sounds resembling parasites;
Like shrill-tongued tapsters answering every call,
Soothing the humour of fantastic wits?
  She says "'Tis so:" they answer all, "'Tis so";
  And would say after her, if she said "No."

Lo, here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The Sun ariseth in his majesty;
  Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
  That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

[2] Here, as often, the verb agrees with the nearest noun, instead of agreeing with its proper subject. See vol. xiv. page 154, note 12.

Venus salutes him with this fair good-morrow:
"O thou clear god, and patron of all light,
From whom each lamp and shining star doth borrow
The beauteous influence that makes him bright,
There lives a son, that suck'd an earthly mother,
May lend thee light, as thou dost lend to other."

This said, she hasteth to a myrtle grove,
Musing[3] the morning is so much o'erworn,
And yet she hears no tidings of her love:
She hearkens for his hounds and for his horn:
Anon she hears them chant it lustily,
And all in haste she coasteth[4] to the cry.

And as she runs, the bushes in the way
Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,
Some twine about her thigh to make her stay:
She wildly breaketh from their strict embrace,
Like a milch doe, whose swelling dugs do ache,
Hasting to feed her fawn hid in some brake.

By this, she hears the hounds are at a bay;
Whereat she starts, like one that spies an adder
Wreathed up in fatal folds just in his way,
The fear whereof doth make him shake and shudder;
Even so the timorous yelping of the hounds
Appals her senses and her spirit confounds.

For now she knows it is no gentle chase,
But the blunt boar, rough bear, or lion proud,
Because the cry remaineth in one place,
Where fearfully the dogs exclaim aloud:

[3] To *muse* is to *wonder*, to *marvel*. Generally so in Shakespeare.
[4] To *coast* is to *advance*, to *draw near*, to *pursue*. Very rare.

Finding their enemy to be so curst,[5]
They all strain courtesy who shall cope him first.

This dismal cry rings sadly in her ear,
Through which it enters to surprise her heart;
Who, overcome by doubt and bloodless fear,
With cold-pale weakness numbs each feeling part:
Like soldiers, when their captain once doth yield,
They basely fly, and dare not stay the field.

Thus stands she in a trembling ecstasy;
Till, cheering up her senses all dismay'd,
She tells them 'tis a causeless fantasy,
And childish error, that they are afraid;
Bids them leave quaking, bids them fear no more:
And with that word she spied the hunted boar;

Whose frothy mouth, bepainted all with red,
Like milk and blood being mingled both together,
A second fear through all her sinews spread,
Which madly hurries her she knows not whither:
This way she runs, and now she will no further,
But back retires to rate the boar for murther.

A thousand spleens bear her a thousand ways;
She treads the path that she untreads again;
Her more-than-haste is mated[6] with delays,
Like the proceedings of a drunken brain,
Full of respects, yet nought at all respecting;[7]
In hand with all things, nought at all effecting.

5 *Curst* is *cross, snappish, fierce;* often used so in the plays.

6 *Mated* is *confounded* or *bewildered*. See vol. i. page 143, note 18.—*Spleens*, third line before, is put for sudden and violent impulses or emotions. See vol. x. page 21, note 11.

7 In Shakespeare, *respect* usually means *consideration*.—"*In hand with* all things" is here equivalent to *attempting* all things.

Here kennell'd in a brake she finds a hound,
And asks the weary caitiff for his master;
And there another licking of his wound,
'Gainst venom'd sores the only sovereign plaster;
  And here she meets another sadly scowling,
  To whom she speaks, and he replies with howling.

When he hath ceased his ill-resounding noise,
Another flap-mouth'd mourner, black and grim,
Against the welkin volleys out his voice;
Another and another answer him,
  Clapping their proud tails to the ground below,
  Shaking their scratch'd ears, bleeding as they go.

Look how the world's poor people are amazed
At apparitions, signs, and prodigies,
Whereon with fearful eyes they long have gazed,
Infusing them with dreadful prophecies;
  So she at these sad signs draws up her breath,
  And, sighing it again, exclaims on Death.

"Hard-favour'd tyrant, ugly, meagre, lean,
Hateful divorce of love," — thus chides she Death, —
"Grim-grinning ghost, Earth's worm,[8] what dost thou mean
To stifle beauty and to steal his breath,
  Who when he lived, his breath and beauty set
  Gloss on the rose, smell to the violet?

"If he be dead, — O no, it cannot be,
Seeing his beauty, thou shouldst strike at it; —
O yes, it may; thou hast no eyes to see,
But hatefully at random dost thou hit.

[8] *Worm* was used for *serpent*. See vol. xvi. page 155, note 29.

Thy mark is feeble age; but thy false dart
Mistakes that aim, and cleaves an infant's heart.

"Hadst thou but bid beware, then he had spoke,
And, hearing him, thy power had lost his power.
The Destinies will curse thee for this stroke;
They bid thee crop a weed, thou pluck'st a flower:
Love's golden arrow at him should have fled,
And not Death's ebon dart, to strike him dead.[9]

"Dost thou drink tears, that thou provokest such weeping?
What may a heavy groan advantage thee?
Why hast thou cast into eternal sleeping
Those eyes that taught all other eyes to see?
Now Nature cares not for thy mortal[10] vigour,
Since her best work is ruin'd with thy rigour."

Here overcome, as one full of despair,
She vail'd her eyelids,[1] who, like sluices, stopp'd
The crystal tide that from her two cheeks fair
In the sweet channel of her bosom dropp'd;
But through the flood-gates breaks the silver rain,
And with his strong course opens them again.

O, how her eyes and tears did lend and borrow!
Her eyes seen in the tears, tears in her eye;
Both crystals, where they view'd each other's sorrow, —
Sorrow that friendly sighs sought still to dry;

[9] This is thought to be an allusion to the ancient apologue of Love and Death exchanging their darts by mistake. Massinger has the same allusion in the *Virgin Martyr*, iv. 3: "Strange affection! Cupid once more hath changed his shafts with Death, and kills, instead of giving life."

[10] *Mortal*, again, for *deadly* or *destructive*. See page 306, note 5.

[1] *Lowered* or *drew down* her eyelids. See page 294, note 12.

But like a stormy day, now wind, now rain,
Sighs dry her cheeks, tears make them wet again.

Variable passions throng her constant woe,
As striving who should best become her grief;
All entertain'd, each passion labours so,
That every present sorrow seemeth chief,
But none is best: then join they all together,
Like many clouds consulting for foul weather.

By this, far off she hears some huntsman hollo;
A nurse's song ne'er pleased her babe so well:
The dire imagination she did follow
This sound of hope doth labour to expel;
For now reviving joy bids her rejoice,
And flatters her it is Adonis' voice.

Whereat her tears began to turn their tide,
Being prison'd in her eye like pearls in glass;
Yet sometimes falls an orient drop beside,
Which her cheek melts, as scorning it should pass,
To wash the foul face of the sluttish ground,
Who is but drunken when she seemeth drown'd.

O hard-believing love, how strange it seems
Not to believe, and yet too credulous!
Thy weal and woe are both of them extremes;
Despair and hope make thee ridiculous:
The one doth flatter thee in thoughts unlikely,
In likely thoughts the other kills thee quickly.

Now she unweaves the web that she hath wrought;
Adonis lives, and Death is not to blame;

It was not she that call'd him all to-naught:[2]
Now she adds honours to his hateful name;
  She clepes[3] him king of graves, and grave for kings,
  Imperious súpreme of all mortal things.

"No, no," quoth she, "sweet Death, I did but jest;
Yet pardon me, I felt a kind of fear
Whenas I met the boar, that bloody beast
Which knows no pity, but is still severe:
  Then, gentle shadow, — truth I must confess, —
  I rail'd on thee, fearing my love's decease.

"'Tis not my fault: the boar provoked my tongue;
Be wreak'd[4] on him, invisible commander;
'Tis he, foul creature, that hath done thee wrong;
I did but act, he's author of thy slander:
  Grief hath two tongues; and never woman yet
  Could rule them both without ten women's wit."

Thus, hoping that Adonis is alive,
Her rash suspect she doth extenuate;
And, that his beauty may the better thrive,
With Death she humbly doth insinuate;
  Tells him of trophies, statues, tombs, and stories
  His victories,[5] his triumphs, and his glories.

"O Jove," quoth she, "how much a fool was I
To be of such a weak and silly mind
To wail his death who lives, and must not die
Till mutual overthrow of mortal kind!

[2] *Naught* is *bad*, as in our *naughty*, and should not be confounded with *nought*. For this prepositive use of *to*, see page 57, note 1.

[3] *Clepes* is *calls*. — *Imperious*, in the next line, for *imperial*.

[4] "Be *wreak'd*" is be *revenged*. See vol. xviii. page 289, note 5.

[5] *Stories* here is a verb, equivalent to *relates*.

For, he being dead, with him is beauty slain,
And, beauty dead, black chaos comes again.

"Fie, fie, fond love! thou art so full of fear
As one with treasure laden hemm'd with thieves;
Trifles, unwitnessèd with eye or ear,
Thy coward heart with false bethinking grieves."
Even at this word she hears a merry horn,
Whereat she leaps that was but late forlorn.

As falcon to the lure, away she flies;
The grass stoops not, she treads on it so light;
And in her haste unfortunately spies
The foul boar's conquest on her fair delight;
Which seen, her eyes, as murder'd with the view,
Like stars ashamed of day, themselves withdrew;

Or as the snail, whose tender horns being hit,
Shrinks backward in his shelly cave with pain,
And there, all smother'd up in shade, doth sit,
Long after fearing to creep forth again;
So at this bloody view her eyes are fled
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head:

Where they resign their office and their light
To the disposing of her troubled brain;
Who bids them still consort with ugly night,
And never wound the heart with looks again;
Who, like a king perplexèd in his throne,
By their suggestion gives a deadly groan,

Whereat each tributary subject quakes;
As when the wind, imprison'd in the ground,
Struggling for passage, earth's foundation shakes,

Which with cold terror doth men's minds confound.
  This mutiny each part doth so surprise,
  That from their dark beds once more leap her eyes;

And, being open'd, threw unwilling light
Upon the wide wound that the boar had trench'd
In his soft flank; whose wonted lily white
With purple tears, that his wound wept, was drench'd:
  No flower was nigh, no grass, herb, leaf, or weed,
  But stole his blood, and seem'd with him to bleed.

This solemn sympathy poor Venus noteth;
Over one shoulder doth she hang her head:
Dumbly she passions,[6] franticly she doteth;
She thinks he could not die, he is not dead:
  Her voice is stopp'd, her joints forget to bow;
  Her eyes are mad that they have wept till now.[7]

Upon his hurt she looks so steadfastly,
That her sight dazzling makes the wound seem three;
And then she reprehends her mangling eye,
That makes more gashes where no breach should be:
  His face seems twain, each several limb is doubled;
  For oft the eye mistakes, the brain being troubled.

"My tongue cannot express my grief for one,
And yet," quoth she, "behold two Adons dead!
My sighs are blown away, my salt tears gone,
Mine eyes are turn'd to fire, my heart to lead:
  Heavy heart's lead, melt at mine eyes' red fire!
  So shall I die by drops of hot desire.

[6] *Passions* as a verb, and in the sense of to *express sorrow or emotion.* See vol. i. page 233, note 23.

[7] That is, mad that they have wept *before*, or that they have not *refrained from weeping* till now.

"Alas, poor world, what treasure hast thou lost!
What face remains alive that's worth the viewing?
Whose tongue is music now? what canst thou boast
Of things long since, or any thing ensuing?
  The flowers are sweet, their colours fresh and trim;
  But true-sweet beauty lived and died with him.

"Bonnet nor veil henceforth no creature wear!
Nor sun nor wind will ever strive to kiss you:
Having no fair[8] to lose, you need not fear;
The Sun doth scorn you, and the wind doth hiss you:
  But when Adonis lived, sun and sharp air
  Lurk'd like two thieves, to rob him of his fair:

"And therefore would he put his bonnet on,
Under whose brim the gaudy Sun would peep;
The wind would blow it off, and, being gone,
Play with his locks: then would Adonis weep;
  And straight, in pity of his tender years,
  They both would strive who first should dry his tears.

"To see his face the lion walk'd along
Behind some hedge, because he would not fear[9] him;
To recreate himself when he hath sung,
The tiger would be tame, and gently hear him;
  If he had spoke, the wolf would leave his prey,
  And never fright the silly lamb that day.

"When he beheld his shadow in the brook,
The fishes spread on it their golden gills;
When he was by, the birds such pleasure took,
That some would sing, some other in their bills

[8] *Fair* for *fairness* or *beauty*. The concrete, again, for the abstract.
[9] *Fear* used as a transitive verb; *frighten*. See vol. xvi. page 58, note 3.

Would bring him mulberries and ripe-red cherries;
He fed them with his sight, they him with berries.

"But this foul, grim, and urchin-snouted[10] boar,
Whose downward eye still looketh for a grave,
Ne'er saw the beauteous livery that he wore;
Witness the entertainment that he gave:
If he did see his face, why, then I know
He thought to kiss him, and hath kill'd him so.

"Tis true, 'tis true; thus was Adonis slain:
He ran upon the boar with his sharp spear,
Who did not whet his teeth at him again,
But by a kiss thought to persuade him there;[11]
And, nuzzling in his flank, the loving swine
Sheath'd, unaware, the tusk in his soft groin.

"Had I been tooth'd like him, I must confess,
With kissing him I should have kill'd him first;
But he is dead, and never did he bless
My youth with his, — the more am I accurst."
With this, she falleth in the place she stood,
And stains her face with his congealèd blood.

She looks upon his lips, and they are pale;
She takes him by the hand, and that is cold;
She whispers in his ears a heavy tale,
As if they heard the woeful words she told;
She lifts the coffer-lids that close his eyes,
Where, lo, two lamps, burnt out, in darkness lies;

Two glasses, where herself herself beheld
A thousand times, and now no more reflect;
Their virtue lost, wherein they late excell'd,

[10] *Urchin-snouted* is snouted *like a hedgehog.*
[11] The meaning is, "persuade him *to stay* there."

And every beauty robb'd of his effect:
  "Wonder of time," quoth she, "this is my spite,
  That, thou being dead, the day should yet be light.

"Since thou art dead, lo, here I prophesy
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend:
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end;
  Ne'er settled equally, but high or low;
  That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

"It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud;
Bud and be blasted in a breathing-while;
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile:
  The strongest body shall it make most weak,
  Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

"It shall be sparing and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;[12]
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
  It shall be raging-mad and silly-mild,
  Make the young old, the old become a child.

"It shall suspect where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just;
  Perverse it shall be where it shows most toward,
  Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

"It shall be cause of war and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire;

[12] A *measure* was a grave, stately dance. See vol. iv. page 173, note 5.

Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire:
Sith in his prime Death doth my love destroy,
They that love best their loves shall not enjoy."

By this, the boy that by her side lay kill'd
Was melted like a vapour from her sight;
And in his blood, that on the ground lay spill'd,
A purple flower sprung up, chequer'd with white,
Resembling well his pale cheeks, and the blood
Which in round drops upon their whiteness stood.

She bows her head the new-sprung flower to smell,
Comparing it to her Adonis' breath;
And says within her bosom it shall dwell,
Since he himself is reft from her by Death:
She crops the stalk, and in the breach appears
Green dropping sap, which she compares to tears.

"Poor flower," quoth she, "this was thy father's guise,
Sweet issue of a more sweet-smelling sire, —
For every little grief to wet his eyes:
To grow unto himself was his desire,
And so 'tis thine; but know, it is as good
To wither in my breast as in his blood.

"Here was thy father's bed, here in my breast;
Thou art the next of blood, and 'tis thy right:
Lo, in this hollow cradle take thy rest,
My throbbing heart shall rock thee day and night:
There shall not be one minute in an hour
Wherein I will not kiss my sweet love's flower."

Thus weary of the world, away she hies,
And yokes her silver doves; by whose swift aid

Their mistress, mounted, through the empty skies
In her light chariot quickly is convey'd;
  Holding their course to Paphos,[13] where their queen
  Means to immure herself and not be seen.

[13] Paphos was a city of Cyprus, famous for the temple of Venus, and as the chief seat of her worship.

CRITICAL NOTES.

Page 293. *His eye, which* glisters scornfully *like fire,*
Shows his hot courage and his high desire. — The old copies read "which *scornfully glisters* like fire." The correction is Sewell's.

P. 300. *A smile recures the wounding of a frown;*
But blessèd bankrupt, that by loss *so thriveth!* — The old copies have *love* instead of *loss*. The correction is Walker's; and surely the context approves it.

P. 308. *Mark the poor wretch, to* overshoot *his troubles,*
How he outruns the wind, &c. — The old copies read "to *overshut* his troubles." The correction was proposed by Steevens, and is adopted by Dyce and the Cambridge Editors.

P. 315. *Some catch her by the neck, some kiss her face,*
Some twine *about her thigh to make her stay.* — The old copies have *twin'd* and *twind* instead of *twine.*

P. 321. *As* falcon *to the lure, away she flies;* &c. — So the edition of 1600. The earlier editions have *faulcons.*

P. 321. *So at* this *bloody view her eyes are fled*
Into the deep-dark cabins of her head. — So Walker. The old copies have *his* instead of *this.*

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